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A N C I E N T
S C O T I S H P O E M S,

NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

BUT NOW PUBLISHED FROM THE MS. COLLECTIONS

OF

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND,
OF LETHINGTON, KNIGHT,
LORD PRIVY SEAL OF SCOTLAND,
AND A SENATOR OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE.

COMPRISING PIECES WRITTEN FROM ABOUT
1420 TILL 1586.

WITH LARGE NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.

PREFIXED ARE

AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF SCOTISH POETRY.

A LIST OF ALL THE SCOTISH POETS, WITH BRIEF
REMARKS.

AND AN APPENDIX IS ADDED, CONTAINING, AMONG
OTHER ARTICLES, AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONTENTS
OF THE MAITLAND AND BANNATYNE MSS.

VOLUME I.

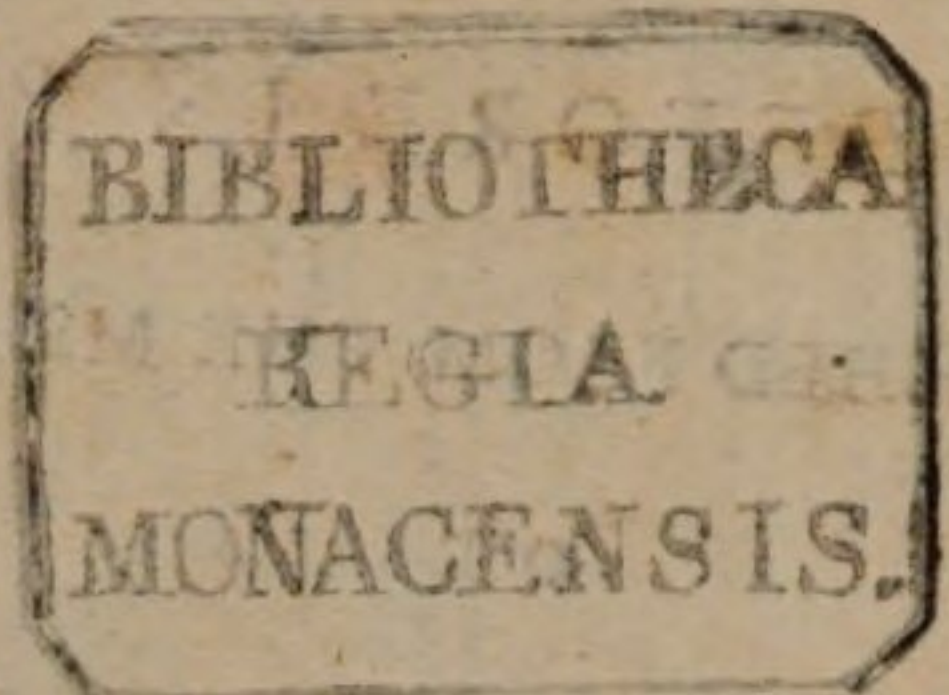
L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR CHARLES DILLY; AND FOR
WILLIAM CREECH AT EDINBURGH.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

A N C I E N T

S C O T T I S H P O E M S



WITH LARGE NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.
AND A REMARK ON THE COMPARISON OF THE
SCOTCH AND ENGLISH POETRY.
BY JAMES HENRY MONRO, ESQ.
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

OF THE SCOTCH AND ENGLISH POETRY.
OTHER, IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT OF THE
AND AN APPENDIX IS ADDED, CONTAINING
A LIST OF THE SCOTCH POETS, WITH BRIEF
AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF SCOTCH POETRY.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N

PRINTED FOR CHARLES DILLY, AND FOR
WILLIAM CROFT, AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



[iii]

P R E F A C E.

THAT the most valuable collection of Scottish Poetry in the world should remain, for a century, in a public library in England, without having its best contents put in print; and even without being known to the press; will not move our wonder, when we recollect that the Bannatyne MS. fell into like obscurity in Scotland itself till 1724, when the Evergreen was published: nay that the second publication from it so late as 1770, by Sir David Dalrymple Lord Hailes, is the only one to be depended on.

It cannot indeed be matter of surprize that all the manuscripts of Scottish poetry written in the Sixteenth century should meet no notice till the commencement of the Eighteenth. For the Seventeenth century, fatal to the good taste of Italy, threw a total night over Scotland: a night of Gothic darkness, haunted by the most shocking spectres of frenzy and fanaticism, mingling in infernal uproar with still more horrible phantoms of ecclesiastic vengeance, bigotted persecution, civil tyranny, slaughter, and slavery. Passing, almost without respite, from the ecclesiastic dæmonarchy of Land to the civil dæmonarchy of Lauderdale; from the rancour of a hot-

brained priest, to the savage madness of a brutal peer; Scotland weeped over her unhappy sons, who, having long maintained their liberties against tyrants, now lost them to the slaves of tyrants: and, overwhelmed with anguish, could never attend to science, nor the arts of elegance. Not one writer who does the least credit to the nation flourished during the century from 1615 to 1715, excepting Burnet, whose name would indeed honour the brightest period. In particular no poet whose works merit preservation arose. By a singular fatality, the century, which stands highest in English history and genius, is one of the darkest in those of Scotland.

But, when that æra was past, the taste for literature and poetry revived in Scotland. In 1710 Gawin Douglas's Virgil was republished at Edinburgh, with a most learned glossary, by Ruddiman; and about the same time Watson the printer published a collection of Scottish poetry in two parts, tho of little value; and also reprinted Gordon's poem on Bruce, from the Dort edition 1615. In 1719 Lord President Forbes published Hardyknute. At last, in 1724, Allan Ramfay found access to the Bannatyne MS. and published the Evergreen, for a long time the best collection of Scottish poetry. And, from 1748 to 1760 chiefly, many pieces of that kind appeared from the elegant press of the Foulises at Glasgow. Since which time, this province of literature has been further honoured with the names

of

P R E F A C E.

of Lord Hailes, Dr. Percy, Mr. Calander, and Mr. Tytler.

But, returning to our MSS. those which furnish this publication are cotemporary with Bannatyne's. The date of these manuscript collections of Scottish poetry made by Mr. George Bannatyne, one of the canons of the cathedral of Murray, is inaccurately given 1568. Was the collection begun, or finished at that time? Does the date stand at the beginning, or the end? Pieces are there found of Heywood, and of Withers, English poets; certainly no work of the latter was published before 1568. To suppose the collection written in one year were groundless, when in all probability it took twenty. His last respectable editor has even been so cruel as to call him *one Ballantyne*, in the first sentence of his preface; but every reader would certainly wish for some notices, even from parish-registers, about a man by whom alone, it was then thought, some of the best pieces of the ancient poetry of Scotland had been saved from utter perdition. The story of the manuscript itself were certainly worth giving; for all we know of it is, that it belonged to the Earls of Hyndford, but was within these dozen years given to the Advocates' Library. From whom did it pass to the Earls of Hyndford, or was it always in the family?

The Maitland Collections, from which this work is selected, consist of two volumes; a *Folio*, begun as would seem from dates about 1555, and ending with an epitaph on the collector, who died March 20,

1585, that is, 1586, according to the present style; for till 1599, the Scottish year began March 25. We may therefore give thirty-three years to the forming of the Folio Collection. A very few parts of it are in a small hand (see fac-simile B and C); the remainder is in a strong Roman hand (A). The other Volume is in *Quarto*; and is in the hand-writing of Miss Mary Maitland, third daughter of Sir Richard. In the first page is her name, and 1585; and it closes with an eulogium on her brother Lord Thirlstane, certainly written before he was Chancellor, or June 1587; this MS. being begun in 1585, and Sir Richard Maitland dying in his ninetieth year within five days of the end of 1585, we may well conclude that it was toward the beginning of the year this MS. was commenced; and by Sir Richard's particular direction, that he might leave a correct copy of his poems when he died. Near the beginning is a full collection, of all Sir Richard's own productions in poetry; and some added which are not in the Folio. That respectable old man had lost his sight before 1561; and the daughter writing from the dictation of the venerable old bard would form an admirable subject for painting. But a full account of Sir Richard, and his family, will be found in the List of Scottish Poets; and the manuscripts are most fully described in the Appendix. The prodigious influence, and great and universal acquaintance of Sir Richard Maitland, joined to his being a tolerable poet, and a man of curiosity and taste himself, afford

his

his collection every possible advantage. Hence it may be looked upon as the chief treasure of ancient Scottish poetry. The duplicates of a great number of pieces, to be found in the quarto, were also of the highest use to the Editor, who compared them carefully thro-out; and could thus adjust the best reading where, tho rarely, any slight varieties arose. He also learned from this that harsh lines, or lines out of measure, are almost always the faults of weary or rash transcribers, not of the original authors.

These manuscripts were ever in the Collector's family, soon after his time raised in the person of his grandson to the dignity of Earls of Lauderdale, till the only Duke of Lauderdale seems to have presented them, along with other MSS. to Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II. and James II. Mr. Pepys was one of the earliest Collectors of rare books, &c. in England; and the Duke had no taste for such matters; so, either from friendship, or some point of interest, he gave them to Mr. Pepys. Of the Pepysian library, N^o 2208, is a MS. copy of Balfour's Practiques, and Old Sea Law of Scotland, which has this note written on a blank leaf in front, *Presented to the duke of Lauderdale by his Grace's humble servant Geo. Mackenzie. 14 Nov. 1676.* This had also evidently been given by the Duke to Mr. Pepys. And there is a very fine MS. *Regiam Majestatem*, in the same library, which would appear a similar present.

Mr. Pepys dying 26 May 1703, in his 71st year, ordered by will the Pepysian library at Magdalen College Cambridge to be founded, in order to preserve his very valuable collection entire. It is undoubtedly the most curious in England, those of the British Museum excepted; and is kept in excellent order.

The Maitland MSS. were not however quite unknown, for they had been mentioned by Nicolson in his *Scotish Historical Library* about 1703, repeated by Mackenzie in his *Lives of Scotish writers* 1726; and passages were adduced by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his *Chaucer* 1775; and lastly a whole poem, with a brief account of the folio MS. communicated by Doctor Percy, was given in *Select Scotish Ballads*, vol. II. 1783. The editor's curiosity being excited, he went to Cambridgeshire, for eight or ten days in August 1783, when he saw the MSS. and instantly perceived their value. And having obtained full leave to copy or extract, on the 15 Nov. last 1784, he went to Cambridge; and in less than a month returned with a complete copy of every line of either MS. which was worth copying even in writing. Of the best of these extracts the present selection is formed.

But, that the reader may know what to expect from this publication, a very brief hint of its chief contents shall be here given. The first piece is a long allegorical poem on human life, called *King Hart*, and written by the celebrated Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.
It

It is rather incorrect in some places, which is an inducement to think that it was composed in his youth, and before his Palais of Honour, which he produced in his 27th year, 1501. The date of this piece may therefore be about 1496. A short allegory, such as that of an ode or tale, is a most delicious treat: but a long allegory is always dull: witness Spenser, whom nobody can read, and yet he is thought a good poet! But Douglas, as he had not Ariosto and Tasso to copy, which accident is in fact the whole of Spenser's merit; so he is not so good a poet as Spenser; but makes amends by not taking above a fortieth part of the extent even of the imperfect plan of that poet, which we have in 79 vast cantoes; and if God had not helped him, as Cardinal du Perron said of Baronius, he would have written as many more! The design of our poet Douglas is good for the age; and he has some poetical beauties: but his nature and *naïveté* are exquisite. On the whole, the poem well deserves preservation as a curiosity, tho it will not highly entertain the reader; but the Editor cannot here afford to give him a feast, and he must now and then take a plain dish, as well as a dainty.

But the next two pieces require no apology, being *Tales* equal to any that Chaucer has written. The first, which is by Dunbar, is in a singular kind of blank verse, used by the old romancers, and after them by the author of Pierce Plowman's Visions. It is full of knowledge of life, and rich description; and is also much

tinctured

P R E F A C E.

tinctured with immodesty, which Fontaine indeed looks upon as essential to this kind of writing. But Horace says

“Sanctum est vetus omne poema :”

and the reader has it as it stands in the MS. He will however find it quite free from the nastiness of Chaucer, which, tho foolishly confounded with immodesty, is a very different matter, and only serves to disgust. As to castrating a book, and putting asterisks, it tends solely to give a work an imperfect look, and to raise far worse ideas in the guessing reader than those omitted. Equally admirable was the practice of certain French editors of the Latin classics, who, castrating the free passages, gave them all in a lump at the end, that the book might not be imperfect: thus pulling them from their fly corners, and throwing them into the blaze of day. It is evident that Dunbar was born about 1465; and it is probable this piece was written in his youth, or about 1490.

The other Tale for nature is admirable; but for contrivance, the rarest quality of this species of writing, is the first which I have ever read; and very few ancient or modern tales have escaped my reading. It seems to me to be a work of Dunbar; and at any rate was written by one of his contemporaries, for it mentions the monasteries of Berwick as in full splendor, while they must have been demolished by Henry VIII, in 1539 at the latest, as the reader will see in the

Notes.

Notes. The Gothic alliterative measure of the first Tale forced the poet to use ancient and uncommon words, that his sense might not suffer by the structure of the rhythm, which makes that piece appear even more ancient than the poems of Barbour written more than a century before. The second Tale, having no such restraint, appears as modern as the *Goldin Terge*, or any other of Dunbar's Poems; but by no means more so. The reader will at once see a great difference between the language of *The Freirs of Berwick*, and that of Sir Richard Maitland, who began to write about 1555, the former being much more ancient.

These tales place Dunbar in quite a new and more important light; for it is believed they will be as much preferred to his *Goldin Terge*, and *Thistle and Rose*, tho these pieces have an elegance and opulence which Chaucer nowhere attains, as Chaucer's Tales are to his allegorical poems. Dunbar, having a genius at least equal to Chaucer, and perhaps more original; and having the advantage of living a whole century after him, when the language was more rich and expressive; it is no wonder that he should excell that venerable poet in every point, but in the length of his pieces, a most dispensable quality.

Such are the long pieces in this collection: as for the short ones, a very few notices must suffice, and then they shall be left to the reader's own taste and discernment. The Editor has arranged them in several divisions,

vifions, a plan certainly the moft preferable. The more ancient are placed firft, according to every fure mark that could be found; but, where there was no certainty, the order of the original MS. has generally been followed. *Dunbar's Poems* begin with his youthful and light pieces; and end with thofe written in his old age. The fole merit of fome is their curiofity; but others have every intrinſic merit, ſuch as *Lair vane without governance*, *On the worlds inſtability*, *On content*, *On the changes of life*, and *Meditation in wynter*, in the moral way: and *The twa cummers*, &c. in the burleſque.

The next diviſion is of *Poems by various authors*. In this the firſt piece is by *Quyntene Scharw*, a poet mentioned with applauſe by Dunbar, and by Sir David Lindſay, but of whom no other compoſition remains. Next is an exquisite *hollid*; followed by ſome pieces of *Arbutnat*, among which that called *the Miſeries of a puir ſcolar* deſerves all praiſe. Two poems by the celebrated *Lord Thirſtane* are alſo given; and ſhew that he did not excell more in Latin poetry than in that of his native tongue. Two pieces by the *author of the Cherry and the Slae*; and the *Sonet by James VI.* are curious: while the *Elegie from the Frenche* has a title to higher praiſe.

Next follow *Poems by unknown writers*, which form the moſt numerous aſſortment, amounting to upwards of Thirty. The firſt piece, *a Satire on the times*, is curious, if not more; as are the *Lament of the pure Courtman*, and others. Some of the moral pieces are very good; and the
Invectyd,

Invectyd, on the giving up of the Duke of Northumberland by Regent Mortoun in 1572, is admirable; nay perhaps the first invective in the world, since the days of the Iambic Archilochus, for supreme indignation, and contempt, stern sarcasm, and torturing irony. If the reader will compare this production with those by Lord Thirlstane in the former article, I believe he will agree with me, that there is great reason to suspect him of being the author of this exquisite satire. There is the same force and dignity in it, with equal correctness of expression; for, of all the pieces in this volume, those of Lord Thirlstane are the most correct. This suspicion is strongly corroborated by the leading part which the family of Maitland took against Regent Morton, who afterwards increased their hatred to the highest degree by forcing William Maitland, the famous secretary, elder brother of Lord Thirlstane, to lay violent hands on himself in 1573. However this may be, the poem is certainly by a masterly hand. But above all the ancient *songs* and *ballads* in this division, are most of them valuable, and all curious. The recovery of these old favourites, *Still under the leyvis grene*, mentioned by Sir James Inglis in 1548, and of *The Bankis of Helicon*, will delight every admirer of Scottish songs and music. The first is a capital piece, being a kind of rival of the Ephesian Matron, narrated with exquisite simplicity and beauty. The last has fine descriptions of female charms; and it is believed that every reader will much prefer it
to

to the Cherry and the Slae, which the Bannatyne MS. tells us was written to this tune. The song on Absence beginning *Sen that the eyne &c.* the editor suspects to be by James the First, and to be the *cantilena* on his queen beginning *Nas sen* mentioned by Major; reasons for which idea are given in the Notes.

The *Poems* by Sir Richard Maitland have considerable merit in every view; and shew him to have been a good man, as well as a great statesman. The thoughts of so eminent a character upon the world as it then went are very interesting; and his lighter pieces have a delightful gaiety, and garrulity of old age; for he does not seem to have written a line of poetry till he had reached his sixtieth year. It is remarkable, that the celebrated Marquis de la Fare was in the same period of life, ere he began to woo the Muse, as Voltaire tells us in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* Both these poets lived to a great age; Sir Richard Maitland in particular attaining his Ninetieth year. Their genius developing so late gave them a kind of second youth, with all its mental flowers and pleasures.

In the original manuscripts the Poems here given are mingled with a vast heap of rubbish; for the poets of these days did not know the art of throwing into the fire, which yet is the greatest art of poetry. To gratify the reader's curiosity, a regular list of all the contents of both MSS. is added in the Appendix; so that he may himself judge of the reasons of rejection. Indeed

deed the editor made it a point rather to give three or four pieces that might perhaps have been omitted, than to err on the other side. Such is the long *Elegie* in p. 245. which however has some good strokes of poetry: and haply two or three poems more stand in like predicament. This he considered as erring on the right side; for it is easy for the reader to pass a few pages, but not so to have recourse to the MSS. for omissions. In the Appendix is also inserted a list of all the contents of the Bannatyne MS. which it is not doubted will be acceptable.

Above all it is to be hoped that the reader will allow, from the vast number of pieces rejected, that the editor has in no instance sacrificed the character of a man of taste to that of an antiquary; as of all characters he should the least chuse that of an hoarder of ancient dirt*. Tho he knows that we are indebted to editors of fine taste for the present appearance of Homer's works, not arranged till three hundred years after his death; and tho he laughs at those who cry

* For a complete instance of the lust of publishing any poetry that looks old, the reader is referred to a mass in Four Volumes, published by Evans, called *Old Ballads*, and fraught with the merest trash that ever disgraced the press. The reader, however, must beware of pronouncing the *old* part of these volumes, such as the stall ballads of Robin Hood, &c. the *most* pitiful stuff in the world; for if he does, he will find himself mistaken on perusing the modern pieces in that dunghill. The Hermit of Warkworth is an exception; but it shines like a lamp in a sepulchre.

or are angry because the *shield is scoured*; yet he has been so very tender of every particle of these remains of former times, that he believes the most rigid antiquary will not censure him. Indeed the poems, meeting with such a collector as Sir Richard Maitland, are in a state of original perfection before unknown in like cases. If the reader will look at the various readings between the Maitland and Bannatyne MSS. given in the account of the former, he will see what a superiority lies with the Maitland. Where in one or two places, a word, or line, was palpably lost, the editor has supplied them; but every the most minute supplement, or alteration of an evidently wrong word, tho it be but a *That* for an *And*, or the like, is always put in brackets [thus]. And the reader may depend upon finding thro-out a *literal* transcript of the MS. save in these very rare instances, as far as human fallibility would permit.

Upon the whole, the editor hopes that this collection, which to him has afforded an amusement and relaxation from more important study, will also afford some amusement to the public; if simple and genuine poetry, may please a refined people, or if plain sense may hope to be read in this age of sentiment and suicide. The antiquated language and orthography may perhaps militate against the intrinsic merit of the poetry; but every reader of Chaucer may, with very little help from the Glossary, peruse this collection,

Perhaps

Perhaps some may say the Scots themselves wish to abolish their dialect totally, and substitute the English; why then attempt to preserve the Scottish language? Let me answer that none can more sincerely wish a total extinction of the Scottish *colloquial* dialect than I do, for there are few *modern* Scoticisms which are not barbarisms, tho a native of Edinburgh wonders that the English are not sensible of the elegance of such phrases as *giving a man a bat*, for *pulling off your bat to him*; *sitting into the fire*, for *drawing toward the fire*; *sitting at the foot of a table*, for *sitting at the bottom*; &c. &c. &c. Yet, I believe, no man of either kingdom would wish an extinction of the Scottish dialect in poetry. At first, as shewn in the following Essay, a sister language, it became a kind of Doric dialect to the English; and has a simplicity which will always recommend it where that character ought to prevail. But it were to be wished that it should be regarded in both kingdoms equally as only as an ancient and a poetical language, and nothing can take it so much out of the hands of the vulgar as a rigid preservation of the old spelling. Were there no Scottish books that the common people in Scotland could read, their knowledge of the English would increase very rapidly. But while they are enraptured with Barbour's History of Bruce, Blind Hary's Life of Wallace, and the works of Sir David Lindsay, books to be found in modern spelling at this day in almost every cottage of Scotland, their old dialect will maintain

it's ground. Were these books to be published only in their original orthography, not one in a hundred of the peasantry could read them; and of course they would be forced to read English. In short, the old Scottish poets ought to be regarded in the same light as Chaucer and the old English ones; and who suspects that the perusal of the latter can injure the purity of English conversation, or writing? The contrary is so far true, that I will venture to say that a man who writes a language, without acquaintance with it's early state, may compose well from chance, but never from intelligence. For knowlege of the primitive and progressive powers of words is the only solid foundation of that rich and terse style which posterity pronounces classic. As long as Chaucer is read therefore, and he will be read till the English language perishes, so long may we hope for equal attention to Barbour and Dunbar. The English reader of Chaucer will in them, with the slightest help of a glossary, be delighted with equal pictures of manners; and unpolished diamonds of genuine poetry: and, at the same time, enjoy every pleasure of variety from a Doric dialect of his own language, venerable from it's antiquity, nay sacred from it's primitive dedication to poetry; the old English bards being all of the *north countrie*, and their metrical romances being almost Scottish, because the language spoken in the North of England and the South of Scotland was anciently almost the same; as it is at this day.

This

This preface shall be closed with due remembrance of favours received in the prosecution of this design. To the respectable EDITOR of the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, I must express particular thanks for first pointing out the MSS. to my notice, and for other kind services. To my much esteemed friend SAMUEL KNIGHT Esq. of Milton, near Cambridge, I am extremely obliged for his hospitable attentions during my stay at Milton, while on my first expedition to inspect the MSS. and for other trouble in this business. Dr. BEATTIE, Dr. FARMER, and Mr. WARTON, are also entitled to thanks. But, in particular, to the reverend Dr. PECKARD, the venerable Master of Magdalen College, and at the time, as now, Vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, my very best acknowledgements are due, for his permission to copy the MSS, for the agreeable accommodations allotted me for that purpose, and for his polite favours during my residence at Cambridge. The reverend Mr. BYWATER, the worthy librarian of Magdalen College, will also please to accept of my warmest thanks, for his numerous attentions, which rendered what would otherwise have been a severe toil only a laborious amusement.

JOHN PINKERTON.

A N E S S A Y

O N T H E

O R I G I N O F S C O T I S H P O E T R Y .

TH E late most learned and ingenious Mr. Gray, in his Plan of an History of English Poetry *, proposed to begin with an enquiry into the poetry of the Galic, or Celtic nations, as far as it could be traced. After this he was to proceed to the poetry of the Goths, as introduced into England by the Saxons and Danes; and to the origin of rime among the Franks, Saxons, Provenzals, which last disquisition would bring him to the commencement of English poetry. With such an authority on my side, but yet more influenced by a perfect coincidence in my own ideas, I shall make no apology for beginning this essay with a short investigation of Celtic poetry in Scotland. But in order to proceed more regularly, by laying as deep a foundation as possible before building our edifice, a few remarks shall be offered on the origin of those three nations who anciently possessed that country now called Scotland; and upon an union of which into one kingdom their

* See it published in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1783, p. 100.

various manners and languages coalescing in some degree, must have had entire influence over the poetry of the whole. The reader will observe, that this enquiry into the origin of the people is also in fact of itself the most important part of this essay, for to display the extraction of a nation is at the same time to shew that of it's poetry.

§ I. *Origin of the Britons, Picts, Scots.*

1. *Britons.*

THE origin of Greece and Rome is unknown; no wonder then that obscurity should dwell upon that of other nations. Yet it so happens that the western regions of Europe, being in a state of barbarism and primeval habitation, when science had attained the highest perfection in the east, we know much about the earliest inhabitants of the west; and have very good materials whereon to judge of their first migrations.

Of all Europæan nations the Celts were the most ancient. It is well known that they spread over almost the whole of primitive Europe. The original Tuscans, Gauls, Germans, inhabitants of Spain, of Britain, of Ireland, were all Celts. This enumeration includes all the temperate parts of Europe: and even the northern climes were inhabited by the Celts, till gradually subdued by the Scythians, otherwise called Goths*.

How

* See Ihre, Pref. ad Lexicon Suio-Goth. The Sarmatæ, whose language is in every probability that now spoken in Finland, were ancient Tartars, who spread from the North of Asia into Europe. Mr. Macpherson, in his *Introduction* upon the single authority of Procopius, a writer of mean information, derives the Goths and Vandals

How long barbarism may last in a nation we have no proofs, else the antiquity of population and of the world might receive clear evidence. But people of all persuasions must agree that there are no reasons for supposing population older than Two Thousand years before Christ; that is, seven hundred before the æra of Greek tradition commences. This tradition, to an unbiassed mind, presents images only to be found in the first and very rudest state of society; such as Hercules, a man deified for his heroism in delivering his country from wild beasts; the fable of Prometheus, &c. Whoever has recourse to the scripture, will find that, according to the received æra, it was about the Four Thousandth year of the world that Christ was born; but he will also find that,

Vandals from the Sarmatæ. He ought to have known that the languages prove the contrary. The Gothic, Getic, and Scythian are all one tongue. The Sarmatic and Hunnic are quite remote from the Gothic. Ihre, who mentions every speech that is allied with the Gothic, speaks of the Sarmatic as totally different both from the Gothic and Celtic. But Mr. M. derives the Goths from the Sarmatæ, and the later he rightly calls Tartars. The Gothic and Tartaric languages have no words in common: no etymologist ever dreamed of such a thing: the difference is as great as between the Chinese and the English, which proves him mistaken.

The Goths, piercing from the Euxine to the Baltic, drove the Sarmatæ back toward Asia; whence, under the name of Huns, &c. they afterwards burst into Hungary. A very few were pent up in Finland, and Lapland; and of consequence every one knows that the Finnish and Laplandic are the same with the Hungarian language. Mr. M. speaks of the Vandals as a different people from the Goths, but both of Sarmatic origin. The Vandals were *those Goths* who conquered the Vans. See Snorro's Northern History, published by Peringskiöld. It is risible to see Mr. M. labour to derive the Goths from the Sarmatæ, whose dirt and laziness he constantly dwells on. Did he mean to insult a great nation of Gothic origin? Let us laugh too at his panegyrics of the Celtæ, and at *how* they were both neat and handsome!

——— Quia tu gallinæ filius albæ:

Nos viles pulli, nati infelicibus ovis.

Eighteen Hundred years after the Mosaic creation, all population was destroyed by the flood; so that the scripture story brings us within two hundred years of the time above allotted.

But if we have recourse to scripture for accounts of the origin of men, or of nations, we shall be shockingly deceived. The scripture is merely a doctrinal work; and it moves pity to see questions of philosophy decided by scripture, when it is well known that the Copernican system, the spherical shape of the earth, with many other matters now mathematically certain, are quite opposite to scriptural accounts. The silliest rabbi might inform us that scripture is allegorical, from beginning to end: and for people to determine questions of the origin of nations, of etymology, &c. from it, will, in a short time, be as ridiculous as it were now to argue from it, that America cannot exist. Bayle, I think, somewhere tells us, that it is the opinion of the wisest rabbins, and who should certainly be the best judges of this book, that it was wholly written by Esdras, who lived about 480 years before Christ, the laws of Moses being only traditionally preserved by the priests*. This accounts for Moses's telling us how he died; for the many quotations of older books in it; and for the similarity of style thro-out, tho written, if we believe common ideas, during a period of One Thousand years! We may therefore well be excused, if we think the Judaic legends no more binding on our faith, than the Judaic rites are on our practice. If we observe the later, we are no Christians; yet, as Christians, we hold ourselves obliged to credit the former. Utter absurdity! What has the Christian religion, the most amiable and respectable the world has ever seen, to do with the Judaic? Is the God of the Jews, the bloody destroyer

* The Hebrew is, in all probability, only a late dialect of the Syrophenician.

of the Amalekites and other nations, commanding to spare neither man woman nor child, the God of human sacrifices in Agag, and Jephthah's daughter; the God after whose heart David, the most criminal of men, was; is he the beneficent father of the Christians? No: that barbarous race worshipped a dæmon as usual with other barbarians: the object of our worship is his exact reverse.

Let us then, in the name of common sense, have no more quotations from the Old Testament upon points of this nature. If a man be writing upon the religion, or history, of the Jews, or of the Syrians, he may perhaps quote it now and then; but never on any other head: and even then he should remember, that Judæa is a province of Syria, and should read Bishop Huet's excellent work *De l'origin des Romans*, before he goes far. Leaving the Jews, and their legends, therefore out of all question, philosophy may instruct us that, as nature not only produces different classes of animals, but also great varieties in each class, not only dogs, but forty or fifty kinds of dogs, which no mixture, elevation, decline, or any other cause, will ever fabricate; for no clime, art, or chance, can give the size of the mastiff to the lap-dog, or the pointer's form or scent to the greyhound; so, by analogy and actual observation, we know that, so far from all nations being descended of one man, there are many races of men of quite different forms and attributes. Let us look on man, from the extremity of Asia round to the extremity of America. Are these all from one parent? See where they pass in review: the oblique eyed, flat-favoured Chinese; the olive coloured, lank-haired East Indian; the large-limbed dusky Turk; the elegant Greek; the scowling Hungarian; the large, blue-eyed, German; the squat Dutch; the florid Hibernian. Are these one race with the curl-pated black Ethiop; or
with

with the copper-faced American? with the bear-like Laplander; the bestial Zamoiede or Esquimaux? Has the lovely Circassian girl the singular natural fig-leaf of the Hottentot wench? Has the Egyptian the monkey-shaped head of the Negro? No. There is no doubt but a naturalist might enumerate more than an hundred national distinctions, which no clime or chance can confer; but which proceed from that opulence of nature, visible in all her productions, and which silly man would in vain contract to the limits of his own little mind. Indeed, to suppose all races of men descended from one parent is as absurd as to suppose that an ass may become a horse, or an ouran-outan a man: for it is clear that, if the author of the last hypothesis were to confirm it by an *argumentum ad hominem* in marrying a female ouran-outan, he would find his offspring as unproductive as a mule; which is allowed universally to be a sure mark of difference of species.

But as we term the inhabitants of America Indians in general, tho they have different features and dialects; so the Asiatic and European Greeks, to whom the west of Europe was an America, called the *aborigines* of that whole region Celts. The Greeks were originally of Asia; and the divinity of their genius seems to have proceeded in a great degree from their having the felicity to graft the exuberance of Asiatic fancy on the solid stock of European judgement. So late as the time of the greater Cæsar, we know that the inhabitants of Germany and Britain painted their bodies, and had every attribute that now distinguishes American savages. From comparison of persons and manners, that penetrative mind decides the Britons to have originated from Belgic Gaul. The Welch, the genuine relics of the ancient Britons, call themselves Kymbre, as all know; and thence Cambria, the Latin name of Wales in later authors, and Cumberland, a country inhabited

habited by them. Hence it seems apparent that the ancient Cimbri * a Celtic nation, (whence the Chersonesus Cimbrica, now Denmark,) inhabited the whole tract between that Chersonesus and Belgic Gaul; and that the Britons came not primitively from Belgic Gaul, as Cæsar † suspected, but from the country immediately north of it; and whence it is remarkable that our Saxon ancestors also came. Indeed, we may well suspect that the Britons of Cæsar's time were not the original inhabitants of this island, but were of another race, who had driven out the first Galic inhabitants. For it is

* It is certain that the Roman C was always pronounced K, and never had our bastard sound of S. In the oldest Roman inscriptions K is used for C. The G was also always hard as in *lego*. so *lege*, &c. —it was the Greek Γ.

† Cæsar says, in another place, that he was informed by the Rhemi, a neighbouring nation, ‘Belgas esse ortos a Germanis Rhe-
‘numque antiquitus transductas propter loci fertilitatem ibi con-
‘disse, Gallosque qui ea loca incoherent expulisse.’ De Bel. Gal.
lib. II. c. 4.

Now the Cimbri were a Celtic nation of Germany; and were, in all probability, those very Germans mentioned by Cæsar. Mr. Macpherson did not sufficiently mind, that the Cimbri and Belgæ were all one people: and Mr. Whitaker, who is always building in the air, pretends that *Cimbri* was a general appellation of the Celts. See *Hist. of the Britons against Mr. Macph.* p. 52. Yet the very Greek passages, which he there produces, prove that it was only one Celtic nation, or more properly Celto-german, which was so called. Κέλταις τοῖς λεγομένοις Κιμβροῖς, a very poor Greek scholar must know, means *those* Celts who are called Cimbri: the passage of Diodorus, means that *those* Gauls, &c. were called Cimbri. Livy tells us, that the Celts and Germans were brethren, and almost the same. He means the southerly Germans, not the Suevi. Their ancient speech was also similar. The reader must beware of falling into the common mistake, that the ancient South-german tongue was the Teutonic. The former was Celtic: the later unknown, till the Goths poured into Scandinavia from the North of Asia, and by degrees spread Southward. The Teutonic is merely an ancient dialect of the Gothic: and was unknown till a century, or perhaps two, after the Christian æra. The Suevi of Tacitus were, however, Goths.

most likely that Britain was originally peopled from Celtic Gaul, by the intermediate isles of Alderney, Wight, &c. * or indeed by the Straits of Dover, before the gradual progress of the Northern nations had driven the Celtic Gauls further west: and that, when rude navigation was more known, the Cimbri, a northern Celtic progeny, arrived here; and, by the superior vigor of northern nations, expelled the ancient inhabitants. For, tho the Britons might in their woods and hills long withstand regular war, yet set rude enemies against rude enemies, and the strongest must prevail. And it must be allowed a very probable opinion, that Ireland was first peopled on this occasion; and with Celtic Gauls from Britain by much the nearest shore to that island: and it's people called *Scuite*, *Scots*, or *refugees*, from their retiring thither to avoid their enemies †.

However this be, the whole inhabitants of Great Britain were anciently called Britons; tho the Cimbro-Celtic Britons, or those we now call Welsh, the genuine remains of the provinciated Britons, never appear to have extended their possessions beyond the Forth and

* Beda expressly says the Britons first came *ex Armoricano tractu*; and is certainly right. There was a country and city in that part of Gaul, very anciently called *Britain*: and I have no doubt but the first Britons came from it, and gave their name to this country.

See PLINY, DIONYSIUS the Geogr. &c.

† This account is confirmed by Cæsar, who divides the Britons into *aborigines* and *Belgæ*, and by other passages of the ancients. See also Lloyd, Malcome's Antiquities, Edin. 1739, Macpherson, Whitaker, &c. &c. &c. As to the Scots, Richard of Cirencester, who in geographical points had excellent authorities, now lost, says, 'In Hiberniam commigrarunt ejecti a Belgis Britones ibique sedes posuerunt, ex illo tempore Scotti appellati.' *Bertram Script. Tres-Haunier*, 1757. p. 50. Dr. Henry had never seen this book: and the first volume of his history is in consequence full of errors. He never quotes it; and misnames the title when he recommends it: a clear proof he had not seen it; as indeed his whole meagre compilation shews.

Clyde*. All the northern tract beyond these rivers was called Caledonia by the Romans, on account of it's vast woods; from *Kaled*, a British word signifying a wood, the plural of which is *Kaledon*. Hence Caledonia † was a general epithet for the Britons even of the South, on account of their dwelling in woods; and different *Silvæ Caledoniæ* extended over the island. Calydon, in Etolia of Greece, and the famous Calydonian forest there, seem to be of the same Celtic origin; for the Celtic language was the original speech of all Europe. This explanation belongs to Mr. Whitaker; and is the very best yet offered, being corroborated by the epithetical use anciently made of the word. Mr. Macpherson would have persuaded us to a different etymology; saying, that the highlanders call themselves Cael, or Gauls; in which Dr. Macpherson agrees with him. Yet the latter had, in the first or second page of his book, told us that 'all those who speak the Galick language call themselves Albanich, and their country Alba.' In like manner Gordon had, to favour a foolish hypothesis about Agricola's camp, asserted that the people of the country call the spot *Galgachan* to this day; which proved to be an absolute falsehood: and it is apparent from the words of Tacitus, compared with Richard of Cirencester, that the extremity of the

* Beda positively asserts this: 'Itaque petentes Britanniam Picti habitare per septentrionales insulæ partes cæperunt. Nam austrina Britones occupaverunt.' In other places he calls the firths of Forth and Clyde the ancient boundaries between the Britons and the Picts; so that his *septentrionales partes* reached down to these rivers.

† Aut, vaga cum Tethys Rutupinaque littora fervent,
Unda Caledonios fallit turbata Britannos. *Lucan.*

———— Caledonius postquam tua carbasæ vexit

Oceanus: Phrygios prius indignatus Iulos. *Val. Flac.*

the later compliment is paid to Vespasian: and the *Caledonius oceanus* is the British channel, so fatal to the fleet of Julius, whose Phrygian pedigree is well known.

Grampian

Grampian hills, near which the famous battle with Galgacus was fought, was Grantsbein near Bamf, a place about 120 miles northeast of Comerie in Strathern, where Gordon had put it. Hence the reader may learn what reliance to have on such guides.

Father Innes, the most acute and sensible of all the Scottish antiquaries, shews, in his admirable Critical Essay, that the Caledonians of Tacitus, &c. were the same people afterwards called Picts. But this shall be more fully mentioned when we come to the origin of the Picts. The province of Vespasiana was the only one ever fixt in Caledonian ground; and it was lost in a very few years. The Picts or Caledonians, shewed quite a different spirit from the Britons: and the firths of Forth and Clyde were ever regarded as limits between these Barbarians and the civilized Britons. It was not the wall of Antoninus which made these nations bear so different a character; for then the wall of Severus between Solway and Tine would afterward have had the same effect. We find Britons possess the whole provinces beyond that wall, up to Clyde and Forth, for centuries after the later wall was built: it was their own country; but beyond these rivers lay that of the barbarous Picts or Caledonians.

After the wall of Antoninus had long sunk in ruins, the Britons, as we find in Beda, had two towns as extreme barriers of their dominions. British towns were synonymous with forts, as appears from Cæsar. Accordingly Alcluith, or Dunbritton, (a striking resemblance of the citadel of Corinth, as Edinburgh has a similitude of Athens on the two grand firths of Greece;) Alcluith, Beda tells us, was one of these towns; and Guidi in the middle of the Forth another. It is evident to me from the name and position that Guidi is Inch Keith opposite to Edinburgh: a rock similar to that of Dumbarton. Inch Keith is no other than

than Inch Guith, Guithi, Guidi: *d* and *th* being synonymous in all languages, Greek *thea*, Latin *dea*, &c. &c. &c. and foreigners cannot pronounce our *the* but *de*. The Saxon *d* and *ð*, or *th*, are also so similar as to be often changed for each other in MSS, and perhaps Beda wrote Guithi *. These rocks were walled around: and crowded, within the walls, with little wooden cottages which formed a British town. Common sense is so very uncommon a gift in antiquaries, that Goodal is puzzled to think how these towns should stand on the very border of the enemies. They only stood there because it was the border †. Frontier towns all over the continent are ever the strongest; and often the most magnificent. Alcluith stood even on the Pictish side of the Clyde; but this was owing to the wall of Antoninus having terminated in that place, and the river was there so narrow, that the wall, and not the Clyde, was regarded as the defensive barrier.

For centuries after the settlement of the Picts, Scots, and Saxons, the Britons, a numerous people, had only lost their eastern possessions: but still stretched, from Bretagne in France, all along the western shore of this island to their old boundary of Clyde. In present Scotland, from about the year 460, the space from Solway Firth to the Firth of Clyde, South and North, and from the Irish sea to the rivers Clyde and Annan, West and East, was all that was occupied by the Britons; and is by their mixt descendents to this day. The Saxons, soon after their arrival in Britain in 469 ‡, forming a league with the Picts, their natural friends from common origin: the Britons in their turn formed an

* Sir James Dalrymple, whose book I had not seen when this was written, well marks Guidi to be Inch Keith.

† Gildas gives the same reason. The Britons, says he, built their wurf-wall, *transiit a mari usque ad mare inter urbes quæ ibidem forte ob metum hostium collocatæ fuerant.*

‡ So Marianus Scotus, and William of Malmfbury: and rightly.

alliance

alliance with the Scots. Ever after we find the Scots and Britons in amity, as the reader will see on looking into Fordun and Winton, who, from the reign of Fergus son of Erc, which began according to the true accounts in the year 503, seem to merit credit, at least as to the general tendency of Scottish affairs; their relations coinciding with those of English historians. In 756 Onnust, son of Hungus, king of the Picts, joining his forces with those of Egbert, king of Northumberland, took Alclud: and ever after the Picts are marked as possessors of this kingdom. When Kenneth in 843 vanquished the Picts, great numbers retired from Lothian into Galloway, as many of those north of Forth did into Moray, as angular recesses from the power of the victor.

A provincial history of Galloway is much wanted; but our Scottish clergy, who are the fittest of all men for topographic researches, are making themselves the jest of Europe, by Histories of all countries, to be found in the circulating libraries, while the antiquities of their own country are yet in utter confusion! The Britons of Galloway seem to have made several struggles for recovering their power, when the Pictish kingdom had ceased in other parts; but the Picts maintained their superiority; for we always find them mentioned as chief inhabitants of Galloway.

It is surprizing that the great extent of country, so long inhabited by the ancient Britons, should be so little known to antiquaries. I am well aware that Goodal, one of the weakest and most bigotted of men, and who would have gone any lengths to support any hypothesis, denies the Britons to have been settled in Galloway. In the same chapter he also tells us this kingdom was Cumberland in England*! But to con-

* His sole argument is, that Higden, who wrote in 1365, did not know where the Alclud of Beda stood; but blunders about it, confounding the wall of Antoninus with that of Hadrian.

The Polychronicon is not by Higden, but by Roger of Chester.

See Harl. Cat.

forte

pute a writer, who, in that one short chapter XIII. of his Introduction to Fordun, gives us about six palpable *non sequiturs*, besides many gross misrepresentations, were wasting time: and, indeed, of that whole feeble work, it may be questioned whether the honesty or learning be superior *. The names in Cumbria, when it is taken in the large acceptation above, and anciently, given are all Welsh; Glasgow, Lanerk, Douglas, Clyde, &c. Dunbritton, or Dunbartane †, the town of the Britons is well known. Goodal asks how this town and British kingdom could subsist so long as 756, in the midst of the Scots? He means on the confines of the Scots, the enemies of the Britons; yet the poor man was writing a *retroduction* to Fordun, who gives us to know there was a league between the Britons and Scots from a short time after the arrival of the

* Because the people of the north part of this island are now called *Scots*, their antiquaries must have the Scots to be the ancient inhabitants. Dear names of *Scot* and *Scotland*, what must we sacrifice to you! Facts, history, science, truth, reason, and common sense, must all die on your altars, ye idols of the most childish of all prejudices! Why do not the English *prove* the *Angli* the first inhabitants of Britain? The testimonies concerning the origin of *Scotti* and *Angli* are just tantamount. But the name of *Scot*, and the antiquity of the royal line,

How tyrant blood o'er many a region wide
Rolls to a thousand thrones it's execrable tide:

these are, to this very day, the two grand strings of prejudice to all the Scottish antiquaries: and, while the noon of science is blazing around them, they wrap themselves in anility, descend to their caves, and see visions.

By *all* the Scottish antiquaries, those are particularly implied who have written for a century back; or from Sir George Mackenzie's time till now. We may be assured that the Societies at Edinburgh and Perth will pursue a very different line. If not, we may write an epitaph on the Scottish antiquities; for it is far better to have nothing, than to have nonsense and falsehood.

† Britain is called *Bartane* in old poems, both of Lord Hailes' collection and of this.

Saxons, and for ever after! But it was a frontier fortification, as above shewn. Caerlaveroc, Caerlouk, Caerstairs, Caermichael, and other names from Solway to Clyde are all British: and no such names are found in any other part of Scotland*.

So late as 1304 the Law of the *Scots and Brets* is mentioned in an Instrument. Lord Hailes, who deserves the highest praise for his labours in Scottish history, says the *Brets* must be a kind of Judges from *Brehon*. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. No grammar nor analogy can infer them other than a people. They were certainly the Britons; and apparently called Brets by the Picts. So much for the Britons in Scotland.

2. Picts.

After the Britons were pent up in Cumbria, which happened about the year 470, as may be judged from Beda, the Picts became by far the most important nation in the country now called Scotland. Camden, who is well said to have looked thro only one eye upon Scotland, but to have shut both eyes when he turned to Ireland, has started a most foolish idea, that the Picts were the remains of the ancient Britons, who had fled to Scotland. An opinion more perfectly absurd, or more easily confutable, never dropt from pen. Yet so weak and dimfighited are those good people called antiquaries, who commonly read much but never think, tho of late they seem to give over both reading and thinking, that this pitiful nonsense has prevailed in every author to this day, excepting Verstegan and Stillingfleet! Now the whole origin of this great discovery, unknown to all the ancients, was that the old Britons were *picci*, that is painted their bodies! Such is the science of

* Little can, however, be founded on names, but where they are identically the same. Thus there is a river Douglas in Lancashire, where the Britons inhabited, and one in Scotland: a Clyde in Wales and in Scotland: Lanricks in Scotland and in Wales: *Caer* is Welsh for a city, &c.

antiquities! Imprest with this idea, and the strongest prejudices in it's favour, as universally allowed, I, however, set about an enquiry into all the ancient writers, as I never take any opinion upon trust. What was my surprise to see that it had not even a shadow of foundation! If there be any fact that is evident in History, it is that the Picts were of Scandinavia.

It is needless to heap testimonies on so clear a point. The very first writer who mentions the Picts is Eumenius the Panegyrist, who says, that, in the time of Julius, the Irish and Picts were the accustomed enemies of the rude inhabitants of Britain. Could the Britons be the accustomed enemies of the Britons? *Ohe lepida capita!* The Roman province of Britain is here out of the question, for the author is speaking of Britain before the Roman power was known there; and he certainly speaks with accuracy, because expression was the sole merit of a panegyric, and the rhetors studied it accordingly.

The next writer who mentions the Picts is Ammianus Marcellinus, who ranks the Picts of his time among the Scots, Saxons, and other nations, who molested the Britons. Gildas *de excidio Britanniae* speaks of the Picts as being as much a foreign nation as the Scots; and never hints their being of British origin: tho no theme could have been so fit for his declamation, had it been the case. Lastly, Beda, the same writer who tells us that the English came from Germany, which no English author has yet been so weak as to deny, and that the Scots came from Ireland, which many a Scottish writer has been so weak as to deny; Beda, I say, tells us, in positive and direct terms, that the Picts came from Scythia, which every one knows means German Scythia, or Scandinavia. Beda wrote in 731, and is as good an authority, for the origin of the Picts, as of the Scots, or the Saxons. He also says, that there were in his time five tongues in this island, English, British, Scottish,

Scotish, Pictish, Latin. Yet wiseacres tell us that the Pictish was the same with the British, because a Pictish word quoted by Beda, *peanvabel*, signifies, they say, in British, *the beginning of the wall*. What an argument! Is not I DARE, and ten thousand other instances, sense, both read as English and Latin? Is the English and Latin therefore one language *? But it is in vain for a man to put the spectacles of learning on his nose: if he has not the candle of good sense burning by him, he will see never the better. After Beda, all writers, down to Camden, bring the Picts from Scythia, or Scandinavia, into the north of Scotland; and so downward. It is shocking and mortifying to human reason, that, because one writer of reputation makes a silly re-

* There is, however, no occasion to rest the point here. *Pana* is Gothic *to extend*. *Ihre*. *Veal* is Gothic for *wall*, whence our word. *Lye*. Anciently it might be *vabel*, as Varro tells us *via* was anciently *veba*. Hence *Peanvabel*, *the extent of the wall, the end of the wall*. Beda says it was a place where the wall began: but gives no meaning of the word: had he reckoned from the other side of the island, the wall must have *ended* here. But this is trifling. The very great similitude between *Peanvabel* the Pictish, and *Penvel-tun*, the Saxon name, shews a great approximation in the languages.

Mr. Lluyd, in his *Archæologia*, says the Picts must have been Britons (Welsh), because the names in the low country of Scotland, where they dwelled, have British meanings. But he speaks of the countries south of the Forth, where the Britons dwelled. If there be any Welsh names on the Eastern coast north of Forth, they escape me. Simple descriptive words are almost the same both in Celtic and Gothic: thus *strath* a valley, is also Gothic *strat*, *via*; *stracka*, *extendere*. *Ihre*. *Aber*, the mouth of a river, may be from the Gothic *abaran*, *ferre*; because it bears ships: from *abarian*, *prodere*, because the stream then *goes forth* into the sea, or from *aberstan* 'rumpere,' because it *bursts forth*, &c.

Names of places or persons can never be identified in etymology, because we know not the occasion of the name. The name of *London* may be derived in *twenty* ways at least, from *every* language in the globe. Etymology is only useful in tracing words whose sense is fixt and known.

mark at an absent hour, knowlege shall, in consequence of it, be retrograde for two centuries.

The *Picts* are improperly so called, they were universally termed *Pehts*. The Saxon chronicle calls them *Pihtar*, *Pyhtar*, or *Peoktar*: the common people now, from the *Pehts* Wall, or Wall of Severus in Northumberland, to the utmost rock of Shetland, call them *Pehts*. The *t* is almost dropt *euphoniae causa*, so that the word sounds *Pebs*. The Roman term *Picti* is only this word latinized; and has no concern with *pictus*, *painted*, tho Claudian, a poet, and fond of a quibble, says *nec falso nomine Picti*, &c. But allowing them to have painted their bodies, as North American savages now do, to argue from this that they were Britons were deplorable. The earliest Germans and Gauls painted their bodies, and the Britons had the custom from the Gauls, as the *Picts* from the Germans. The probable derivation of the name *Pehts* must be from the Scythian, or Gothic language; but I am not sufficiently versed in it to determine this etymology*. According to Scandinavian antiquaries, the Goths were led into the Northern parts of Europe from Asia, by Odin and his heroes, thence called *Asæ*, many centuries before Christ†. From their new settlements they afterwards spread over great part of Europe; and Scandinavia became the grand storehouse of nations. But from Scandinavia to the isles between it and Scotland, and thence to the north of Scotland, was the easiest and nearest of all their colonizations; and we may therefore suppose it one of the first. Samuel

* Perhaps from the Teutonic *phechtan*, to fight.

† M. Mallet distinguishes Odin the God, and Odin the hero; and believes the latter to have led the Goths from Asia about 70 years before Christ. *Dissentient*: because he goes upon no grounds; and because I am fully convinced, that the hero was the god, and that Odin's progress from Asia was many centuries before Christ.

Infans * informs us, that the Picts were settled in the Orkneys about 200 years before Christ; and Eumenius says, that, in the time of Julius Cæsar, 53 before Christ, they had been the accustomed enemies of Britain. About the Christian epoch they seem to have seized on the northern parts of Caledonia; and, in less than a century, to have peopled the whole spaces, then free from woods, down to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, either driving the first inhabitants before them, or, what is more probable, finding the country uninhabited.

That the Caledonians were of a distinct race from the other Britons, many proofs may be adduced. Tacitus, that exact and profound writer, and who probably had the papers of Agricola lying before him at the time, says, that the red hair and large joints of the inhabitants of Caledonia shew them of German extract: whereas he gives quite different origins to the Southern nations †. In the same Life of Agricola, mention-

* It is very surprizing that the work given to Nennius should to this hour be quoted by the learned as his; when we know that one Samuel wholly altered it. Hear Bertram. ‘Sed prohi dolor! in manus cecidit cujusdam Samuelis, hominis imperiti, discipuli imperitioris magistri Beularii; qui legendis et fabulis anilibus, quas addidit, totam historiam Nennii contemptui exposuit. Et, quod pejus, ea, ut ex ipsius verbis patet, omittere haud dubitavit, quæ ei non satis recta videbantur.’ Now who shall distinguish Nennius and Samuel? Quite impossible; tho Bertram foolishly tries it. Many MSS. also give the work to the mock Gildas. In short, the book is wholly a fable and forgery, from beginning to end; and there is no such author as Nennius extant.

As in a MS. Samuel calls himself *Infans magistri mei Beulari Presbyteri*, (see Gale *var. lect.*) he is here called Samuel Infans. When did he live? Perhaps the real Nennius, or Ninnius, as MSS. have it, was such another; in which case the word *ninny* may be from him: but this is submitted to etymologists.

† ‘Namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem asseverant.’ He then shews the Silures to be of Spain; and the nations opposite the Gallic coast to be of Gaul.

ing the nations north of the Forth, he calls them *novæ gentes*, and in another place *gentes ignotas ad id tempus*. He means apparently by the first expression, that they were late settlers, as *novus homo* is used: and by the latter, that they were unknown even to the Britons, with whom Agricola was on the best terms, and from whom he had every intelligence. Certain it is, that the Vecturiones, or people of Angus, are mentioned by Richard, whose geographic materials were derived from Roman sources now lost, and the Oceanus Deucaledonius, so called palpably from the Deucalidonians, who inhabited its shores, is marked by Ptolemy, who wrote about 140. The Vecturiones and Deucalidones may therefore be regarded as nations undoubtedly found in Caledonia upon its very first invasion by the Romans. Now Eumenius * calls the Dicaledones, or Caledones, as other MSS. read, a nation of the Picts; and Ammianus Marcellinus afterwards, positively says, that the Picts were divided into two nations, the Vecturiones and Dicaledones †: a clear demonstration that the Picts were the people who possessed Caledonia at the time of the first Roman invasion by Agricola; and who were in every probability the very first inhabitants, as indeed Beda ‡ expressly says.

Richard of Cirencester, mentions the arrival of a fresh colony of Picts in Scotland from the Orkneys, about the time that the Province Vespasiana was abandoned, or reign of Hadrian, which seems very probable from that very event. If he puts this as the first settlement, he is mistaken; and, indeed, setting his Roman geography out of the question, for which he

* Non dico Caledonum aliorumque Pictorum sylvas. Some MSS. read *non Dicaledonum*: but this is all one to the argument.

† Picti in duas gentes divisi, Dicaledones et Vecturiones. p. 383. edit. Gronov. A. D. 368.

‡ Itaque petentes Britanniam Picti habitare per septentrionales insulæ partes ceperunt. Nam austrina Britones occupaverunt. Lib. i. c. 1.

must have had good materials, his authority, as a writer of the Fourteenth century, is very small in so remote an event. Claudian speaks as if Theodosius the Great, about 370, vanquished the Picts even in their first and distant settlement of Thule, or Shetland, Beda expressly tells us, that the Scots obtained by force, or treaty, leave of the *Picts* to settle in Caledonia; so that the whole of Scotland north of Forth and Clyde was in *their* hands. And it was clearly by treaty that the Scots obtained leave to people the western wastes of Argyle; for we always find the Picts and Scots acting in conjunction, till the former joined the Saxons, soon after the arrival of the latter about 469. Soon after the Picts conquered Lothian and Northumberland from the Britons, driving the latter South and West. All which large tract of country, from the wall of Severus to Shetland, they held, either as lords or as inhabitants, for many centuries. But of this kingdom, then the greatest in Britain, for it was during the Heptarchic period, hardly a vestige remains; tho the descendents of the people form to this hour the far greater part of the inhabitants of Scotland.

3. Scots.

The origin of the Scots remains alone for discussion. That they came from Ireland is so clear from Beda's positive, and repeated assertions, that it is unnecessary to mention the collateral testimonies of Claudian, Gildas, and others, on this point. It appears from many writers, that Ireland was the first Scotia; and it is evident from Beda, who wrote in 731, that Ireland was also the Scotia of his time. Usher goes so far as to say, that Scotia always implies Ireland in every writer down to the eleventh century. Others, on the contrary, think it clear from Eginhart, that Scotland began to be called Scotia about the year 800. The reason of this confusion is, that both countries were inhabited

habited by Scots; Ireland first, and Caledonia afterwards. The Roman writers, the surest guides on this head, seem to evince that there was no settlement of the Scots in Caledonia till after the year 400. Fergus, whom the Scottish fabulists call the Second, but who was in fact the First, and with whom, as is well known, commences the line of Scottish monarchs, began his reign, as Mr. Innes shews by Scottish Chronicles older than Fordun, by the genealogy given by Fordun himself, and by Irish annals, about the year 503. Now, from the year 400 to that period may be placed the Fingalian epoch of Scottish History; for I take Fingal and his heroes to have been the leaders of the Scots from Ireland, as Odin and his heroes led the Goths from Asia. This opinion is confirmed by the whole traditional poems in the Highlands; which, however stated by Mr. Macpherson, always represent Fingal as contemporary with St. Patrick, who flourished about 430.

The whole ancient writers confirm my sentiments upon this subject; which are, that the Irish, afterwards called Scots, always molested the shores of Britain from the very time of Julius; in like manner as the Danes and Norwegians did afterward; but that they never settled here till after the year 400. Gildas and Beda tell us that the *Hiberni* or Scots, in 447, after being vanquished by the Britons, *domum redeunt post non multum tempus reversuri*; return home soon after to return; but that the Picts retained the extreme part of the island, *extremam insulae partem*. This strongly implies, that the Scots, even then, had no home save Ireland. Claudian, about 40 years before, clearly mentions the Scots as confined to Ierne, or Ireland.

Richard of Cirencester, under the year of the world 4320*, or about 320 after Christ, says, *Ductu Regis*

* His chronology places Christ's birth about the 4000th year of the world.

Fergusii in Britanniam transeunt Scotti, ibique sedem figunt. But other writers, and Beda in particular, fixt his FIRST *effectual and lasting* settlement of the Scots in Britain about 460. Richard's King Fergus is taken from very late writers, and was unknown to the early ones.

However this be, it is certain that the whole inhabitants of the West of Scotland, north of Clyde, and of all the western isles, are Irish, have only Irish customs, and speak only the Irish tongue. Mr. Hume, who is clearly of opinion that the Scots came from Ireland, observes 'that the name of Erse or Irish, given 'by the low country Scots to the language of the Scottish 'Highlanders, is a certain proof of the traditional 'opinion, delivered from father to son, that the later 'people came originally from Ireland.' To this it may be added, that the old Scottish poets and writers uniformly call the highlanders Irish.

That the Scots, a nation far inferior to the Picts in the extent of their possessions and antiquity of their settlement, should have had the chance to give their name to the country, is no more to be wondered at, than that the Angles, the smallest tribe of all the Saxon settlers in England, should give their name to that kingdom. Even in the most important instances, appellations depend on mere accident, else we should never speak of *America*.

§ II. *Celtic poetry in Scotland, comprizing the British and Irish.*

The more ancient Celts not having the use of writing, no specimens of their poetry can exist. We may, however, well conceive that it was first employed in the delicious effusions of love, the earliest poetic inspiration; as may be learned from the Laplanders, who have love-songs, but no other poetry; and that it then passed to the celebration of their chiefs, and of their
gods

gods who were departed chiefs. Pezron has, with much learning and ability, shewn that the Titans of the ancients were Celtic chiefs; as Saturn the son of Titan, Jupiter the grandson, &c. In like manner the Goths idolized Odin; and the Scots Fingal. Such were the first deities of all countries which had produced men of superior abilities. But a few slothful and contemptible nations, who had never in their early ages given birth to any man of high virtue or ability, were constrained by a natural helpless sensation to address the sun and moon, visible benefactors, as did the ancient Persians and Syrians; or to imagine to themselves some great and powerful spirit, whose voice was the thunder, and whose breath the wind; but who was liable to every passion of their own feeble breasts: and such was anciently the deity of the Jews, and now he of the Hottentots. For we learn from the latest and best Dutch travellers, that the Hottentots, far from being a nation of Atheists, as falsely called, are almost the only savage people who adore one omnipotent spirit, such as they can imagine him. But the pure idea of a perfect Deity is the most metaphysical and remote which the human mind can form; and never gains ground till a very advanced state of society; as the opinion of Epicurus, so grossly misrepresented *, did in Greece; and the Christian system in Rome.

So much has been written about the bards and poetry of the Celts, that it were ridiculous to retail common-places here upon that subject. I shall therefore leave the Celtic poetry, after offering a very few observations.

It is to be regretted, that the Celtic dialects are not more studied by the learned, for it is not even to this day determined which of them is the most ancient. Mr.

* See Gassendi's Life of Epicurus, and Treatise on the Moral system of Epicurus.

Lluyd, a consummate judge, tells us that the Irish agrees more with the remains of genuine old Gaulish, or proper Celtic, than the Welsh does. The Armorican is allowed not to be so pure as the Welsh; and, as to antiquity, the Welsh must exceed it as the later Britons of Armorica surely went from Britain. The Biscayan and Cornish seem nearly allied; a circumstance which strongly confirms a remark of Tacitus, that the Silures were of Spanish extract*. But leaving this to fitter judges, it shall only be observed, that, both for antiquity and purity, the Irish seems superior to any dialect of the Celtic. Mr. Macpherson tells us, that the Irish of the Scottish Highlands is purer than that of Ireland; because a Highlander can understand the language of an Irishman, but the latter cannot understand the former without study. This argument has two handles, and may be taken from Mr. Macpherson, and thrown at him†. His other arguments are no stronger, and the granting of his position proves nothing but that the Irish tongue may have been better preserved in the mountain barriers of Scotland, than in the Irish plains. Every language alters by time; and

* *Silurum colorati vultus et torti plerunque crines, et positu contra Hispaniam, Iberos veteres trajecisse easque sedes occupasse fidem faciunt.*

Mr. Macpherson asserts, in his Introduction, p. 135. *edit.* 3d, that the Biscayan is not Celtic. But I lend no credit to Mr. Macpherson's assertions; who is convicted by Whitaker of gross ignorance of every dialect of the Celtic, save the Irish. Lluyd, in his *Archæologia*, is an unexceptionable authority on the other side; and his specimen evinces him right.

† The truth is, in fact, clear on the other side, for they, who speak a debased dialect of any tongue, will understand the pure speech; but the reverse never holds: a Somersetshire-man perfectly understands a Londoner; but a Londoner cannot understand him. A provincial understands a Parisian; but a Parisian cannot interpret his jargon. A Dutchman understands a German; but the contrary fails. The point might be proved from reason as well as from facts; being analogically the same with a person's seeing to the bottom of a clear stream, while he cannot penetrate a muddy one.

Lluyd

Lluyd mentions that the old Welsh MSS. are full of obsolete words which few Welshmen can understand.

No fragments of BRITISH poetry in Scotland are to be found. Many specimens of IRISH poetry in Scotland have been published; but none older than a century, or two. Translations have also appeared; but, in general, of no fidelity. Those of the poems ascribed to Ossian, in particular, have deservedly drawn much of the public attention; but they will only mislead any reader who wishes to form an idea of Celtic poetry. Viewed in their proper light, as original productions, they do the author the greatest credit: and let him enjoy his fame, for it will be immortal. Considered as a man of genius, he is as much to be admired, as pitied, if beheld as a man of learning. He perverts his whole traditions to place Ossian in the third century: and yet the poems are written in Caledonia, and in Irish! He certainly never saw the ancient writers till he had *formed his plan*. There is every room to doubt if a human footstep had been planted in Morven, a part in the midst of the Silva Caledonia*, till about 460, when the Scots obtained a settlement in Argyleshire of the Picts; who would hardly have resigned their habitations to them, but apparently gave them the uninhabited lands of the stormy and barren western coast. If the poems were written about 300, as Mr. Macpherson pretends, he may be struck down with a trident of dilemmas. 1. The west of Scotland, the Silva Caledonia, was apparently not inhabited. If it was, it was certainly inhabited, either, 2. by a British people, and

* Ptolemy places the Silva Caledonia of Scotland, or vast forest *υπερ*, or *above* the Caledonians. The whole ancient geographers were so ignorant of Scotland, as to make it bend its extent back to the east, instead of going due north. Hence the *υπερ* of Ptolemy evidently means the western parts. Ptolemy also tells us, that the Sylva Caledonia stretched from the *Lelamonius Lacus*, or Loch Lomond, to the *Æstium Fararis* or Inverness: that is comprized all Argyle and Inverness shires.

the poems must have been in an old dialect of the Welsh; or, 3. by the Picts; in which case the language must have been the Gothic or Scandinavian. On a former occasion I attempted to shew that poetry may be preserved for ages by oral tradition; but drew my inferences from examples that went not beyond three centuries. If with the Irish annals and poems, we make Ossian cotemporary with St. Patrick, as he surely was; for all grant the Irish accounts * after St. Patrick to be equally authentic with the Saxon Chronicle, or any old annals; we can never allow that any part of his poetry is traditionally preserved. He that believes Ossian to have flourished about the year 300, and his writings preserved by oral tradition for 1460 years, large is his faith, and he might move mountains!

Dr. Blair, a man above all suspicion, produces at the end of his Dissertation on Ossian a cloud of witnesses, and most of them highly respectable, to the tradition of particular parts, nay poems. Does this prove their antiquity? It rather proves that some passages, really traditional, were written but a century or two ago, and fresh in the memory. The fact is, that the later bards neglected old ditties for their own productions; just as we see Corelli and Handel passing into silence because every fiddler is a composer. Beside, the memory is a most fallacious engine, and will often deceive a man grossly. That the poems are in the general style of the Galic pieces is undoubted: and a familiarity of language, and of melancholy incidents and metaphors, might lead a person of the strongest memory to strange mistakes with regard to the identity of the poems. Gentlemen of the highlands of Scotland, with whom I have conversed on the subject, assured me, that

* Llyud, in the Catalogue of old Irish MSS. in his *Archæologia*, mentions a book of Dialogues, in which St. Patrick and Ossian are the interlocutors.

they looked upon nine-tenths of Mr. Macpherson's work as his own : and upon the other tenth as so much changed by him, that all might be regarded as of his composition. But how old are the traditional parts? It seems strangely supposed by the assertors of Ossian, that, if the works ascribed to him were allowed traditional, they must be allowed fourteen centuries old! Who shall trace them from century to century? If MSS. do exist of the Fifteenth Century, does this prove them written in the Fourth? Is all antiquity a mere huddled heap in the ideas of these gentlemen? Produce one MS. of the Sixth century, and we will believe: for in so strange a case, nothing but the strongest proof will do. It was quite usual with the old Scottish, and other poets, to write poems in the name of other persons. Ossian may always be regarded as merely an interlocutor, introduced by various Galic writers, to heighten the reverence of their auditors; but to suppose him the author of every piece under his name were absurd. There are positive reasons which convince me, that not one of the poems given to Ossian, and probably not one passage of them, is older than the Fifteenth century. We know from charters, &c. that wolves were quite frequent in Scotland down to that period. Now Ossian does not once mention wolves; which is not to be supposed, had an animal so violent and mischievous been at all known to him. Boars are in the same predicament. The battle-ax, now foolishly called *celt*, was one of the commonest weapons of the ancient Celts: how comes it not once mentioned by Ossian?

The truth seems, that the Fingalian race were to the Scots, what the Titanic to the Greeks, or the Odinic to the Goths; that is, a line of illustrious chiefs, who were deified by their people; and legends of all sorts delivered about them and their actions. From the Fourteenth century, which forms indeed almost the utmost bound of ancient Scottish literature, traditional accounts of these heroes
may

may be traced in that view. How early writers, who mention the Scots, such as Beda for instance, happen to be quite mute about so celebrated a race of men, might easily be explained. Want of skill in the Irish tongue is a sufficient reason. If we credit Bale *, an History of the Scots was written by Reutha, their king, in imitation of which Nennius wrote his : and I am afraid we must wait till Reutha's history be found ere we see due relation of the Fingalian exploits. Geofrey of Monmouth having, about the year 1150, published his History of the Britons, in which they were traced to Brutus ; instantly the monastic annalists were struck with sympathetic frenzy : and, even in England, where his history had least repute, the future historians could not part with the dear dream of their origin. Ireland and Scotland must not allow England to be more anciently peopled ; else subordination of antiquity would imply inferiority of dignity : Irish annalists instantly ran into Noah's ark, and soon after returned with Heber, from whence Hibernia ; and as all their lives of saints, &c. mentioned the Scots as inhabitants of their country, behold Scota the daughter of Pharaoh came hobbling after ! The Scots of Albany, a people engaged in constant wars and tumults, had little cultivated learning, save at Iona, the whole records of which were carried off by the Danes, and the monastery destroyed in the Tenth century ; but posterior annalists, willing to claim their share of antiquity, brought the Scots to

* See his translation of Leland's *New Year's Gift to Henry VIII.* Lond. 1549.

Beda speaks unchronologically about Reuda, placing him in his first chapter : but this he does evidently from the after connection between the Scots and Picts ; for comparing the words here, *quas baclenus b. bent*, with the relation of the Scots being driven to Ireland in 447, it appears to me that Reuda was merely a *dux*, as Beda calls him, a leader under whom the Scots formed their first fixed settlement in Argyle about 460.

Albany 400 years before Christ, tho the Romans did not know of such a people till 700 years after this, and then only in Ireland. The Irish annals, which, tho written with little judgment, merit great faith from the time of St. Patrick, Beda speaking much of the learning, &c. of that island, these annals place the very first king of Alban-Scots, Fergus, about the year 503. This did not please the Scottish writers, who must forge for themselves, and they accordingly added 900 years to the scale. The Fingalian period of course perished in the midst of a fictitious roll of monarchs: nay was not known to the Scottish annalists; who were of the low countries, and knew not Irish.

The very first author we know who mentions Fingal is Barbour, who wrote in 1375.

Quhan that the Lord of Lorn saw
 His menyie stand of hym * sik aw,
 That thai durst nocht folow the chaice,
 Richt angry in his hart he wes.
 And soir wundert that he fuld sa
 Stonie thame, hym alane bot ma.
 He sayd, ' Methynk Martheoke's son,
 ' Richt as GOWMAKMORN wes won
 ' Tyl haif fra FYNGAL his menyie,
 ' Richt sa fra us all hys hes hee.

Gowmakmorn is Gaul-mac-Morn, or Gaul the son of Morni in Ossian: and Mr. Macpherson mentions that he was the enemy of Fingal, and fought many battles with him, before he became his chief friend and general. The passage alludes to some Irish tradition of these battles, but is obscure. Martheoke's son seems to be the person spoken to by Lorn: *haif* I suspect should be *saif*, the old *h* and *f* being the same.

* Bruce.

d

Lindsay,

Lindsay, in his history of Squire Meldrum, written about 1540, also mentions Gow Makmorne,

Thouch thou be great lyke Gow Makmorne.

The *Interlude of the Droichis* in Anc. Scot. Poems, Edin. 1770, written I believe by Lindsay, takes notice of Fyn Mackowl, the same with Fyngal or Fion Mac Cuil; and of Gow Macmorne.

But before this, Hector Boyce, about 1520, mentions the famous acts of Fingal. Nicolson, in his Scottish Historical Library, says, 'There is an old romance of the famous acts of Fyn Mac Coul, a giant of prodigious stature in the days of king Ewain the Second, [about 430, as the Scottish fables run], wherein some particulars of that reign are pretended to be recorded. But my author * justly ranks this with some of the like stamp, concerning king Arthur, and others of our ancient English worthies.' In 1566 one Good, a Schoolmaster at Limeric, sent to Camden some account of Ireland; and from him the Britannia has this sentence, in speaking of the Irish, *Defunctorum animas in consortium abire existimant quorundam in illis locis illustrium de quibus fabulas et cantilenas retinent; ut gigantum Fin Mac Huyle, Osker Mac Oshin; et tales sæpe per illusionem se videre dicunt.* Buchanan b. II, and Johnston in his preface to his *Heroes Scoti*, speak of the Homers of the ancient Scots, and of their bards, as a name and office extant in their time. With all this *apparent* evidence, how happy would we be to shut our eyes, and resign ourselves to the delicious delusion, that a Celtic Homer has reached our times! But alas! all this proves nothing, but that the Fingalian race were most famous, and of such remote antiquity as to pass for giants and deities. We have no evidence that the age of any portion of the present

* Hect. Boeth. lib. VII. fol. 128. b. and see Less. Hist. lib. IV. p. 131.

poems is that of the persons they describe. Ossian's name is given to poems rejected by Mr. Macpherson as entirely modern.

This subject cannot be dismissed without a censure of the author of Ossian, for the singular embarrassment he has thrown upon the antiquities of Scotland, by his dreaming essays, and prefaces to that work*. God knows our antiquities were too obscure before, without having an additional night of nonsense thrown around them! To ascribe poetry or romance to any age, tho written by ourselves, is an innocent deceit; but to connect such writings with ancient history, nay to pretend to alter and correct ancient history by them, is so strange a

* His *Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland* rejects Ossian's testimony; but it is as false as if it rested on it. To say of his *Introduction*, that it teems with every error which a man can fall into, who writes upon a subject without any knowledge of it, is not the greatest charge against that production. It also abounds with *direct misquotations in order to mislead*. Mr. M. well ridicules learning as pedantry, in many passages of this book, for he knew that to a man of any learning his dreams and misquotations must only afford laughter and contempt. The poor man thinks that his knowledge of the Irish is much to the purpose! Nay, he talks of *deciding*, while he is yet in the very first rudiments of learning, questions which men of profoundest science can only *examine*, as the original writers decide. He may depend on it, that the origin, and early history, of the Scots and English are questions of *ancient facts and circumstances*, and men of learning are the sole judges of them. What should we say to a man who decided a cause, telling us, at the same time, that he is ignorant both of the facts and of the law? Mr. M. seems to have read about twenty classics, commonly used at schools; misquotes and misunderstands them; and then sets up for a judge! Let him return to his books: and know at last, that a man who writes on learned subjects ought to have a little learning. He ought also to study logic; for no man, capable of sound ratiocination, would attempt, as he does, to overturn the POSITIVE testimonies of Claudian, Orosius, Isidorus, Gildas, Beda, by a few shallow arguments. He says, his theory is *new*; and ought to have known, that of course it is *false*. It would be quite *new* to assert that Xerxes never existed; and for this we have only history, as well as for the origin of the Scots.

breach of modesty, that I know not what to call it, no similar instance occurring in the annals of literature. Mr. Macpherson's learning is very ill digested, as Mr. Whitaker has shewn the public: yet, with all his ignorance of the ancient state of his own country, he has misled many. Dr. Henry, a Dutch compiler, tho without Dutch learning, and Mr. Whitaker, a French visionary, tho without French vivacity, may shake hands, and congratulate each other upon this solemn occasion. The danger is so much the greater, as Mr. Macpherson's genius is superlative *. He is himself the Homer of the Celtic tongue: he is, as Richardson says of Milton, an ancient, born fifteen hundred years after his time. His great genius will secure his fame: let him leave antiquarian researches to those who read and think much, and who exert the sternest severity of truth over their minds.

§ III. *Pictish, or Scandinavian, Poetry in Scotland.*

Tho the Picts had possession of the best part of Scotland, for more than eight centuries, as a separate people, under their own kings; and tho the whole inhabitants of the low and rich countries of Scotland are descended from the Picts, and are as much Picts as the English are Saxons; yet this section lies quite barren. There are, indeed, poems in the Buchan dialect published, but, not having them before me, I cannot say if that dialect presents any remains of the Pictish language or not †.

The

* The great fault of Mr. Macpherson's *Ossian* lies in every sentence ending in a monosyllabic word: hence monotony. This is also the blemish of the *Seasons*, and of *Paradise Lost*: almost every paragraph of the later poem ends in a word of one syllable; a great fault, but which has hitherto escaped notice.

† Since writing the above, Mr. Shaw's *History of Moray* has come to my hands, and he tells us, p. 167. that the peasantry of
Moray

The Picts coming from the north of Scandinavia, and the Saxons from the south, the languages were as nearly allied as Scottish and English. The Scythian or Gothic was the parent of both: but the Picts migrating four or five centuries, or more, before the Saxons, the Pictish tongue was an elder daughter of the Gothic, and more like the mother. Hence the Scottish dialect has innumerable words to be found in the Gothic, but not in the Saxon.

From the many pieces of Scandinavian poetry, published by Danish antiquaries, the nature of the Pictish poetry may be pretty well known. The Picts were Pagans, as appears from Beda, till the year 565; the Alban Scots seem to have been Christians ere they SETTLED in Britain. The poetry of the Picts must have chaunted their loves; and celebrated Odin; and in all likelihood the heroic deeds of their first leaders into the Orkneys and Caledonia; and those of Galgacus their great commander; not forgetting the immortal fame rising from repelling the Romans, and from rearing a savage trophy to liberty out of the spoils of the lords of mankind.

Their language was the Gothic, as is evident from the speech of the lowland Scots their descendents. I am well aware that the Scottish language is reputed a dialect of the English: but it is only a sister language. True it is, that a number of Saxons settled in Scotland at the time of the Norman conquest; but they were ordered to leave the kingdom by King Donald Ban, about twenty-eight years after. Nor could the Saxon tongue migrate from the North of England into Scotland; for in 876 Hafden the Dane seized upon Northumberland Moray 'use the broad Scottish or Buchan dialect, which is manifestly the Pictish. And the Pictish, English, Saxon, Danish, Swedish, Icelandish, and Norwegian, are but various dialects of the Gothic, &c.

Old Pictish songs may exist; for tradition preserves such pieces for a long time. The President Henaut tells us of a German song, yet in the popular mouth, composed on a battle fought in the year 880. Hist. Abr. Tome I. p. 100 *Licet dubitare.*

and all the Northern parts of England, and peopled them with Danes, who possess them ever after, and thus formed the Northern dialect of English; which has numbers of words to be found neither in Scottish nor English. Lothian belonged to the Picts, who remained it's inhabitants always, tho the country was debatable land till about 972, when Edgar King of England ultimately resigned it to Kenneth III.

It has been oddly said, that Malcolm Keanmór, about 1057, returning from England, where he had long resided, and afterward marrying an English lady, introduced the Anglo-Saxon tongue into Scotland by the example of his court. So early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, and before, Mr. Warton shews that French alone was the court and fashionable language in England: how then could Malcolm, and his queen and court, bring Anglo-Saxon, then the mere language of the vulgar, into Scotland? The Scottish is called *lingua nostra materna* by Fordun, and is mentioned by all it's early writers as a different language from the Southern, or English. It was in fact the sister, and the elder sister.

Facies nec omnibus una,

Nec diversa tamen : qualem decet esse sororum.

The Highlanders call the modern Scottish tongue Sassenach, or Saxon, merely from their old hatred for any thing like the then inimical English. But if we always admit the appellations of the rude mob, we shall make strange blunders. A people's denomination of themselves is always to be credited, but not their nicknames for others. The Welch call the people of England *Leogr*; yet Mr Whitaker alone has thence inferred, that they were Ligurians. Speak a foreign language to a rustic and, ten to one, but he says it is French; tho it may be any one of three hundred other tongues. To found solely upon a vulgar appellative, is to build on mire.

Were

Were it necessary to add arguments on this head, it were sufficient to observe, that not one Irish word occurs in the Scottish tongue: the whole words properly Scottish are of Gothic parentage; tho a few are collaterally found in the Saxon, also a daughter of the Gothic. But the Gothic word is always the Scottish primitive, not the Saxon: as is plain from the Gothic spelling, and Scottish pronunciation.

Henry of Huntingdon, a writer of the twelfth age, speaks of the Pictish nation, and tongue, as lost. He lived at a distance, and must have been very ignorant; for Robert of Hagulfald, who lived near the borders, mentions the Picts as forming a grand part of the Scottish army in the war of the Standard. Indeed, honest Fordun, B. IV. c. 4. says, that the nation and speech of the Picts had utterly perished; and yet he could not have opened his mouth without speaking Pictish. The Picts appear to have been quite without the use of letters; and, had this been the case with the Saxons, some sage English historian of the close of the Fourteenth century, when Fordun lived, might have told us that the Normans totally destroyed the race and tongue of the Saxons: nay he might perhaps have said this in English. Trevisa, who translated the Polychronicon in 1385, has a curious passage in his chapter *De incolarum linguis*. 'Notheles Walſche men and Scotts that beeth nought
'medled with other nations holdeth wel nyh her firſte
'language. But gif the Scottes, that were ſometime
'confederat and woned with the Pictes, drawe ſome-
'what after hir ſpeche, &c.' He confounds the low country Scots with the Irish.

It is allowed that the Goths were the ſame with the Getæ*: and hence the goſpels of Ulphilas, tranſlated in the fourth century are ſometimes called Gothic, and

* See this proved from ancient writers by Ihre (pronounce Iry) in the preface to his *Lexicon Suio-Gothicum*.

sometimes Mæsogetic. Now Ovid wrote a poem in that very language :

Ah pudet et Getico scripsi sermone libellum,
 Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.
 Et placui, (gratare mihi ;) cæpique poetæ
 Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas.

In others of his elegies he speaks of the similitude of the Gothic to the Greek tongue,

Exercent illi sociæ commercia linguæ,
 Graiaque quod Getico victa loquela sono est.

Ovid might perhaps have been a favourite poet of the Picts, had his work been recited in Caledonia. Nay, some antiquary of great zeal, and little knowlege, may put him at the head of the old Scottish poets, if he pleases.

It is unfortunate that the Picts were so warlike and rude a people, for their tongue, the Gothic, had been a written language from the time of Ovid. In the fourth century Ulphilas had translated the gospels into it; and, from that till a late period, innumerable *eddas*, or mythologies, and *sagas*, or romances, had been composed in Gothic, even amid the wilds of Iceland. Nay, what is more important, history was preserved and studied in that language, afterward termed the Norse, Islandic, Scandinavian, &c. In 1263. when Haco, king of Norway, lay on his death bed, a cotemporary chronicle * says he had the bible and Latin authors read to him; and then in the Norwegian tongue the lives of saints, and the chronicle of all the Norwegian kings from Haldan the Black. But it is to be feared that a Pictish History will ever be the vain wish of the antiquary.

* See Johnstone's account of Haco's Expedition, translated from the Norse, Copenhagen, 1782, p. 129.

§ IV. *Scottish Poetry.*

From the several sources abovementioned, of British Irish, and Pictish poetry, the stream of Scottish poetry was formed. But the two former had not great influence. The British kingdom in Scotland was subdued by the Picts, as we have seen, in 756: yet the illustrious Arthur, king of the Britons, so well known in poetry, had flourished two centuries and a half before this time. This prince may be regarded as a phenomenon in history; for, that a whole people should be full of histories and traditions concerning him, and yet his very existence be doubted, are contradictions which would induce one to total scepticism. Two points may be thought to militate against the very existence of Arthur. 1. He is not mentioned by Beda, nor any Saxon writer. 2. No coins of him are found. To the first it might be answered that ancient annals were in fact the manifestos of the time; and we all know that most princes, even now, will in their manifestos utterly pervert and deny facts known to all mankind. The Saxon writers are, it is likely, equally fabulous with Geofry of Monmouth; and certainly perverted and omitted the truth, if it inferred disgrace to their countrymen. No Saxon writer mentions a single event which had that tendency, tho many such infallibly happened. The maxim of the darker ages was, why record our own shame? let us leave that to our enemies. The Welsh writers make very slight if any mention of Alfred. But, secondly, coins are found of many of the monarchs mentioned by Beda, but not one of Arthur. The first argument is granted, but not the last: for at that rate not one coin of any British king exists, save Cunobelinus. Many coins are found in Wales, and the west of England and Scotland, which have no mark of any king, and may have belonged to Arthur as well as any other. The Saxons luckily used characters on their coins.

coins. The Britons, as many great nations before them, unhappily did not; save in one or two instances in their early times, when Roman workmen were employed. That British writers from near Arthur's period, and the whole people ever since, should be full of traditions about a non-existence, is absolutely impossible: but if we admit Arthur to a place in history, Geoffrey, who wrote about 1150, will contradict the dates, &c. of Saxon writers strangely. This very argument may be reverted, for it might prove that the Saxon writers, who, from enmity at Arthur, embraced the uncommon, but not improbable, expedient of never mentioning his name, had perverted every date to cover the omission. As the Saxons thus ordered their own chronicles, so a castration of the works of Gildas, and any other British writers who used a language they could understand, would be a common refuge of these victors. Geoffrey's work, it is well known, was translated from the British by him. It is certainly full of fables; but it requires prodigious credulity to believe it wholly a fable. Perhaps it may also be regarded as singular, that Milton fights against the existence of Arthur, and Hume for it.

Certain it is, that the south parts of Scotland were full of Arthur's fame: nor is he better known to the bards of Wales, or of Bretagne. Almost the whole old English metrical romances are written in the north of England, or south of Scotland, and in the Northern dialect. They unanimously place Arthur's court at Carlisle*, which seems to have been the fact, for no French romances put Charlemagne's court but at Paris. Froisart, in speaking of Carlisle, always adds *in Wales*.

* Perhaps, however, it should be Caerleon on the Ysk, in Glamorganshire, formerly a magnificent city, as appears from Roger of Chester. Froisart, it may be, followed the romances. Let me just mention, that *Arthur's Seat*, near Edinburgh, is in vain deduced from the Galic, in a country where Galic was never spoken.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Britons in Arthur's time were under one sovereign; after him, we find kings of many divisions of the Britons.

It shall only be added on this head, that the very first important piece of Scottish poetry we hear of, namely, the Romance of SIR TRISTRAM by the celebrated Thomas Lermont the rimer of Ercildon, was founded on British poetry; Tristram being one of Arthur's knights. This poem, so highly celebrated at the time, was written about 1270, but seems now to be unfortunately lost. However, innumerable passages of early Scottish poetry, yet remaining, are strongly tinged with British tradition.

The IRISH, or, as anciently spelled, Erische, and Ershe, or Erse, poetry, was unhappily despised, because unknown by the ancient Scottish writers. A very few allusions to it are noted above, but they are commonly put in scorn; for the hatred borne by the Picts, or low country people, to the Irish, was extreme, tho one would think that self-respect would have prevented their despising their conquerors. This antipathy lasted till within these two centuries, but, like other national prejudices, has past quite away as soon as science and civilization prevailed. For national antipathies are always in exact proportion to ignorance, and want of civilization; so that the most contemptible nation is always the most proud*. This is also the case in private life; and national reflections shew at once the size of a person's intellect, and likewise what company he has kept, for they are never heard save in the street. Had the Scottish poets studied the Irish, they might have enriched their productions with a number of ideas at once natural and new.

* The Greeks despised the Persians; but the Persians returned the scorn in a far higher degree. The Europeans despise the Hottentots; but the Hottentots absolutely laugh at the very name or appearance of an European,

But the PICTISH poetry furnished the language, and therein the chief fund, of Scottish poetry. From the stormy heaths of Scandinavia seem also to have been transplanted several of these wild flowers which adorn the compositions of the old Scottish minstrels. The Irish poetry is all gloomy, the Scottish deals more in merriment: the Celtic nations seem to have been generally severe; the Gothic riotous. The carousal of Odin never appears in Celtic mythology, where the stern character of the Druids also influenced the people. The Celtic nations were in general peaceful, and temperate; the Gothic warlike, and intemperate. Perpetual danger often begets luxury from the desire of making the most of a perishable life. The Goths, with Regner Lodbrog, died laughing; and may be compared to the Egyptians, who, to promote hard drinking, had a skeleton put on the table. All the Celtic poetry, yet published, is grave; that of the Goths chiefly heroic, because the best is such; but the Danish antiquaries give us to know that much is ludicrous, tho the jests be now unintelligible.

The Pictish poetry seems also to have bequeathed to the Scottish a peculiarly wild horror, which frequently strikes the reader with the highest effect. But the antique force and simplicity of the language was the chief permanent gift of the Pictish poetry to the Scottish.

Nothing can be more obscure than the progress of language in Scotland. To trace it a little by analogy with its sister the English, might be attempted. Let us try.

The Saxon language may be regarded as that of England, so early as the year 500. In 1067 the Normans conquered England; but the Saxon language remained almost pure till the reign of Stephen, when the Saxon Chronicle was written about 1150. Nay, a charter of Henry I. about 1130, seems *pure* Saxon*. The Or-

* See it published in Lye's Saxo Gothie Dictionary, Vol. II.

mulum, which I take to have been written in the reign of John about the year 1200, is Saxon fermenting into English: and the very first English piece seems *The Geste of King Horn*, written perhaps about 1250. Robert of Glocester wrote in, or near, the year 1278; as appears from his work. Robert of Brunne finished his Chronicle in 1338, as is evident from a MS. colophon given by Hearne: and it is surprizing what a difference of language there is between him and Robert of Glocester, tho only 60 years intervened. The pronouns, so frequently and commonly used, must, one would imagine, be the most difficult parts of speech to alter; yet Robert of Glocester has always the old *her* for *their*, *heo* for *they*, &c: while Robert of Brunne first uses *thei*, &c. as now. Brunne being born at Malton in Yorkshire, his language is also very Northern. It is proper to observe that this deduction might have been more complete, had not the chief English poets written solely in French from the Conquest 1066, till Chaucer began to write his best pieces, or about 1366, being three centuries. The reason of this was, that French was the sole language used at court, or by the nobility; nay even by the middle ranks of people. Trevisa, who translated the Polychronicon about 1385 *, tells us that French was just then beginning to wear out: but, says he, ‘Sethe Normans come
 ‘first into Engelond also gentilmen children beeth
 ‘taught to speke Frenche, from the tyme that they
 ‘beeth rokked in her cradel—and uplandische men wil
 ‘liken himselfe to gentilmen; and fondeth with gret
 ‘besynesse for to speke Frensche, for to be told of.’ Saxon was left merely to the mob, and the apophthegms, expressions, &c. preserved by historians of the time, are all in old French. In short, when the reader

* The additions to the Polychronicon are, however, of Caxton, who wrote a whole century later. See Nicolson’s Engl. Hist. Lib.

is told that it was the great badge of good breeding to speak French, and French only, we may guess it was very prevalent indeed. Attention to this becomes the more necessary, because, without knowing that French was the sole polite language of England for three centuries, we shall fall into the very common and natural mistake that all French MSS, &c. were written by Frenchmen; that our poets and minstrels were all French, &c. because they wrote in French. Tho indeed no man of any learning can be suspected of such a blunder; for he might as well suppose that most of the European poets of the sixteenth century were old Romans, because most of them wrote in Latin; that a man who writes in Greek, must be a Greek; in Italian, an Italian; or, at once, because he writes French verses, must be a Frenchman. A Catalogue of English writers who have written in French is much wanted: and I dare say upwards of a hundred names might yet be recovered.

To return to our analogy. The Picts, using the Gothic language, settled in Scotland about the time of our Saviour. Till 460 years after, they were the sole possessors of the whole country, north of the Clyde and Forth; and from that, till 843, the whole fertile parts, amounting to two thirds, were theirs. In 843 they were vanquished: but the victor Kenneth aspired to their crown, as his due by inheritance; and is called king of Pictinia, and not of Scotia, by old chronicles. Certain it is, that he framed laws for his united states; and treated the Picts as his own people. The Picts were by far the greater, and more opulent, part of his subjects; and beyond all doubt retained their own tongue: for, had they not, the Galic would have been the universal language of Scotland at this day. The Galic was no doubt the court language in Scotland for some time; as the French was in England after the Norman conquest. The later instance continued for three centuries; the former surely not so long. For upon the murder of
Duncan

Duncan by Macbeth in 1039, Malcolm the heir of the crown fled into England, where he remained for seventeen years before he was enabled to resume his kingdom. Edward the Confessor was king of England from 1041 till 1065; and in his reign we know that French was the court language in England. Malcolm surely used this speech, and his court also. Many Saxons came to Scotland with him 1056, and also at the Conquest 1066; but in 1093 they were all very prudently ordered to leave the kingdom by Dovenald Ban his successor. They were chiefly men of rank; and, had they introduced any language, it would have been the French. After this, constant wars and enmity prevailed between the Scots and English; and few traces of intercourse can be discovered; for less did the former, as is ignorantly imagined, borrow their very speech from their bitterest enemy. It is remarkable that as soon as Edward III. opened the inveterate enmity between the English and French, the later language ceased in England; and we may reason from the strongest analogy upon this occasion.

But yet another point requires our attention. In 945* Edmund king of England gave Cumberland to Malcolm I. king of Scotland, on condition of homage for it. From this period the heir of the Scottish crown was always Prince of Cumberland, and resided as a king in that country, which was constantly exposed to the Danes and other enemies. A most excellent device; by which a prince was educated in difficulties and taught to govern by degrees. Now the Prince, it may be supposed, did not use the Galic in a country where it was never spoken; but, remaining there from early youth,

* Saxon Chron. and see Milton's Hist. of England. Guthrie, in what he calls an History of Scotland, strangely places this event in the reign of Constantine, more than a dozen years before: but even to mention such a writer is a shame, for his whole work is one mass of error and inaccuracy.

adopted French, the court-tongue of England, in which country his principality was *, and to the king of which he was bound to do homage. But this argument would require reinforcements, which the obscurity of the subject prevents being lent.

It appears from Turgot's Life of St. Margaret, wife of Malcolm Kean-mór, about 1080, that the king was interpreter between her and the Scottish Ecclesiastics. If they spoke Gaelic, the king could not have understood them; for he had been seventeen years in England, where he had only spoken French, and Saxon to servants. But if they spoke Pictish, it was so near the Saxon, both being originally dialects of the Gothic, that from his knowledge of the latter he might have acted as interpreter. This argument is also not strong.

Under William of Scotland, 1165, the Scottish coin bears a French inscription, LE REI WILLEM: some pennies bear WILLEM RI, the last word is the Gaelic for *king*. But to infer from this that the Irish or Gaelic was then the language of Scotland were ridiculous; for we find REI, RE, RI, in the same way on foreign coins; and it is merely owing to the rude engraver's having more or less room. Nay, in old French MSS. we find REY, REI, RE, RIE, RI, all for the present ROI or king.

Alexander III. 1249, took his coronation oath *Latine et Gallice*. The later word, Father Innes, forgetting his usual accuteness, says, *may be Galic* or Irish. It is French all the world over; and, had Galic been implied, it would have been *Hibernice*; for writers of a

* It is in old charters said to be between Scotland and England. See Sir James Dalrymple. The Bishop of Carlisle was a suffragan of Glasgow. Ancient Cumbria seems to me to have occupied the present Cumberland and Westmorland in England: and Lanerkshire, Cunyngham, Kyle, Renfrew, and Dumfries shires, in Scotland. It is often called a kingdom by old writers; and it deserves the title. The Cumberland dialect is at present exactly the Pictish, or broad Scottish, as a Welsh-man would pronounce it. See Relph's *Poems in the Cumberland dialect*, 1747. or those of Evan Clark, 1772. I believe the same speech prevails over Galloway.

century or two after call it *Irish*. Galic is a very late word, nay I believe unknown till this present century; and it was not invented till the Scottish antiquaries *discovered* that the highlanders were not of Irish origin. Sir George Mackenzie, the flimsiest of all writers, first started this; and the Scottish antiquaries have, in consequence of it, been retrograde for a century; and are of course near two centuries behind the English. Since Alexander III. took the oath in French, it is strongly, if not necessarily implied, that French was then the polite language in Scotland, as in England.

French being the language of the polite, and Latin of the learned, who could use the vulgar tongue in writing? Even in England, perhaps, the only progressive evidence of the language is contained in the three or four books abovementioned. No wonder then that in Scotland no deductive written proofs should remain. But we may safely conclude that the Pictish, or a dialect of the Gothic, remained the vulgar language of two-thirds of Scotland from the earliest times till the Scottish poets first used it in writing.

Now, tho an infinite number of Scandinavian poems has been published, from the time of Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in the twelfth century, and who gives translations of many as evidences of his history, down to the present day, yet none of these poems exceed the length of short tales, &c. or what we would call ballads. We may therefore conclude to a certainty, that, if such was the case in the more extensive and more learned regions of the Gothic tongue, no Pictish bard ever thought of exceeding the bounds of a song or a ballad. Perhaps some of these compositions may yet be retained by tradition in Buchan, the north part of Aberdeenshire, where the Pictish language remains almost pure.

Indeed I suspect that no Scottish poet, before Thomas of Ercildon, ventured beyond a ballad, when using his native tongue. Perhaps one, or two, may have written

a romance in French rime, tho now lost, or unknown; but it is dubious whether the Pictish was ever a written language; and there is at any rate no room to suppose that the Pictish, when fermenting into Scotch, was ever used in writing. As observed above, the polite used French, and the learned Latin, and who else could write? The poor bards, who entertained the mob, might recite ballads and short romances in the vulgar tongue; but the minstrels, who appeared in the king's, or in the baron's hall, would use French only, as in England; for, had they tried the common language, they would have been sent into the kitchen.

The music of these Pictish, and Scoto-Pictish, songs and ballads, perhaps, presented early specimens of that exquisite expression, and simple melody, now so deservedly admired in Scotch music. The ancient Scandinavian music remains, I believe, very obscure; so of the Pictish nothing can be said; nor indeed of that of the Scoto-Pictish æra of our language, which extends from the Ninth to the Thirteenth century; during which the Pictish was gradually becoming less Gothic, and more near to the language now termed Scotch; in like manner as the Francic, in four or five centuries, became French; and the Saxon in three became the English of Chaucer.

In the Twelfth century church-music must have been in an advanced state in Scotland; for Ælred, who died in 1166, thus speaks of it, as I find his words translated by Mackenyie in his bulky and strange Collections, called *Lives of the Scotch writers* *. 'Since all types and

* My author is so inaccurate, that I know not if it be of the English or Scotch music that Ælred speaks. This Mackenyie has swelled those vast volumes of lives, by inserting *small digressions*. If a man wrote a history of Scotland, in his life is given a *complete history of Scotland*: If another wrote a system of divinity, a *complete system of divinity* is one episode of his life. He and Abercrombie were keen papists; and spared nothing to support *indefeasible right*.
The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

figures are now ceased; why so many organs and cymbals in our churches? Why, I say, that terrible blowing of bellows; that rather imitates the frightfulness of thunder, than the sweet harmony of the voice? For what end is this contraction, and dilatation, of the voice? One restrains his breath; another breaks his breath; and a third unaccountably dilates his voice; and sometimes, which I am ashamed to say, they fall a quivering, like the neighing of horses. Then they lay down their manly vigour; and, with their voices, endeavour to imitate the softness of women. Then, by an artificial circumvolution, they have a variety of out-runings. Sometimes you shall see them with open mouths, and their breath restrained, as if they were expiring, and not singing; and, by a ridiculous interruption of their breath, seem as if they were altogether silent. At other times they appear like persons in the agonies of death; then, with a variety of gestures, they personate comedians: their lips are contracted; their eyes roll; their shoulders are moved upwards and downwards; their fingers move, and dance to every note. And this ridiculous behaviour is called religion: and, when these things are most frequently done, then God is said to be more honourably worshipped.*

But about 1240 Simon Taylor, a Scottish Dominican friar, became the Guido Aretino of Scotland. George Newton, in his *Lives of the Bishops of Dunblane*, as quoted by Dempster †, says, he brought the Scottish church-music to vie with that of Rome itself. His whole compositions were masterpieces, and he wrote four books on the science: 1. *De cantu ecclesiastico corrigendo*. 2. *De tenore musicali*. 3. *Tetrachordorum*. 4. *Pentachordorum* ‡.

In

* Ælred, *Speculum Caritatis*, lib. II. c. 20. *inter opera*, Duaci, 1631, 4^{to}.

† Dempster's accounts are very dubious; and other authority is always required to support his assertions.

‡ It is well known, that an anecdote about Scottish music occurs in the *Pensieri Diversi* of Tassoni. As many have consulted the

In this ancient period Romances in French rime were almost the sole literary amusement of the English or of the Scottish men of rank; while the vulgar had only songs and ballads. *King Horn* is the only romance written in English before the year 1300, which is extant: but it would seem that, from this time, till Chaucer began to ridicule the romances, and to furnish a better entertainment, being sixty or seventy years after, many romances were translated from French into English, the later language gradually gaining ground. These English romances were much read in Scotland, being written generally in the Northern dialect, which from its mixture of Danish approached very near to the Scoto-Pictish; and as the French romances gave a French hue to the language of Chaucer, so the English refined, and softened, and enriched the language of Barbour. For that Barbour was versed in that kind of reading appears from his book; and his language is full of Anglicisms, or rather Romancisms. It is also remarkable that, such was the progress of refinement from the south, that the old French poetry is full of Provençalisms, the English of Francisms, and the Scottish of Anglicisms.

The language of Lermont, who wrote a century before Barbour, or about 1270, we unhappily cannot judge of; his Romance of Tristram being lost, as is to be feared. But Robert of Brunne, who wrote in 1338, has preserved singular notices concerning it *. In his

book, without being able to find it, I think it proper just to mention, that it is in the Tenth Book, p. 572, edit. in *Carpi*, 1620, 4to. Now it happens oddly, that tho the title bears *Dieci Libri*, yet the Tenth Book is wanting in most copies; so that the work is common without it, but extremely scarce with it. Mr. Nicol, Bookseller to the King, has a complete copy; and in it *istis oculis vidi*. The passage has been understood to refer to James I. but it refers to James VI. in whose time Tassoni lived: when we say Louis king of France, it is *the present* we mean.

* See his Chronicle published by Hearne.

Prolog.

Prolog he says he will not use an high and uncommon style, because it is unfit for the vulgar to whom he writes; and it is also liable to be changed and corrupted by reciters and transcribers, who do not understand it, but alter it to their own phraseology:

I see in song in sedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale:
Non thame says as thai tham wrought;
And in ther sayng it semes noght.
That may thou here in SIR TRISTREM:
Over Gestes it has the steem;
Over all that is, or was;
If men it sayd as made Thomas.

What was the name of him of Kendale is not known: but Thomas was of Erceldown; and to him the romance of Tristram is here given with superlative praise, no less than that it exceeded all the *Gestes*, or Romances, ever written. He afterwards tells us of the same authors:

Thai sayd it in so quainte Inglis,
That manyone wate not what it is.

and again, that he could not make such strange *Inglis* as these writers, but composes for the commonalty; and tells his plain reader,

They said it for pride and nobleye,
That were not suylyk as thee.

It appears to me from all these passages, that Lermont, who was born and lived near the borders, where the shades between the English and Scottish from frequent interchange of inhabitants in the early periods were very minute, had written in the Southern Scottish, which was in fact, the Northern dialect of the English romancers; for the kingdom of Cumbria lay in both realms, as above shewn, and its later inhabitants were chiefly Picts. Hence Robert of Brunne calls it English;

but, whence arose the quaintness he speaks of? Was it from Lermont's using high figures? from his adopting French words, as Chaucer afterwards did? or from his Scottish words unknown to this author? Lermont's using high figures, and also French, appears the most probable opinion; for our poet says his works are only fit for *pride and nobility*, that is, great men and nobility, as the context shews. And perhaps, if the mixture of French words with English was a fault, Lermont, and not Chaucer, ought to bear the blame; tho there be no doubt but that Lermont and Chaucer only used the language of the politest people of the period: for to alter a language is the work of time; and no single writer can ever effect so prodigious a work; indeed, no one ever made the attempt. Lermont and Chaucer wrote for men of birth and education; and doubtless in the language used by them.

The first Scottish writers, thus finding the English a sister dialect already written, naturally in writing accommodated themselves to it; as the English authors had to the French. Hence, written language becoming colloquial by degrees, first among the higher classes, and then partly among the vulgar, the Scottish language has more and more yielded to the English, as a politer language, down to this very day. Thus has the vulgar error crept in, that the Scottish is derived from the Anglo-Saxon; or that it is in fact merely a dialect of the English imported into that country. Tho the reader may well believe that I should, with pleasure, give the Scottish language so respectable an origin as the English, yet much inquiry into the subject forbids my subscribing to this hypothesis. My reasons will appear from many parts of this essay; and may, it is hoped, be found conclusive. Proximity of tongues proves collateral relation, but not derivation; else the Swedish* would also

* For the wonderful affinity between the Swedish and English, see Mr. Coxe's Travels. Had Sweden been where Ireland is, the Swedish would also have been called English.

be derived from the English. For that speech, and, I believe, the Danish, are as near to the English, as the real Scottish is. Pictish and Saxon, Scottish and English, are both equally derived from the Gothic. Their great similarity then can be no wonder. The Pictish was the earlier Gothic, the Saxon the later; the idiom and body of the language were ever the same. But nearly one half of the old Scottish words is not to be found in the Saxon, but solely in the Gothic.

True it is, that, what an English writer now calls Scottish, ancient English and Scottish writers called English. The reason is plain. Down to the reign of Mary of Scotland the Irish had been also called Scottish*, as spoken by the Scottish highlanders, and who were properly Scots. When, by a necessary contingency, the Gothic language had in the same space, tho in different nations, retained much the same hues, the name of that dialect, which was spoken by the greater and politer people, was imparted to the other inhabiting a contiguous part of the very same island. Is this any thing extraordinary? Is it more strange, than that in Italy, France, and Spain, the written tongue should have been originally termed *Romano*, It. *Roman*, Fr. *Romance*, Sp. because all derived from the Roman or Latin? Has any one yet discovered from this that these three languages, thus collaterally allied, are sprung from each other, or are dialects of each other? The English was Gothic, so was also the Pictish; the one North-Gothic, the other South-Gothic. The Picts were, indeed, as much English as the Jutes or Saxons. *Nomina non mutant rem.*

* An Act of Parliament, 1541, authorizes the lieges to have the bible in *Inglis and Scotis*. Scottish poets say *our Inglis tongue*, &c. See Lindfay's *Papingo*, &c. Lord Hailes misinterprets a similar passage in Dunbar, as tho Dunbar thought he was an Englishman because born in East Lothian: but the expression has no such meaning.

Another cause why many later Anglicisms appear in the old Scottish language, is, that it was usual for many Scottishmen to go to England to follow their studies at the universities there. St. Andrews, the oldest university in Scotland, was only founded in 1413; before that time students repaired to Cambridge, Oxford, or Paris. In the *Reves Tale*, Chaucer tells us the two Cambridge students

Of o toun were they born that highte Strother,
Fer in the north I cannot tellen where.

There never was even a village of this name in the North of England: the place was apparently Anstruther in Fife.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a note to his *Life of Chaucer*, says, 'Chaucer's reputation was as well established in Scotland, as in England: and I will take upon me to say, that he was as much the father of poetry in that country, as in this.' This is quite a mistake. Chaucer was in the highest admiration in Scotland, as he justly deserved: but not one Scottish poet has imitated him; or is in the least indebted to him. I wish the Scottish writers had owned him as father of their poetry with all my heart: but not a trace of this can be found. They praise him; but never imitate either his language, stanza, manner, or sentiments; how then can he be their model? Thomas of Ercildon wrote the century before Chaucer: and Barbour knew nothing of him, tho he wrote in 1375. Chaucer's fame was not wide till after his death in 1400: Gower, the stupidest of all writers, had always been preferred to him; and Chaucer himself calls him his master. If Mr. Tyrwhitt will point out one imitation of the slightest passage of Chaucer in any Scottish poet whatever, it will operate to his purpose; but I know from certain knowledge that he cannot; so must refuse my assent to his opinion. The French and Italians may indeed say, with great justice, that Chaucer is more
than

than the imitator, is the mere translator of their poets, save in one or two of his comic tales: and would that he had never translated!

This slight essay shall be closed with a remark or two on the decline of the minstrels in Scotland. In that kingdom, as in England, these men were first in the highest reverence: the superior ones reciting to the great and polite their own compositions, or those of other poets in the French language, till about the Fourteenth century, when they began to use the common tongue; while the inferior order called *bards** entertained others. But in time a gradual change of the manners of chivalry brought neglect and contempt on the bards, and after on the minstrels in both kingdoms. Their wild subjects, which even now strike and delight the imagination, had been received as historical truth by their hearers. No wonder then that the first dawn of science shewed them their absurdity in that view; and excited their scorn at such insults to their understanding. Their fancy had been accustomed to them; and the romances did not delight them, as they do us, with ancient pictures of manners: time alone could stamp that value on them. Fancy had, indeed, nothing to do in the matter: the tales were despised as falsehoods. Contempt of the minstrels followed of course. So early as the time of Dunbar we find them lightly reputed.

I will nae leifings put in verse

Lyke as sum JANGLERS do reherse †

as Sir David Lindsay mentions

Blasphematours, beggaris, and common bardis.

Papingo.

* The reader must carefully distinguish between *minstrels* and *bards*. The later as early as 1458, are in the Scottish Acts of Parliament ranked with *gypsies*, *forners*, *masterful beggars*, and *feigned fools*. But, in 1474, *minstrels* are ranked with *knights* and *heralds*, and such as could spend 100 pounds a year land-rent; and are allowed to wear silk apparel.

† Tod and Lamb. Evergr. I. 202.

In

In Henry the Eighth's reign, minstrels ceased in England; for he who is described in the Killingworth entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, 1575, appears as a character of former times. And, about the same period, they also disappeared in Scotland. The rapid change of manners at the æra of the Reformation had no doubt great influence on this event.

Romances, however, which had delighted the ladies anciently *, as much as novels do now, were still in fashion. Lindsay, who speaks so contemptuously of the bards, quotes romances with favour;

Fought never better, hand for hand,
Nor Gawen against Colibras,
Nor Olyver 'gainst Pharambras.

Lindsay's Hist. of Meldrum.

This Pharambras, or Ferembras, seems to have been a favourite in Scotland; for it is the

Romance of worthie Ferembras that Robert Bruce reads to his friends in Barbour's poem.

I shall conclude with observing, that any discovery of the Scottish language, or poetry, as they were before 1375, when Barbour wrote, is very much to be wished; for that period of them is not a little obscure.

* In a love-song written in the time of Edward I. or II. MS. Harl. 2253. the poet, in describing his mistress, says

With lefly red lippes lele
Romances for to rede. f. v. 66.

A LIST OF ALL THE SCOTISH POETS;

WITH BRIEF REMARKS.

*I*N the following list the poets, who wrote in Latin, are omitted; and it were certainly no loss, if all the works of modern Latin poets were thrown into the flames. When a Scottishman gives up Buchanan, who is ranked by the Scaligers, and others of the first name, next to the writers of the Augustan period, and before even the later Roman poets; surely no objection need be made against this general censure by those of any other nation. Had we any Latin bard prior to the year 1000, he should have his place as an ancient. But Sedulius and other Scots were Irishmen, as all know, save those who are blinded by pitiful prejudice: Pictus, or Albanicus, being the sole patrinyimic of a native of present Scotland, down to the year 800 at least.

The years marked are those about which the several poets began to flourish, to use a very common, but most beautiful metaphor.

The Poets, whose articles are in Italic letter, wrote in English.

1270.

THOMAS LERMON. This celebrated old bard, also called Thomas the Rymour, and Thomas of Erceldon, was, it is likely, born at Erceldon, a village near Melrose in Tweeddale. About 1300, or before, when Edward I. was carrying war into Scotland, we find Lermont an old man, with the reputation of a prophet: putting his then age therefore at sixty, he was born about 1240. Barbour tells us, p. 21. that, when Bruce had slain Cumin in 1306, the Bishop of St. Andrews said,

I hope that Thomas' prophecie
Of Erceldon shall truly be
In him, &c.

This implies, that the prophecies of Thomas were held in high reverence in 1306: so that he must certainly have had the sanctity of age thrown around him before that time*. We learn from Robert de Brunne that he wrote a metrical romance, called

Sir Tristram.

And it is reasonable to infer, that he composed this work in his mid-age, or about 1270. For the style of this poem, see the preceding Essay. The piece itself is in no library in England; but may probably be in that MS. collection of Romances, of which an account is given in the *Reliques of Anc. Engl. P.*, and which is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh. The titles of almost all the pieces in that curious volume are torn out for the sake of the illuminations, so that it must be read over before any discovery can be made. It is indeed matter of the deepest regret, that, while the catalogue of the MSS. in England and Ireland was executed near a century ago, and is a common book, no *Catalogus MSS. Scotiæ* should yet be extant. In particular, it is

* Thomas Rymour, of Erceldon, is a witness to a charter of Haig of Bemerside without date. *Extracts from Charters of Melrose.* Bib. Harl. 7394.

ardently

ardently wished that a Catalogue of the MSS. in the Advocates' Library should be immediately given to the public in a manner worthy of that most learned, opulent, and respectable society. And no plan better than that of the Harleian Catalogue can be followed. In the King's Library, 20 D. II. is the French *Romanz di Tristram*; a vast Folio volume written in the Thirteenth age. It is in prose; and bears at the end to be the production of *Seult Labonde de Cornoalle*. Tho it be well transcribed and ornamented with curious little miniatures to the initial letter of each book, few, I believe, will have patience to peruse so large a work, and which, if printed, would fill three or four volumes Folio. It is highly probable, that this was the ground work of Lermont's celebrated poem; and tho this gave me great curiosity to read it, and my literary patience is not small, yet even the curious entertainment it affords could not overcome my repugnance, and I soon abandoned the study.

The character of Lermont as a prophet, and which was common to him with Linus, Orpheus, and other early poets in many countries, arose, if we may believe Mackenyie in his *Lives of Scottish Writers*, from his having conferences with Eliza, a nun and prophetess at Haddington. Lermont put her predictions into verse; and thus came in for his share of the prophetic spirit. None of these ancient prophecies now remain; but the following, which pretends to be one of them, is given from a MS. of the time of Edward I. or II. *Harl. Lib. 2253. f. 127.* The Countess of Dunbar is the lady famous for the defence of her castle against the English. Her proper title was countess of March; but it was common in these times to style a nobleman from his chief residence: thus Gilbert Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, is called Earl of Striguil, from his residence at Striguil castle, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, &c.

*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Eſſedoune,
quant la guere d'Eſcoce prendreit ſyn. E yl l'a repoutdy,
et dyt.*

When man as mad a kyng of a capped man.
 When mon is leveré other mones thyng than is owen,
 When londé thouys foreſt, ant foreſt ys ſelde.
 When hares kendles othe herſon.
 When Wyt ant Wille werres togedere.
 When mon makes ſtables of kyrkes; and ſteles caſſles wyth
 flyes.
 When Rokelbourh nys no burgh; ant market is at Forwyleye.
 When the aldé is gan, ant the newe is come that doue noht.
 When Bambourne ys donged with dede men.
 When men ledes men in ropes to buyen ant to ſellen.
 When a quarter of waty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten
 markes.
 When prude prikes, ant pees is leyd in priſoun.
 When a Scot ne may hym hude aſe hare in forme, that the
 Englyſh ne ſhal hym ſynde.
 When ryht ant wrong aſtentethe togedere.
 When laddes weddeth lovedies.
 When Scottes ſlen ſo faſte, that for faute of ſhip, hy drounerth
 hemyſelve.
 When ſhal this be?
 Nouthen in thine tyme, ne in myne.
 Ah comen, ant gone,
 Withinne twenty wynter ant on.

In fact, the prophecies of Lermont appear to have been merely traditional; nay, it ſeems doubtful if he ever pretended to ſuch folly, notwithstanding Mackenzie's ſtory of Eliza, which I ſuppoſe he had from Dempſter, or Camerarius, two writers falſe beyond imagination. The reverence of the people, for a learned and reſpectable character, ſeems to have been the ſole foundation of Thomas's claim to prophecy. But, in the ſixteenth century, prophecies were made, and aſcribed to him, as well as others given to Beda, Merlin,

Merlin, &c. * They were printed at Edinburgh, 1615; reprinted 1680, and 1742. Till I had discovered that the alliterative blank verse was used by Dunbar, I thought it had ceased long before; but now retract that opinion. The Scottish prophecies of Merlin are, I believe, different from those printed at London, by John Haukyns, 1533, where Ames tells us he found that most singular Prophecy of the year 1709;

Seven and Ten added to Nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne, &c.

This is printed in Swift's works; and I confess it struck me as an imitation of the ancient manner, *ex post facto*, till I found this account in Ames; and I believe every reader views it in the same light, without knowing that it was certainly written before 1533. It is a singular chance medley; but of many arrows shot at random one may kill a bird.

After Thomas Lermont, there is a vacancy of a whole century in Scottish poetry.

1370.

JOHN BARBOUR. Lord Hailes, in his valuable Annals, Vol. II. p. 3, thinks he was born about 1316. For he mentions his seeing Randel Earl Murray, who died in 1331, and describes him from recollection. He also quotes Alan de Catheart as concerned in, and relator to him of an action which happened in 1308. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and died aged in 1396. *Chart. Aberdeen.* Lord Hailes thinks he was about eighty, from the circumstance of his describing the Earl of Murray from recollection; but perhaps he might recollect him well, tho he was but five years old at the time. In this case he was born about 1326; and died about his seventieth year, which seems to me more

* *Sibilla* and *Banister Anglicus* are mentioned in time of Edward IV. MS. Cot. Dom. A. IX. A long Latin prophecy of *Bridlington* is there given. *Waldhove* and *Elraine* seem also English prophets. In the whole collection, therefore, Thomas is the only Scottish one.
likely.

likely. Rymer * produces a passport into England for Barbour in 1357. He is therein styled Archdeacon of Aberdeen: and the passport authorizes him to go to Oxford with three scholars in his company; and to remain there, *causa studendi, et ibidem actus scolasticos exercendo*. I suppose the original bears *morandi* and *exercendi*. At any rate, the sense is, that the three scholars should remain there, for the sake of studying and performing scholastic exercises. Perhaps the scholars were of a noble family, or his relations; and he remained at Oxford to look to their education, and morals. In 1365 Rymer gives us the title of another passport for him to go thro England, with six knights in company, to St. Denis [near Paris]. These writs have been strangely misrepresented, as if Barbour went to prosecute his studies in 1357, and 1365; while there is not a word of his studies in either of them.

However this be, he was in the midst of his capital and only poem

The Life of King Robert Bruce

in the year 1375, as he tells us near the middle of it:

* Fædera, Vol. VI. p. 31. and 478. Here is the one which mentions study. '1357, 31 E. III. Rex, &c. Sciatis quod (ad supplicationem David de Bruys) suscepimus Joannem Barber, Archidiaconum de Aberdene; veniendo, cum tribus scholaribus in comitiva sua, in regnum nostrum Angliæ, causa studendi in Universitate Oxoniæ, et ibidem actus scolasticos exercendo, morando, et exinde in Scotiam ad propria redeundo; in protectionem, &c. per unum annum duraturas. Teste Rege, apud Westmonasterium, decimo tertio die Augusti.'

Now, by a deed, dated at Fetherin (Aberdeenshire), 13 Sept. 1357, we find Barbour appointed by the Bishop of Aberdeen, one of his commissioners, to meet at Edinburgh, about the ransom of David II. (Rymer VI. 39). This evinces, that the sole intent of the above passport was, that Barbour might see the three scholars properly entered at Oxford, then return; and have it in his power to visit them when there, if necessary. That an Archdeacon should have performed *actus scolasticos* would have been a phænomenon indeed, when he could not have been in that rank without having gone thro them a dozen years before.

And

And in the tyme of compyling
This buik this last Robert wes kyng.
And of his kynrik passit wes
Fyve yeirs; and wes the yeir of grace
A Thousand, Thre Hundred, and Seventie,
And Fyve; and of his eild fixtie.

King Robert II. was just fixty in 1375, dying in 1390, aged 75. Such a poem could hardly be written in less than two or three years; but not being in books, the passage certainly refers to the whole. But he must have been employed in collecting materials many years.

This immortal poem he himself calls a Romance;

The romance now begynes here, p. 14.

and it has doubtless many incidents wholly fabulous. The title of one chapter is,

Hou he diseomfit, hym alane,
Tua hundreth, and slue fyften certane. p. 89.

Sometimes, as the common editions stand, there are even absurdities; such as 40 foes being killed out of 32, p. 62, which error proceeds from the printer, or transcriber, reading XL for XX, such numerals being most commonly used in old MSS. But in short this Romance is just such a one as the Iliad; that is, a Poem founded on real facts, but embellished in many parts with fiction. The facts form however by far the larger part; and are easily distinguished from the fictions: hence Lord Hailes, tho a most rigid writer, appeals to Barbour as a constant authority*. So that this venerable writer is, in fact, not only the first existent poet, but the first existent historian of Scotland: not to add, that his work presents the very first specimen of the Scottish language.

* Bower, in his Fordun, lib. XII. c. 9. also appeals to him; and says, *Magister Jobannes Barbarii Archidiaconus Aberdenensis in lingua nostra materna diserte et luculenter satis ipsa ejus particularia gesta, necnon multum eleganter, peroravit.* This panegyric was written about 1440.

His learning must have been great for the time: his poetry is as smooth as that of Chaucer, with great descriptive, and expressive, powers: his information admirable: his sentiments noble, and humane; nay worthy of ancient Greece: witness his eulogy of liberty, the very first to be found in any writer of Great Britain, and a wonderful one! Here it is:

O hou FREEDOM is nobil thyng!
 For it maks men to haif lyking.
 FREEDOM all solace to men givis:
 He lives at eis that frelie livis.
 A nobil hart may haf na eis,
 Nor nocht als that may it pleis,
 If FREEDOM fale. For fre lyving
 Is yarnit abone uther thyng.
 O he quha hes ay livit fre
 May nocht knaw weil the properté,
 The aungir, nor the wretchit dome,
 That is couplit to thirldom!
 Bot gif he had assayit it,
 Than all perqueir he micht it wit;
 And suld think FREEDOM mair to pryse
 Than al the gold men culd devyse. p. 8.

Let me add, the praise of an exquisite poet, and superlative judge of poetry, Mr. Warton, who, in his *History of English Poetry*, tells us that Barbour 'has adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical images, far superior to the age *.'

With all these merits, had this inestimable ancient belonged to any country in Europe, save Scotland, there would by this time have been twenty editions of his book published by as many different men of learning, with notes and illustrations. Instead of which, not one edition has yet appeared in the genuine ancient dress, tho many have been published in a modernized state for the use of the common

* Mr. Warton extends this praise to Henry the Minstrel, whom he here, by mistake, makes cotemporary with Barbour: but rectifies the error in Vol. II.

people. The very first edition I can trace is that of Edinburgh, 1648, 8vo. *black letter*, which I find in the catalogue of the Library of Archibald Duke of Argyle, printed by the Foulises; and which, it is likely, is now in the Earl of Bute's collection. The next edition is that of Glasgow, by Robert Sanders, 1665, 8vo. *b. l.* After this, a very neat edition was published by Andrew Anderson at Edinburgh, 1670, 12mo, *b. l.* And there are many later editions of no value, published by different booksellers, to answer the demand of the common people for this book; which, to the credit of their good sense, is very great. Whether any MSS. yet exist of this Poem, I am not certain*, but intend at any rate to give an edition of it restored to its ancient orthography; which, by the assistance of Winton's Chronicle, written about thirty years after, may be easily done. The unlearned reader may, perhaps, think the old spelling of a book of little consequence, and more for the antiquary than the public. But he must be informed, that it is impossible to judge of the state of any language, if the spelling be not preserved; and that, from the days of Lucretius till now, all old poets have been published by every nation in their own orthography, to prevent misinterpretation, and to let the reader judge for himself of the sense, and of the actual state of the language when the poet wrote; which, were the language modernized, he could never do. Besides, to modernize a poet is, in fact, to translate him; and we all know, that a translation is the wrong side of the tapestry. Barbour's Poem is not now divided into books, but had far better: XX seems the proper number. If any person is possess of a MS, or edition, of this poem, prior to 1603, it will be regarded as an high favour, if it is lent to the Editor by means of either of the publishers of this

* I since learn, that there is a MS. in the Advocates Library, written 1489, perfect, and in fine order.

volume. The utmost care shall be taken of it; and it shall be returned in any limited time. I am however convinced, that few or no alterations of words have taken place; for the language is the same with that of Winton, as the reader may judge from the specimens of the latter in the Appendix. The orthography alone is altered: and may easily be restored from Winton; for that no alteration could happen between those writers seems evident from the small space of only thirty years passing between them. It were however much to be wished that any charters, or writings, in Scottish, under Robert II. or III. might be procured, in order to establish this point beyond all doubt. There is, indeed, preserved by Hearne in his edition of Fordun, a small piece of Scottish poetry, but it is only a translation of a Latin poem added by Bower about 1440. The Scottish is in a later hand as Hearne tells; and may be about 1480. Here it is.

On fut suld be all Scottis weire,
 Be byll and mossie thaimself to weire*.
 Lat wod for wallis be bow and speire,
 That innymis do thaim na dreire †,
 In strait placis gar keip all stoire:
 And byrnen ‡ the planen ‡ land thaim before.
 Thanen ‡ fall thai pass away in haist,
 Quhen that they find nathing bot waist.
 With wyllis, and waykenen of the nicht,
 And mekill noyes maid on hycht:
 Thanen ‡ fall they turnen ‡ with gret affrai,
 As thai were chafist with sward away.
 This is the counsall and intent
 Of gud King Roberts Testament.

1410.

ANDREW WINTON was Canon Regular of St. Andrews, and Prior of the Monastery in Lochleven, Fifeshire, as he tell us himself:

* *Sic.* read *steire*. † read *deire*, i. e. *burt*. ‡ The *n* at the end of several words seems added by Hearne, who found a stroke over the last letter, and did not know Scottish: it destroys the rhythm, and is no where else to be found.

Of

Of my defaute it is my name,
 Be baptifine, Androwe of Wyntowne;
 Of Sanct Androws a Chanoune
 Regular: bot, noucht forthi,
 Of thaim all the left worthy.
 Bot, of thair grace and thair favoure,
 I wes, but meryt, made Priowre
 Of the Ynch within Lochlevyne.

In the Register of the Priory of St. Andrews, (*pen. Com. Panmure*) Father Innes tells us, there were several public instruments of Andrew Winton, as Prior of Lochleven, from the year 1395 till 1413; but what precise year he died is not found. The common copies of his very large

Chronicle of Scotland

end in 1408: but in the King's Library is a most capital copy, with his last alterations and corrections, carried down to 1418. And in the last page he thus mentions the Council of Constance, begun 16 Nov. 1414, and ending 20 May 1418.

Of Lege the Elect * wes bidand ay
 Pisabyll in his possessioun,
 But ony contradiotioun,
 Tyll off Constance the Counsaile grete.
 Othir will tharof threte.
 Remouvyt into dede wes he,
 All quyte fra that dignité;
 And with a lady astir than
 Wes weddit as a lawid man.

Winton

* Now Elector of Cologne, Bishop of Liege: *lawid man* is *lay man*: *into dede* is *indeed*.

The story here alluded to, L'Enfant gives in these words: 'Guillaume de Berg, frere du Duc de ce nom, non seulement laïque, mais si ignorant qu'a peine pouvoit il lire l'Allemand, ayant été élu depuis dix ans a l'evêché de Paderborne, avoit avec son chapitre et les bourgeois a peu pres les memes difficultez que l'evêque de Strasbourg. Mais l'evêque de Paderborne s'en tira avantageusement, en se faisant élire par Gregoire XII. a l'Archevêché de Cologne. Il est vrai qu'il ne jouit pas fort tranquillement de

Winton seems to have died about 1420; and, allowing him thirty years of age when made Prior, was born about 1360; and was about sixty when he died. The monastery, of which he was Prior, was evidently, from his own words above, *within* the Isle of Lochleven; so that Mr. Spottiswood must be mistaken, who, in his account of the religious houses of Scotland, places it on the banks of the lake *. But this error it is hoped he will soon rectify, by a publication of his *Monasticum Scoticum*, so ardently wished by the public: and it is to be regretted that the engraving of views of the ruined monasteries, &c. should so long hold this valuable labour from the press. Why do not our respectable societies of Antiquaries undertake this part of the work? for it is rather too much for a man both to work and pay in his country's service.

This most valuable Chronicle of Winton, which, to the disgrace of Scottish literature, is not yet published, possesses a singular merit from the writer's most assuredly having never seen Fordun's work. Indeed, the Scoti-Chronicon was not published, as Innes shews, till about 1447; for, tho Fordun died about 1385, when his work was only brought down till David I. yet Bower was the first who digested his other materials, and gave the whole to the world. Hence, tho a dozen copies of Fordun exist, none are found without Bower's additions. But this evidence is needless, for Winton's

cette dignité; parce qu'il eut une guerre a soutenir contre Theodorick de Meurs, que Jean XXIII. avoit promu a l'Archeveché de Cologne. L'affaire fut accommodée par un mariage: Guillaume de Berg ayant espousé la niece de Theodorick de Meurs.' *L'Enfant, Hist. du Concile de Constance*, Tome I. p. 347, *sub anno* 1415. The affair is again mentioned, as not decided in 1416, p. 427. till the Emperor returned, which was in Feb. 1417. Meurs retained the dignity.

* In the Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's, is *Confirmatio Ecclesie Sti Servani in Insula de Lochleven, per Gamelum Episcopum Sti Andrie apud Inchmaubat, anno 1248.* So that the point is clear. *MS. Harl. excerpt.*

whole

whole work shews that he had never heard of Fordun. The plan of both was, indeed, injured by chance. For, about 1339, Roger of Chester, writing his *Polychronicon*, which Higden afterwards, like an infamous plagiarist, made his own by a few slight alterations; that work, which is well written for the time, became very popular, as the many MSS. prove. Hence our Scottish writers most unfortunately thought they could not do better than follow this fashionable model; and, accordingly, the work of Fordun*, and that of Winton, are both on this execrable plan; that is, they set off with giving the history of the whole globe thro the first half of their book; then grow sober, and confine themselves to their country. But tho the *Polychronicon* spoiled both Fordun and Winton, yet not one line of either work coincides. Fordun sets off. 1. *De mundo sensibili*. 2. *De ventis cardinalibus*. 3. *De tribus mundi partibus*. 4. *De divisione terræ, &c.* Winton with 1. *The divisions of this book*. 2. *Of Angels*. 3. *Of man's creation*. 4. *Slaughter of Abel, &c.* Both are far from propriety; and both are equally far from each other. Now, as it is by no means worth while to preserve the dry and veracious poetry of Winton, save where it contains Scottish history, the proper plan would be to omit all those chapters which are foreign to it; retaining however every word that in the least concerns Scotland. This would reduce the book one third; and it might be contained in two volumes large octavo. And, if I find this plan is approved, I am willing to undergo the fatigue, tho it will be vast, of publishing this work. Nay, should I find it more wished, I shall publish the whole.

Perhaps it may gratify my reader just to inform him, that Winton knew nothing of our fabulous *forty-six*

* Fordun even calls his book *Scoticchronicon*, in imitation of the *Polychronicon*.

kings. He begins with Fergus, son of Erc. The Pictish kings are very minutely chronicled by him; and hold, as they should, sole empire in Scotland, till a late period. Indeed, it appears to me, that the three old Chronicles*, we have of Pictish kings, are fully as satisfactory as those of the Scottish princes. The series is such as, in the case of any ancient kingdom, would be deemed infallible. And Sir Isaac Newton, whose understanding was rigorous beyond example, and steered by mathematical truth, is yet often guided in his admirable Chronology, his best work tho deemed his worst, by *less than one third* of the evidence we have of our Pictish monarchs. Indeed, I regard the whole series of Pictish kings as equally authentic with any accounts of the Saxon heptarchies, or in fact of any ancient monarchy whatever.

1420

JAMES I, KING OF SCOTLAND. This admirable poet, whose royalty adds nothing to his merit, was born in 1395; and murdered in a conspiracy, 1437. He wrote

1. *A song on his mistress, afterward his queen; supposed to be that in this collection, beginning, Sen that, &c.*
2. *The Kings Quair.* A capital poem, written also when he was in England; and published by Mr. Tytler, 1783. 8vo.
3. *Peblis to the Play.* Sel. Scot. Ball. Vol. II.
4. *Falkland on the Green.* lost.
5. *Christ's Kirk on the Green* †. common.

I do

* Two published by Innes, and one by Fordun. They differ in some few points, as Winton does from all the three. One of Innes is of the 13th, the other of the 14th century.

† *Christ's Kirk* is given to James I. from its style, so unlike that of James the Fifth's time. It is also most unlikely that two successive princes should write two such similar poems as *Christ's Kirk* and

I do not find he wrote any thing else whatever; tho Tanner gives him other works. But Tanner is a bad authority: and when he tells us that James III. or IV. wrote *on the Revelations*, we shall leave him to his *revelations* †.

The *King's Quair* equals any thing Chaucer has written; and the other works of this prince have superlative merit. Princes have often been poets. Julius, Titus, Hadrian, were poets: nay Augustus, Nero, Domitian. Many royal *troubadours* also appear. And songs by Thibault, king of Navarre, Francis I. of France, Henry IV. &c. may be found in the *Anthologie Française*, 1765.

1450

HOLLAND wrote a poem, called

The Howlat,

extant in the Bannatyne MS: and in a MS belonging to James Boswell Esq. of Auchinleck. In it are described 'The Kyndis of Instrumentes; the Sporteris' (or Juglers); 'The Irish bard; and the fule.' See Mr. Wartons Hist. of E. P. Vol. 1. where this poem is shewn to have been certainly written before 1455.

1470

HENRY THE MINSTREL. This venerable poet was, on account of his being blind from his birth, commonly called *Blind Hary*, which is his vulgar appellation to this day. John Major, who wrote about 1520, says, that, 'Henry, who was blind from his birth, composed the book of William Wallace in the time of my infancy; reporting the common stories in Scottish poetry, in which he was skilled. I, however,

and Peblis. I found nothing on the Bannatyne MS. which gives the former to *James the First*; for, in the next piece, save one, it palpably puts *first* for *fourth*, or by mistake *fifth*. See Appendix, Art. II. N^o 115.

† Tanner is led by three *blind guides* thro-out his *Bibliotheca*: Bale, Pitts, Dempster.

'only

‘only credit such writings in part: as the author was
 ‘one who gained his food, and cloths, by reciting
 ‘stories to the great*.’ For, about Chaucer’s time,
 French had ceased to be used by the minstrels; and,
 the common speech falling into such superior hands, it
 is no wonder that the bards, who had hitherto used it,
 sunk into contempt. Henry’s

Life of Wallace

is a romance, like Barbour’s Bruce: but far, very
 far, inferior in every view. It has, however, great
 merit for the age; and is eminently curious. The
 language in a few places is not sense: he talks of
 ‘building a bower with oil and odors, and the like.
 Such slips evidently proceed from his being blind; and
 not having the happiness of a skillful amanuensis.
 When, by altering a word or two, the sense may be
 restored, attention to this will not only be allowable,
 but laudable in any proper editor; especially when we
 consider the singularity of the case, and that the poem
 is very good sense, every where, save in perhaps a
 dozen lines at most, where it is absolute nonsense.
 The poem ought only to be divided into its original
 XII books: for the chapters are evidently interpolated;
 some of them, as VII. 4. even coming between a noun
 and a verb. In his conclusion, Henry says it was
 to be regretted that this subject had not been sung,

Quhan gude makars rang weil intil Scotland:

which implies, that he had a high idea of the former
 state of poetry in his country. The first and best
 edition I have yet seen is, *Imprintit at Edinburgh, be*

* Integrum librum Gulielmi Wallacei Henricus, a nativitate
 luminibus captus, mææ infantie tempore cudit: et quæ vulgo
 dicebantur carmine vulgari, in quo peritus erat, conscripsit. Ego
 autem talibus scriptis solum in parte fidem impertior: quippe qui,
 historiarum recitatione coram principibus, victum et vestitum, quo
 dignus erat, nactus est. *Major de Gestis Scotorum, lib. IV. c. 15.*

Robert

Robert Lekprevik, at the expensis of Henrie Charteris; and ar to be sauld in his buith, on the north syde of the gait abone the throne. Anno Do. M. D. LXX. 4to. black letter. A fine copy of this edition is in the British Museum, among Queen Elizabeth's books: this has no title page; but the second title is *The Actis and Deidis of the illuster and vailyeand Campioun Schir William Wallace, knicht of Ellerslie.* Other editions are 1594, Edin. 4to.—1601, Edin.—1620, Edin.—1630, Aberdeen 8vo.—1665, Glasgow, 8vo.—1673, Edin. 12mo. all in black letter. There are many editions of the present century, but bad*. The very worst is that of Edinburgh, 1758, 4to. black letter: which the printer very expertly reduced to modern spelling, and printed in black letter, and in quarto; being exactly, in every point, the very plan which he ought *not* to have followed. The same sagacious personage gave Barbour's Poem in the same way: and neither selling (how could they?), the booksellers sometimes tear out the title, and palm them upon the ignorant as old impressions: few suspecting that a book in black letter should be of 1758. This is put to warn the reader against buying any copy of these books without the date. I cannot help remarking on the extreme scarcity of the old editions of all our Scottish poets; insomuch that even Caxton's books are common in comparison of them. The late Dr. Hunter, who certainly must have paid all attention to the early typography of his native land, did not, however, chance upon any of the old editions of Scottish poets, save the poems of James VI. tho his library contains almost all the labours of Caxton's press. This scarcity is owing to the common people of Scotland having been almost the only readers of the old poets;

* There is, indeed, no edition to be relied on, save the three first. The freedoms used with this writer in every later edition are amazing, and evince the absolute necessity of giving standard editions of our old poets.

and

and the copies perishing of course by misusage; just as we see school-books totally destroyed, so that an edition seems to vanish.

1490

WILLIAM DUNBAR, the chief of the ancient Scottish poets, seems to have been born about 1465: for Sir David Lindsay, in *the Prolog to the Papingo* mentions him as dead. Now that poem addresses James V. as in his 'adolescent yeris yeing', and he was born in 1511; so that it must have been written about 1530. The king was also unmarried when this poem was written; and he was married in 1537, in which year his new queen also died, and the *Deploration* of Lindsay on her death only appears after half a dozen long poems, written between his *Papingo* and that time. But Dunbar died in old age, as we know from his own poems; so that it follows he died aged before 1530: call him 65 at a medium, and he was born about 1465. Beside these arguments, many passages of his own poems illustrate this point.

Salton, a village on the delightful coast of the Forth in East Lothian, seems to have been the place of this great poet's birth; for Kennedy tells him, in their *Flying*, mentioning his own wealth and Dunbar's poverty,

Thy geir, and substance, is a widdy teuch,
On Saltone mount, about thy craig to rax.
And yet mount Saltone gallows is our fair
For to be fleyt with sic a frontless face, &c.

Dunbar also in the same piece says,

I haif on me a pair of Lowthiane hipps
Sall fairer Inglis mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can bleber with thy Carrick lipps.

Kennedy in the same satires informs us, that Dunbar was of the *kin* of the Earls of March; but this seems to rise merely from the sameness of the surname; and that Kennedy might thence enlarge his invective with the treasons of the Earls of March.

In

In his youth, Dunbar seems to have been a travelling novice of the Franciscan order; for he says to Saint Francis,

Gif evir my fortune was to be a freir,
The dait thair of is past full mony a yeir.
For into every lusty toun and place
Of all Yngland, from Berwick to Calais,
I haif into thy habet maid gud cheir.
In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit.
In it haif I in pulpet gane, and preichit,
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury.
In it I past at Dover our the ferry;
Throw Picardy, and thair the peple teichit.

Anc. Sc. P. Edin. 1770, p. 26.

But this life was not to his liking; and he resigned it, and returned to Scotland, I suppose about 1490, or about his 25th year. In his *Thistle and Rose*, certainly written in 1503, he mentions himself as a poet who had already made many *sangis*: and that poem is composed by an experienced master, not by a novice in the art. It is indeed probable that his *Tales of The twa marrit women and the wedo*, and *The freirs of Berwick*, (if the last be his) were written before his *Thistle and Rose*. However this be, after writing *The Goldin Terge*, a poem of the most opulent description, and a number of small pieces of the highest merit, Dunbar died in old age about 1530 *. In his younger years he seems to have had great expectations that his merit would have recommended him to an ecclesiastical benefice; and frequently in his small

* Lord Hailes in *Anc. Sc. P.* p. 254, thinks Dunbar's *General Satire* was written after 1538, because it mentions *juges and lords maid of lait*. His lordship forgot, that in 1503 (*Acts 1503, cap. 58.*), the king transferred the jurisdiction of the old Court of Session to a Council created by him; so that many new lords and judges must have been then made. *The tidings fra the session* allude to the old session, created 1425, abolished 1503. Dunbar knew no Queen save Margaret of James IV. But the Maitland MS (see p. 454), gives this piece to Sir James Inglis; in which case Lord Hailes is right.

poems

poems addresses the king to that purpose, but apparently without success. I have in vain looked over many Calendars of Charters, &c. of his period, to find Dunbar's name; but suspect that it was never written by a lawyer.

The Historian of English poetry passing to the Scottish poets of this time, says, 'the Scottish writers have adorned the present period with a degree of sentiment, and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate.' He might safely have added, 'nor even in Chaucer, or Lydgate.' The same excellent judge of poetry observes that the natural complexion of 'Dunbar's genius is of a moral, or didactic cast;' but this remark must not be taken too strictly. The *Goldin Terge* is moral; and so are many of his small pieces: but humour, description, allegory, great poetical genius, and a vast wealth of words, all unite to form the 'complexion' of Dunbar's poetry. He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, the qualities of the chief old English poets; the morals and satire of Langland; Chaucer's humour, poetry, and knowledge of life; the allegory of Gower; the description of Lydgate.

The pieces of Dunbar, now published, would, with those formerly in print, make a considerable volume; and I hope to be able in time to give a correct edition of *The Works of William Dunbar*.

Same period of 1490.

WALTER KENNEDY *, a native of Carrick, and the cotemporary of Dunbar, appears to have been a

* Sometimes by mistake *Andrew*; but the Maitland MS. calls him always *Walter*: as the Bannatyne does, save in one place. Dunbar calls him of Carrick: he seems to have resided at *Air*, which he calls *bams*.

poet of considerable repute; tho few of his works be now extant, and those few of no moment. They are only the two satires on Dunbar in their *Flyting*; and *The Prais of Age*, p. 189. of Lord Hailes's collection.

1496.

GAWIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, son, brother, and uncle, to Earls of Angus; his nephew, being he who married Margaret Dowager of Scotland, and daughter of Henry VIII; was born in the end of 1474, or beginning of 1475; and died at London, 1522, in his 48th year. The life of this illustrious poet is so fully written in the last edition of his *Virgil*, Edin. 1710, that very little is left to add. In the *Transacta inter Angliam et Scotiam* in the Cotton lib. are different papers, mentioning our poet. 27 June 1518, is an original letter, signed by Gawin Douglas. 14 Dec. 1518, is a letter from Angus and others, recommending the Bishop to the King of England, to settle some points between them. 14 Dec. 1521, are instructions for him, from Angus and others, to implore the King of England's aid against Albany the Governor. Bishop Douglas dying at London, was buried in the Savoy church; but had no stone, his epitaph being inscribed on Bishop Hallsay's, by whose side he lyes. Far less is there any effigy of him; which I mention, to save the reader the trouble I took to ascertain this point.

The works of this eminent writer are:

1. *King Hart*, here printed; and supposed, from several incorrect passages, to be one of his first productions.
2. A translation of Ovid *On the remedy of love*, as he tells us in a short epilogue to the Twelfth book of the *Eneid* p. 448.

Of Ovideis *Lufe the Remede* did translate;
And syne of hie Honour the *Palice* wrate.

Now

Now from a passage, p. 481, it appears, that the *Palice of Honour* was written twelve years before his *Virgil*, or 1513; so that this translation was written before the year 1501 when the *Palice* was certainly composed. It is lost.

3. *The Palice of Honour*, written in 1501, and printed at London, 4to 1553; and at Edinburgh, by *Jobne Ross*, for *Hen. Charteris*, 1579, 4to. both editions rare to excess. It is an allegorical poem, said to be of supreme merit; and enriched with histories, and other incidents. Every reader must regret that it is not reprinted. Ames informs us, that the Edinburgh printer, 1579, says in his preface, that, 'besides the copie printed at London, there were copyis of this work set furth of auld amangis our selfis;' that is, in Scotland: but none have yet appeared. Florence Wilson, or *Volusenus*, is said to have imitated it in his elegant book *De Tranquillitate Animi*. If so, he must have seen it in MS; for his book was printed by *Gryphius* 1543, 4to. being the most elegant work which ever came from the press of *Gryphius*.

Dempster mentions his *Goldin Histories*, for so we may translate *Aureæ Narrationes*. The Bishop says himself, in the epistle to Lord Sinclair at the end of his *Virgil*,

I have also a short comment compild,
To expone strange historyis, and termes wyld.

but this seems to relate solely to *Virgil's* mythology, &c. Dempster also mentions his *Comedie Sacre*: but as that writer is a strange dealer in falsehoods, he is never to be trusted, save where he concurs with others. Our poet's greatest, and apparently last, work was his

4. *Translation of Virgil's Eneid*, written from January 1512 till July 1513, being a space of eighteen months; as he informs us in his epilogue to the whole, &c.
This

This was also first printed at London 1553, 4to: and it is remarkable that both this and the *Palice of Honour*, 1553, have escaped Ames: a circumstance which says very little for his information, or accuracy. In the conclusion he seems to hint that he meant to give up poetry; but such vows are not binding. Indeed, he only says,

My Muse shall now be cleane contemplative, &c.
And will direct my labours evermoir
Unto the common welth, and Goddis gloir.

Perhaps, after all, *King Hart* was written in his old age; and he died before he could correct it. Yet there is doubt if a writer, who shews such command of language in his *Virgil*, could draw even a first sketch which has ungrammatical passages.

The *Prologues* to many of the books of *Virgil* by Gawin Douglas, are quite wonderful; particularly that to *b. VII.* describing winter; that to *b. XII.* describing a summer morning; and that to Maffei's XIIIth *b.* a summer evening. Mr. Warton has put Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* as the earliest descriptive poems in English; if so, we have examples in Scottish near a century and a half before. And what examples! Suffice it to say, that they yield to no descriptive poems in any language.

Bishop Douglas also sent Polydore Virgil a little memoir on the origin of the Scots: in which, as Polydore states it, he traced them to Gathelus, &c. But Polydore, being a man of science and sense, rightly put the first settlement of the Scots in Britain, in the 5th century, not chusing to sacrifice truth and learning to dreams unworthy even of children.

Dunbar, in his Lament for the deth of the Makaris, Lord Hailes's collection, p. 74. mentions the following poets; who apparently flourished between 1400 and 1520, being all dead before that piece was written.

- I. SIR HEW OF EGLINTOUN.
- II. ETRIK.
- III. HERIOT.
- IV. JOHN CLERK.
- V. JAMES AFFLEK.
- VI. SIR MUNGO LOCKHART OF THE LEE.
- VII. CLERK OF TRANENT.
- VIII. SIR GILBERT HAY.
- IX. ALEXANDER TRAIL.
- X. PATRICK JOHNSTOUN.
- XI. MERSAR.
- XII. ROWL OF ABERDENE.
- XIII. ROWL OF CORSTORPHYNE.
- XIV. BROUN.
- XV. ROBERT HENRYSOUN.
- XVI. SIR JOHN THE ROSS.
- XVII. STOBO.
- XVIII. QUINTENE SHAW.

Of all these, very few memorials remain. VII. The Maitland MS. reads, *The Clerk*; but the measure forces me to prefer the Bannatyne. This poet, Dunbar here tells us, *made the adventures of Sir Gawane*. Dr. Percy mentions three tales about Gawan to be in his MS.; but this of Clerk was apparently a Romance, as it contained *the adventures* of the hero, while Dr. Percy's tales only relate single adventures. VIII. The Bannatyne MS. reads Sir Gilbert Gray, falsely; the Maitland rightly, *Hay*. Sir Gilbert Hay was Chamberlain to Charles VII. of France; and, in 1456, translated from French.

French into Scottish, at the desire of William Earl of Orkney, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, the book of Bonet prior of Salon upon *Battles*. Dr. Mackenyeie, who gives us this information, had the MS. in his own possession, and gives us this initial specimen.

‘ Here folows the Proloug of the said buk, in termis
 ‘ as the forenamit Doctour Bonnet Prior of Salone
 ‘ made his first intitulation, and prohemin. And syne
 ‘ efter shall folow the principal parties of the Buke for-
 ‘ namyt; tranſletit be me Gilbert of the Haye, Knight,
 ‘ Maſter in Artis, and Bachelere in Decreis; Cham-
 ‘ berlyn umquhill to the maiſt worthy king Charles of
 ‘ France; at the request of an hye and mighty prince,
 ‘ and worthy lord, William Earl of Orknay, and of
 ‘ Cathnes, Lord Synclere, and Chancelour of Scotland:
 ‘ in his caſtell of Roſlyne, the yere of our lord A
 ‘ Thouſand, Four Hundreth, Fifty and Sex.’

From Dunbar's testimony it appears that Sir Gilbert also wrote poems.

Of all these preceding, no poems are known: but one of X. and another of XI. are in Lord Hailes's collection. Either XII. or XIII. wrote a stupid piece called *Rowl's cursing* in the Maitland and Bann. MSS. XIV. The Maitl. reads *done rowne*, but the Bann. seems preferable, as being sense, and as running in the style of the other stanza, *he bes tane*, &c. A specimen of a dull poem by him is given by Lord Hailes. XV. Several of Henryson's poems are extant in the work last quoted. His Fables* are in the Harleian Library, and, instead of being so moral as Lord Hailes states them, have, in many passages, equal freedom with any cotemporary poetry. *The twa mice* in the Evergreen, Vol. I. is the only one worth preservation, being written with much *naiweté*. The Harleian MS. is

* I find in Bagford's MS. Collections about printing (in the Museum), that Henryson's Fables were printed at Edinburgh, by Andrew Hart, 1621.

dated 1571, being collected near a century after Henry's death by some admirer of these fables. It is well written, and preserved; and has some curious illuminations, tho' poorly done. XVI, XVII. XVIII. were cotemporaries of Dunbar. XVI. being mentioned in the *Flyting* as such, and XVII and XVIII in the *Lament for the makars* as just dead. A poem of Shaw is in this volume.

DAVID STEEL, a Dean unknown, also lived about this time. See Appendix Art. I.

A curious relique of old Scottish poetry called *The thrie tales of the thrie Priests of Peblis; contayning many notabill examples and sentences.* Edin 1603, 4to. bl. l. 18 leaves,

appears to have been written before the conquest of Granada, 1491; for it mentions, p. 2. that Maister Johne, one of the priests, had travelled in *five* kingdoms of Spain; *four* Christian, and *one* Heathen. The only copy of this work known now lyes before me by the kindness of Mr. Gough, its possessor. It had formerly belonged to Dr. Rawlinson, Mr. West, and Mr. Ratcliffe, as may be seen in their respective sale-catalogues. The tales answer the title, being moral and pious; but afford curious minutiae of manners *.

1500.

* At the end is an advertisement, that Robert Charteris, 'The printer of this present treatise, has . . . printit findrie uther delectabill Discourses undernamit, sic as are

' *David Lindesayes Play. Philotus.*

' *Freirs of Berwick & Bilbo.*

' Quhilk are to be sauld in his buith at the west side of Auld Provosts closehead on the North side of the Gate, and lytill above the Salt-trone.'

A similar advertisement at the end of *Philotus*, 1603, 4to, bears 'David Lindsay's Play, The thrie Priests of Peblis, &c.' So that I have no doubt but that *David Lindsay's Play* was his *Satyre of the*

three

1500.

Henry, a Cistercian monk, Prior of Kelso, translated into Scottish the thirteen Books of Rutilius on Rural Affairs, as Dempster tells us: who also says, that Henry wrote a panegyric of the Virgin in Greek verse to Lorenzo de Medici. *Fides sit penes autorem*. Dempster's library must have been something like that of Gargantua, for most of his books have vanished. To call such an infamous impostor by his very worst, but true, title were but justice to society.

1520 *.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, which was the name of his paternal estate, near Coupar in Fife, was born, it is thought, about 1490. He was of an ancient family; and was educated at the university of

three estates (see his article). But what was Bilbo? Certain it is, however, that *The Freirs of Berwick* had been then printed, tho now quite lost. Nay, a second edition of it is in Bagford.

The merie historie of the thrie Freirs of Berwick. Printed at Aberdeen, by Edward Raban for David Melvil, 1622.

Who ever saw either edition? Yet, at the same time, the editor must confess his title page was printed off two months before he made this discovery.

* There is a piece published in a small collection by Ruddiman, 1766, called *The banishment of poverty by John Duke of Albany*, but it is quite a modern production.

James V. was a poet, as is evident from Lindsay's *Answer to that king's Flyting*:

Redoubted roy your ragement I have red,
Proclaiming you the prince of poetry.

But no piece of this monarch is preserved. The *Gaberlunzie man*, and the *Jollie Beggar*, have been ascribed to him upon no authority whatever. They occur in no old MS, and were first published, I believe, by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*; from tradition it is supposed. The Scottish traditions, about their regal poetry, are quite vague and foolish.

St. Andrews. After he had finished his studies in philosophy, his parents sent him abroad; and having travelled, as he himself tells us, thro England, France, Italy, and Germany, he returned to his native country about the year 1514. Not long after his return, he was made one of the gentlemen of the king's bedchamber: and the care of the young prince James V. was committed to him, as a person qualified to superintend his education, from his knowlege of languages, and of mankind.

Mackenyie, from whose *Lives* this account is chiefly derived, ridiculously makes Lindsay *Steward of the Household, Pursemaster, Treasurer, and Usber*, to the King, because he says, in his address to the King prefixt to his *Dreme*, that he was all these to him when an infant; meaning, that the prince liked him so well, that he would have no other to perform these several offices about him. A true sample of antiquarian reasoning! We have no reason to believe that Lindsay held any office, save that of *Lyon king at arms*, an honourable, but not a very profitable place. His attachment to the Reformation was the cause of his not attaining higher preferments.

After the death of James V. 1542, we are told, that he became a favourite of the Earl of Arran, who was Governor of the kingdom; but, by means of the Earl's brother, the Abbot of Paisley, afterward Archbishop of St. Andrews, he very soon lost his favour. After which, retiring to his country seat, and being forced to be happy because he could not be great, he spent his remaining years in retirement; and died in the end of 1553, aged about 63.

From Lindsay, of Pitscotie, whose History was not printed when Mackenvie wrote, we learn that, in 1536, Sir David was ambassador to the emperor, and also to France, concerning the king's marriage; which speaks him to have been in high confidence. In 1537 he contrived,

contrived triumphal arches, &c. for the queen's entry. In 1542 we find him present at the king's death.

His works are,

1. *The Testament, and Complaint, of our Sovereign Lord James the Fifth's Papingo* *. This, I find from a MS. note on the copy of Mackenye's lives in the Museum, was printed at London, 1538, by John Bydde, at the sun in Fleetstreet.
2. *The dreame addrest to James V.*
3. *On the death of Queen Magdalen.* 1537.
4. *Camplaine to the King.*
5. *Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton.* 1546.
6. *Answer to the King's flyting.*
7. *Complaint of Bash the king's old bound.*
8. *In contempt of side tails and muzzle faces.*
9. *Katie's confession.*
10. *Justing between Watson and Barbour.*
11. *A dialogue of the miserable estate of the world between Experience and the Courtier, in Four Books.* This contains an abstract of ancient history; whence it is called *The Monarchies*. It is usually, and properly, put first in his works, as being by far his largest production. But it was, in all likelihood, his last effort; for he is there represented as an old courtier who had left the court. He also quotes Cario's Chronicle, written in German, in 1531, but not translated into Latin till 1538, nor apparently published in that language till 1543. See Bayle. Palmerius is another author quoted; he was of the 15th century; and wrote *De temporibus*. Polydore Virgil, *de inventoribus rerum*, also adduced, was printed at Paris, 1528: but Lindsay mentions an English life of Alexander the Great; and the History of him by Quintus Curtius was printed

* In this poem Snawdon palace is mentioned with high applause. Where was it? *The Itinerarium Wilelmi de Worcestre*, 1778, says, 'Rex Arthurus custodiebat le round-table in castro de Styrlyng, aliter Snowdon-west-castle.'

in English, at London, 1553, 4to: there must have been an edition before. The Monarchies also mention the friars as being abolished in Holland, England, Denmark, and Norway; which indeed happened in the three later countries before 1537: as to Holland, the period of reformation escapes me at present. But, on the whole, from the above, and a variety of other books quoted, for Lindsay was a man of considerable learning, I believe the Monarchies to have been written about 1550; and accordingly Mackenyeie* tells us, this work was printed at Copenhagen 1552, 4to. The place is false; and the book was in all likelihood printed at London: but of this afterwards.

N^o. 1. 2. 3. the editor possesses *imprentit, at the command and expensis of maister Sammuell Jascuy, In Paris 1558, 4to*, black letter. From the words, *the said Sir David Lindsay, &c.* in the title, the Monarchies seem to have preceded: and perhaps the other Numbers above followed. This edition has a full-length portrait of Sir David Lindsay in different parts of the book, in his dress as Lyon king at arms, a designation always put by him in the titles of his works. This portrait is of high curiosity; and has, I believe, escaped most collections save the capital one at Strawberry Hill. How Lindsay's works, so inimical to Rome, could be printed at Paris, it is hard to imagine; and I suspect the true place was Rouen in Normandy, a town where different Hugonot books appeared. But of this presently.

The next edition is *Edinburgh, by Johne Scot, 1568, 4to*; which has No. 4 *omittit* (as the printer says) *in the*

* This author is so foolish as to tell us, that Lindsay's works as above were first printed at Edinburgh, 1540, 8vo; as if the Tragedy of Beaton could be written in 1540! as if works against the Papists could, in 1540, be printed in Edinburgh! as if Edinburgh was the place where bitter innuendoes against James V. and Mary of Guise, could be printed during either of their lives! But in fact no editions can be found other than above stated.

imprentingis

imprentingis of Rowen and London. This Rowen edition I take to be that marked Paris 1558. No London edition has yet been found; but such may have existed of later date than 1558, or, what is as likely, the Copenhagen book is here referred to. Such *misnomers* are well known to have been usual in the books of the early Protestants, in order to screen the printers: and, so late as 1558, Pittscotie tells us, that an Act of the Popish assembly ordained Sir David's works to be burned. In fact, Sir David was more the reformer of Scotland than John Knox: for he had prepared the ground; and John only sowed the seed. In 1560 the Reformation was established in Scotland: but not till 1567, when Mary was deposed, could Protestant books be printed at Edinburgh; and, we may be assured, that this edition of 1568 is in fact the very first real Scottish edition of Lindsay's poems. Bassandin, in 1574, printed another edition, Edin. 4to. and in the same year published No. 1. separately *. In 1588 Charteris gave his edition, Edin. 4to. Other editions are, 1592, 1597, 4to.

The editions since are innumerable; for Lindsay's tenets made him a favorite poet, even with those who could not judge of his poetry. The latest is that of Edinburgh 1776, 8vo; which has an impudent title, asserting that several pieces are therein first printed from the cabinets of the curious; while not one line is found in it that is not in every other edition since 1568.

But beside the above, there are two other pieces of Lindsay in print, tho rare to the extreme. One of these is,

* Bagford, in his MS. Collections upon printing in the Museum, says, that Lindsay's works were turned to perfect English in a 4to edition, 1581. This edition was printed at London for Purfote, and had no effect on the Scottish editions.

12. *The Historie of a noble and valiant William Meldrum Squyer; umquhyle Laird of Cleish and Binns, compylit be Sir David Lindsay of the Mont, Lyon king of arms.*

This was first printed in an edition of his works by Charteris, Edin. 1592, 4to. and reprinted separately, Edin. 1594, and 1602, 4to. The editor has a correct and well written MS. of it in 12mo, *Glasgow*, written be James Clark, 1635. This would seem copied from another MS.; for the transcriber, had he seen any of the printed copies, would hardly have taken this trouble with a six-penny pamphlet. This piece is the very best of all Lindsay's works; being descriptive of real manners, and incidents: tho it has somewhat too much *spice*, as the French call it, being very free in a passage or two. This has prevented the Scottish book-sellers from reprinting it, lest it should offend their godly customers. For the romantic, but real, history of Meldrum, see Piscotie. Another most rare piece of Lindsay's is

13. *A satyre upon the three estates*, Edin. 1602, 4to.

I believe there was a prior edition about 1594, 4to.

14. *Some fragments of plays acted on the castle hill Coupar; and between Leith and Edinburgh, on the play green.*

They are in the Bannatyne MS. and, in spite of their immodesty, ought to be published.

Dr. Mackenzie observes, that Lindsay has the honour of being the first *, who introduced dramatic poetry into Scotland. He not only composed several Tragedies and Comedies †; but was himself a principal actor in them. His theatre was not, however, very severe. The same author says, that there are only two frag-

* Bishop Douglas is said to have written *Comædiæ Sacræ*; but, if so, they were never acted.

† The idea of Tragedy and Comedy was at first very bare. Joy or Pley that begynnythe with gladnesse, and endythe with sorow: *Tragedia*. Joy or Pley that begynnyth with sorow and endythe with gladnesse: *Comedia*. Prompt. Parv. voc. Joy and Pley.
ments

ments of his dramatic pieces to be found; and both are in the Bannatyne MS. One occurs, p. 164. *Here begins the proclamation of the Play, made by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, knight, in the play field, in the year of God 1515.* Another, in p. 168. *Here begins Sir David Lindsay's play, made in the Greenside, beside Edinburgh.* 'quhilk' (says the transcriber) 'I write but shortly be interludes: leavan the grave matters thereof, because the samen abuse is well reformed in Scotland.'

In prose, beside Heraldic pieces, Sir David is said to have written a history of Scotland, now lost. I suspect, however, Lindsay of Pitscotie has been confounded with Sir David; for the former, in his preface, puts the later among his chief informers.

Same period of 1520.

SIR JAMES INGLIS, as Mackenyie tells us, was descended from an ancient family in Fifeshire, where he was born in the reign of James IV. was educated at St. Andrews; went to Paris, and returned in the minority of James V. into whose favour he ingratiated himself by his poetry, having written fundry tragedies and comedies, and other poems, that were much applauded by good judges. He joined the French faction against the English, and, in some skirmishes preceding the fatal battle of Pinkie, so distinguished himself, that he was knighted on the field. After the loss of that day, he retired into Fife; and amused himself with his favorite studies; and, in 1548, published, at St. Andrews, his noted *Complaint of Scotland*. This is a well written work for the time; and shews abundance of learning. He appears from it to have read much both in Greek and Latin authors; to have been well-skilled in mathematics and philosophy; and to have been a great lover of his country. Unpublished, and in MS. says Mackenyie, are

Poems

Poems consisting of Songs, Ballads, Plays, and Farces.

He died at Culrofs in 1554.

It is much to be regretted that his Complaint is not reprinted *literatim*. According to Mackenyie's account of it, it is divided into XX. chapters; all of which are pious, moral, and political, save chapter VI. which is quite a digression; and which at least ought to be reprinted separately. This I would have done, but, not being able to procure it, I must content myself with giving Dr. Mackenyie's relation. ' The VI
 ' Chapter is a digression of the author, which he calls
 ' *An Monolog recreatyve of the Autor*. In this chapter
 ' he says, That, being fatigued with his studies, he re-
 ' tired himself to a forest, upon the sixth day of June:
 ' and placing himself at the foot of a mountain, on the
 ' banks of a pleasant river, he describes in poetical
 ' terms the various beauties of the field in that season
 ' of the year. Then he gives an account of the several
 ' cries of the beasts, the chirpings, and musical notes,
 ' of the birds of the forest. In taking a view of the
 ' ocean he sees a galley weighing anchor, and fighting
 ' another: and describes the whole battle, and manage-
 ' ment of the ships, in the terms of the seamen. After
 ' this, he says, he was diverted with the sight of
 ' shepherds, their wives and children; gives an account
 ' of their rural performances, making one of them en-
 ' tertain the rest with a discourse of the happiness
 ' and greatness of the shepherd's life; then describe to
 ' them the glorious fabricks of the heavens, which
 ' they daily have in view; and then lay down the whole
 ' principles of astronomy, and an explanation of the
 ' most common phænomena in nature, such as thunder
 ' and lightning, hail, snow, and rain, eclipses, &c.
 ' Then one of the shepherds' wives, to whom these
 ' long philosophical and mathematical lectures were
 ' noways agreeable, makes a proposal to every one of
 ' them to tell a tale; which they immediately agree
 ' to.

to. And here our author gives an account of the fables, and stories, the country people then used to divert themselves with. After which, each of the shepherds sung a song; which our author here enumerates. And, since they discover what were then the most esteemed of Scottish poems, I shall give an account of them in his own words; [as in *Sel. Scot. Ball.* Vol. II.] and several others, which, our author says, he has forgot. After this, says he, the shepherds went to the dancing; and he names all their dances. The shepherds having gone home with their flocks, our author's next diversion was to contemplate herbs in the fields, of which he gives the following account. [Mack. transcribes some notes about medical herbs] After this, our author falls asleep. And in his VII. chapter gives an account of his dream about Lady Scotia, and her three sons, the three Estates of Scotland; and she begins her complaint against them.

The following poets are mentioned by Sir David Lindsay, in the Prolog to the Papingo, as then living, that is about 1530.

- I. CULROSE.
- II. KYD.
- III. STEWART.
- IV. STEWART OF LORN.
- V. GALBREITH.
- VI. KINLOCH.
- VII. BALLENTYNE.

Of the first two nothing is known. Some pieces of the Stewarts are published by Lord Hailes. No. V. and VI. are unknown. No. VII. is surely John Ballenden, the translator of Boyce's History of Scotland, Edin. 1541, Folio; in which different poems of his are found; particularly *Virtue and Vyce*, a piece re-printed

printed in the Evergreen, where he is also falsely styled Ballentyne, as the MS. has Ballenden. The reader must beware of confounding him with Bannatyne, the collector of poems. In the Biographia Brit. Art. *Ballendene*, some of his poetry, printed or MS, is said to be in the hands of Sir Laurence Dundas. Ballenden died at Rome 1550.

1530.

About this time a singular piece of ancient Scottish poetry, by an unknown author, seems to have been written. Its name is

Philotus, [a comedy.] *Edin.* 1603, 4to, bl. l. 1612, 4to.

The edition 1603 is among Mr. Garrick's old plays in the Museum; and no earlier is known; for the immodesty of the piece seems to have kept it in MS. as was Lindsay's Squire Meldrum, for the same reason, till near this time. The press was hardly known in Scotland, till the Reformation appeared there; and this event tinging every thing with religion for some time, bookfellers only published such pieces as would please the godly. This comedy is first printed for Robert Charteris, a bookseller of Edinburgh, whose memory, and that of Henry (his father, I believe) deserve high applause for the many curious pieces of old Scottish poetry preserved by their care.

This singular early drama is most valuable for its curious pictures of life, manners, dress, &c. It is a series of dialogues with little plot; and is mostly in the octave stanza of *The Gaberlunzie man*. That it was written before the Reformation in Scotland appears from its mentioning *St. Marie, St. Tastian, Eremites that in deserts dwell. Limitoris and Tarlochis. St. Maloy. St. Julian. St. Eloy's rod. Bernard and Bryde*. Beside, the style is even older than the general style of Lindsay; and from this alone, one read in Scottish poetry would put it before 1530. But the *messenger* also, in a conclusive address to the audience, desires them to pray

pray for *our king*. The word *king* is rime, so could not be altered; and that this piece was written under James VI. is, from it's language, impossible, for no one would surely effect old language, &c. in a comedy. It must therefore have been written under James V. who died 1542. This piece was by Phillips and Winstanley most foolishly given to Heywood, the English dramatist, tho quite unlike all his *interludes*, his only dramas; and written in old Scotch, which Heywood could never have thought of, even in a dream.

Later dramatic biographers have rectified this mistake. But the recent editor of a *Biographia Dramatica* has attacked this piece violently on the score of immodesty. This writer's philosophy, it would seem, is exactly equal to his learning. Had he the smallest share of philosophy, he would know that our bashfulness, so remarkable to foreigners, is a weakness, and not a virtue; and that it is this bashfulness alone which makes us so nice about matters so freely discoursed by other nations. If the generation of man be a matter of shame and infamy, it follows that man is the child of shame and infamy. Now nothing excites vice so much as low ideas of human nature; and those nice writers, while they are preaching virtue, are from mere ignorance opening the door to every vice. Had this writer any learning, he would know that the comedies of Aristophanes, written in the brightest period of Athenian politeness, are quite indecent to British ears. Are we wiser than the Athenians? Are we not far more foolish in this respect than all modern nations *?

* Every dunce can quote Pope's lines,

‘ Immodest words admit of no defence,

‘ For want of decency is want of sense.

But Pope was no philosopher; for he did not even understand the scope of his own Essay on Man, as we all know. *Decency* is synonymous with *fashion*. Were it the fashion to go naked, it would be indecent to wear clothes. What has sense to do with fashion?

‘ Nunquam

‘ Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.’

The biographer ought also to be told, that our niceness in this point is a sure mark of our barbarity; for Horace in the most polite court of Augustus, uses these very words which so much startle this literary eunuch. But, not expecting him to read the Greek or Roman writers, who abound, as all know, with free expressions of this kind, never conceiving any shame, where nature could mean none, except she meant that man should be ashamed of his creation; it shall only be further recommended to this writer to follow his own province, and study the old French, Spanish, Italian, and modern German, and Dutch plays, before he attacks one country for the customs of all. There is also a pretty little book, called *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, where he will find all the words, so alarming to his eyes, printed at full length in England, and within these ten years.

After all, there are but *two* lines in this comedy which are immodest, and they shall be altered, if the editor republishes it, as he means to do, with an *Essay on the early Scottish drama*.

1550*.

ALEXANDER SCOT, the Anacreon of old Scottish poetry, began to write about this time. His pieces are very correct and elegant for the age; and almost all amatory. From p. 192. to 211. of Lord Hailes's collection, are *seven* of this poet's pieces; and in the Bannatyne MS. are *seventeen* more unpublished. All his works will surely bear printing. He stands at the head of the ancient minor poets of Scotland.

* About this time the Earl of Glencairn wrote a little satire against the Gray Friars, preserved by Knox.

1560*.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND. As to this venerable poet the reader is obliged for any pleasure he may find

* Mary Queen of Scotland was a poetess in French. Brantome has preserved a little ode by her, on the death of her husband Francis II. It is but poor. In that elegant work, the *Anthologie Française*, 1765, p. 19, is another piece, said to be written by her on leaving France: but it seems only her celebrated words, on losing sight of France, versified and set to music.

The original Sonnets of Mary to Bothwell are preserved, being published in their own French, with a Scotch translation, at the end of the Scotch edition of her noted Letters. What a pity that the original French letters were not also published fully, instead of a little piece of each with an *Ec.* prefixed to the Scotch translations! Lord Hailes, in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*, has sufficiently shewn those French sonnets to be originals. The original French letters to Bothwell are unfortunately lost, the Scotch translations being the standard copies. But that these French originals were actually written by Mary, and were no forgeries, seems certain, if there be any certainty in history. Two great champions have of late appeared for Mary, namely, Mr. Tytler and Dr. Stuart. Both writers have met with great success among those who are themselves incapable of examining such a matter, that is, nine out of ten. Other causes also contribute. There are many friends of the house of Stuart in Scotland, as is natural to suppose: and, while that house has perished, such men still love it's memory. Now these people are all friends to Mary, and are much too weak for conviction; for the weaker any man is, the stronger are his prejudices. But the grand cause of such opinions prevailing over truth is, that no person of a feeling heart can read the history of Mary, especially her sufferings from the yet more infamous Elizabeth, without wishing to find her innocent. This ruins all: for *what we wish we easily believe*. I will not say of the *Enquiry*, as Mr. Hume does, that it is wholly composed of *scandalous artifices*; but justice forces me to say, that it has far too much art, and abounds with gross perversion of fact. Dr. Stuart is much more manly; but his personal enmity to Dr. Robertson has carried him greatly too far. The public seems to wonder that no answer is returned to these writers. The truth is, they have advanced no new fact, and are already answered by Hume and by Robertson. But, in case no abler champion shall arise before six years elapse, the

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editor

find in this collection, a fuller account of him seems due. The ancient name of the family was Mautalant; and, in the *Chart. Mailrose* (Bibl. Harl.), I observe *Thomas Mautalant* a witness to a charter in 1227. We find mention in the following poems of an ancient Sir Richard Maitland, famous for his valour. From Crawford's Peerage, it is evident that there was no Sir Richard in the family till our author, save one, who lived about 1250, and who first distinguished the house. Yet we find no acts of his valour mentioned by Crawford; but as he lived in the reigns of Alexander II and III. and mention is made of his employing his valour against the English, we shall find that not one battle was fought between the English and Scottish during the whole reign of Alexander II. or from 1214 till 1249. It must therefore have been when Alexander III. in 1264, assisted Henry III. against his barons, that this old knight distinguished himself; for there were no other contests between England and Scotland till 1296. But, I suppose, the Norwegians, who, in 1263, invaded Scotland, and were defeated, also contributed to this knight's renown. This Sir Richard Maitland was baron, or laird, of Thirlstane in Haddingtonshire. In 1346 the family must have been eminent; for, in that year, John Maitland, of Thirlstane, married Agnes daughter of Patrick Earl of March. On the 23d January 1432, William Maitland, of Thirlstane, obtained, from

editor hereby pledges himself to the public, to answer both these authors in a shilling pamphlet upon Hume and Robertson's plan; that is, containing solely the facts without declamation: a method which Mr. Tytler was bound in propriety to follow, and not to wrap himself in a cloud of declamatory matter. Truth is always naked. Falshood must be covered. But, on the whole, *Si vulgus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

King Henry (Darnly) seems to have written a song in Lord Hailes's Collection; at least Lord H. tells us the MS. gives it to him.

Archibald

Archibald Duke of Touraine and Earl of Douglas, a grant of the lands of Blyth and others.

William, the father of our poet, and who, while his father John Maitland of Thirlstane was yet alive, first had the title of Lethington, married Martha daughter of George Lord Seaton; and was killed at Flodden, 9 Sept. 1513; leaving issue our Sir Richard, who succeeded; and a daughter Janet, married to Hugh lord Somervil.

Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496, for he died aged 90, in 1586, as appears from these poems. He was educated at St. Andrews; and went to France, to study the laws. Upon his return, says Mackenyie, he became a favorite of James V. and, in the books of Sederunt, is marked an extraordinary Lord of Session in 1553. By a letter of James VI. it appears that Sir Richard had served his Grandfir, Goodfir, Goodam, his mother, and himself, faithfully in many public offices. If *Goodfir* be *Stepfather*, how could Sir Richard serve him of James VI, who was not married till 1589, after Sir R's death? Ruddiman, who explains Goodfir step-father, also explains it Grandfather (Glos. Dougl. voc. Schir), and it is clear to me that James IV. is the Grandfir: James V. the Goodfir. But, however this be, during the reign of James V. he appears to have served the queen Mary of Guise in some office, as we may guess from his poem *On the Queen's arrival*, 1561, p. 297. Scot of Scotstarvet, indeed, says, that Sir Richard was Keeper of the Privy Seal under the Queen Regent; but this seems not certain: so that we cannot be positive what office he bore. However, we know that he was blind before 1561, or his 65th year; but, notwithstanding, he was made a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Lethington, 12 Nov. 1561; and on the 20 Dec. 1562 one of the Counsel, and Lord Privy Seal; which last office he held till 1567, when he resigned it in favour of John,

his second son. Sir Richard continued a Lord of Session during all the troublesome times of the Regents, in the minority of James VI. till 1584, when he resigned; and died 20 March * 1586. By Mary his wife, daughter of Thomas Cranston, of Corsly, he had three † sons, 1. William the famous secretary ‡. 2. Sir John, afterward Lord Thirlstane, and Chancellor. 3. Thomas, who is the prolocutor with Buchannan in his treatise *De Jure Regni*: and four daughters; namely,

1. Helen, married to John Cockburn of Clerkington.

2. Margaret, to James Herriot of Trabroun.

3. Mary, to Alexander Lauder of Hattoun.

4. Isabel, to William Douglas of Whittingham. All the daughters had offspring.

Sir Richard is never mentioned by writers but with respect, as a man of great talents and virtue. Knox, indeed, blames him for taking a sum of money, to

* Crawford and Mackenyie both say he died April 1, 1586; but this proceeds from old and new style.

† In a poem in the Maitland MS, not published, called *A ballad consolatoire to Sir Rich. Maitland*, on his blindness, *seven* sons are mentioned. It speaks of old Sir Richard, who lived about 1250, and of *Burdalane* his son; then adds,

Seven sons ye had, mycht contreval his thre;
— Bot Burdelan ye have behind as he.

and again mentions Burdalane:

Bring you fra bail, and blis your Burdalane.

Qu. Who was this Burdalane? The poem praises our Sir R. M. for every virtue.

‡ There is a charter of Richard Maitland, of Ledington, knight, designed *Oeconomus monasterii monialium de Haddington*, who confirms, as superior, a grant, made by James Cockburn of Stirling, to William Maitland of Ledington, heir apparent to the [said Sir Richard] principal secretary to the queen, and to his heirs male, which failing, to John and Thomas Maitlands his brethren, of the lands of Bagbie, within the Constabulary of Haddington, dated 15 Dec. 1564. *Keith's Cat. of Sc. Bks.* Edin. 1758, 4to.

suffer

suffer Cardinal Beaton to escape, when imprisoned at Seaton *. But Knox was too vehement, and often blamed without cause; and see p. 224, of this collection, where Morton is blamed for the same offence.

One poem of Sir Richard was published in the Evergreen; but no more of his works appeared till now. Beside poems, he wrote a MS. formerly, as Dr. Mackenzie shews, in the Earl of Winton's library, the title of which was *The Chronicle and Historie of the house and surname of Seaton, unto the moneth of November, in the yeir of God An Thufand Five Hundereth Fify Aught yeirs. Collected, writ, and set furth, be Sir Richard de Maitland of Leithingtoun, knicht, douchter-son of the said hous.* Mackenzie gives an account of it. Mr. Forbes, in the Preface to his Decisions, tells us there is still a MS. of the decisions, from 15 Dec. 1550, till 30 July 1565, by our Author, Folio, in the Advocates' Library.

1570.

JOHN MAITLAND, afterward LORD THIRLSTANE, the second son of Sir Richard, is yet unknown as a Scottish poet; but one or two pieces in this collection entitle him to that appellation. He was born, it is believed, about 1537; studied in France; and, on his return, became famous for his knowledge of the law. On the 26 Aug. 1567, his father resigned the Privy Seal in his favour. This office he kept till 1570, when, for his loyalty to the queen, he lost the Seal, and it was given to George Buchannan. He was made a Senator of the College of Justice, or Lord of Session, 26 April 1581; Secretary of State in 1584; and Lord

* Knox only says, that in 1543, Cardinal Beaton was first confined at Dalkeith, then at Seaton; but for bribes given to Lord Seton, and the auld laird of Lethingtoun, he was restored to St. Andrews. The accusation seems vague, and might innocently arise from Sir R's being in his father-in-law Lord Seton's house when the latter took the bribes. Guthrie says, the Cardinal was imprisoned at Blackness, upon no authority.

High Chancellor, 1 June 1586. In 1590 he was created Lord Maitland of Thirlstane *. He died 3 Oct. 1595.

His only son, John Lord Thirlstane, was first made Vicount, then Earl of Lauderdale, by James VI. 1624. His son was John, the only Duke of Lauderdale; and born 1616 at Lethington.

The Chancellor bears an high character, both for talents and integrity, among all historians. Melville, who writes the Memoirs, was his personal enemy, so must not receive much credit in his censures of him. Beside his Scottish poetry, now first given, he wrote several Latin epigrams, &c. to be found in the *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*.

Same period of 1570.

ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT. All I know of this poet is, that he was a clergyman; and that some of his productions are in this collection.

1580.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY was a captain, and I suppose, in the army. It is likely he was allied to the noble house of Eglinton. He was the Marini of Scotland, being a quaint affected writer, and a great dealer in tinsel. Beside some small effusions of no merit, he wrote

The Cherry and the Slae, Edin. 1595, 1597; 4^{to}: and newly perfected, not long before his death, as the title bears, Edin. 615.

The allegory of this poem, I suppose, is that moderate pleasures are better than high ones †. But it is a very poor production; and yet, I know not how, it has been frequently printed, while far superior works have

* Near Lauder is Thirlstane castle, a singular old house of the Earl of Lauderdale. The front small, with a great round tower on each side, cap't with slated cones. Pennant, Vol. III. p. 262. It is in the rare plates to Slezer, 1719. See Mr. Gough's very valuable Topography.

† Dempster says, it vindicates his preferring a low-born mistress to a great one.

been

been neglected. The stanza is good for a song; but the worst in the world for a long poem. The allegory is weak and wire-drawn; and the whole piece beneath contempt. Let it then sleep.

1585.

KING JAMES VI. This pitiful prince * was also a pitiful poet. Beside some sonnets, to be found in different books, MSS. &c. he published

1. *The Essayes of a Prentise in the divine arte of Poesie.* Edinburgh, by Vautrolier, 4to. 1585.
2. *His Majesties poetical exercises at vacant houres,* Edin. 1591, 4to.

At the end of the first of these are *Reulis and Cautelis of Scottis Poesie*, which are curious, tho stupid. Chapt. VIII. of these rules contains the *kyndis of Poetry*; and mentions 1. *For lang histories.* 2. *For heroic acts.* 3. *For heich and grave subjects.* 4. *For tragic matters.* 5. *For flyting, or invectives* (says he) *use this kynde of verse following; callit Rouncefallis, or Tumbling verse.*

In the hinder end of harvest, upon Alhallow ene,
 Quhen our gude nichbours † rydis (nou gif I reid richt)
 Some bucklit on a benwod, and some on a bene:
 Ay trottand into troupes fra the twylicht,
 Some sadland a sho ape, all grathed into grene:
 Some hotcheand on a hemp stalk, hovand on a heicht;
 The king of Fary, with the court of the Elf quene,
 With mony elvage incubus, rydaud that nicht.
 There an elf on an ape ane unsell begat;
 Besyde a pot, baith auld and worne,
 This bratshard in ane bus was borne.
 They fand a monster, on the morne,
 War facit nor a cat.

* Bagford, from a book printed 1654 (Bib. Harl. 5979), says, that James, being at Newmarket, and long hindered from his sport by rainy weather, burst one morning into this exclamation, 'Never was king so little behaldin to God! Gie me a bible.' This is a miniature of James by himself; for never was king so little beholden to God; and a bible was fitter for him than a scepter.

† The fairies.

The other kinds are, 6. *Sonnet verse*. 7. *Matters of love*. 8. *Ten feet verse*; specimen from *Cherry and Slae*. The other specimens are of no worth; that above given being the only one curious.

1592.

Was published at Edinburgh, a book, intituled, *The Sevin Seages; translatit out of prois into Scottis meiter, by JOHN ROLLAND, in Dalkeith, with ane moralitie astir everie doctour's tale, and siklyke, after the Emprice tale; togidder with ane loving and lawd, to every doctour astir his awin tale; and an exclamatioun and outcrying upon the emperour's wyse astir hir fals contrused tale. Printit be Robert Smyth, dwelland at the Nether Bow, 8vo. 1592. Ames.*

*The following poets lived in the Sixteenth century * ; but their respective years cannot be fixt.*

- I. CLAPPERTON.
- II. FLEMYNG.
- III. JOHN BLYTH.
- IV. MOFFAT.
- V. FETHY.
- VI. BALNAVIS.
- VII. SEMPIL.
- VIII. NORVAL †.
- IX. ALLAN WATSON.
- X. GEORGE BANNATYNE.
- XI. WEDDERBURN.

* Toward the middle of that century, was written *Laiders Testament*, a silly piece mentioned by Pennant and Warton. Such Testaments were the usual mode of the poets of the age, and form a wretched instance of bad taste.

Lodbrog's *Testament* was, perhaps, really written by that prince; for in the *Historia Hrolfi Krakii*, p. 126. we find that king Bodvar sung an *epilogus vitæ suæ*.

† From Bagford's MS. collections, it appears, that Robert Norvel, his *Mirror of a Christian*, was printed at Edinburgh, by Robert Leprevicke, 1561, 4to. Perhaps the same.

A ba

A ballad by I. is in this volume. Pieces by II. in the Evergreen : by III. IV. V. in Lord Hailes's Collection; by VI. VII. in the Evergreen; by VIII. IX. X. XI. in the Bannatyne MS. X. is the celebrated Collector of Scottish Poetry.

It is very likely that N^o VII. of whom one or two immodest pieces are published in the Evergreen, may be also author of the following pieces in Ames.

The Regentis Tragedie (17 nine-line stanzas)

Quod Robert Sempil, 1570. (broadside).

The Bischopis Lyfe and Testament; by the same, 1571.

My Lord Methvenis Tragedie (24 nine-line stanzas),

Quod Sempil, 1572. Folio St. Andrews.

Let me add, *The sege of the castel of Edinburgh*. Edin. 1573, 4to, 7 leaves in nine-line st. *Quod Sempil*. (Museum). Sempil died 1595. *Dempster*.

1603.

* * * James VI, succeeding to the crown of England, most of the poets of Scotland, after this period, wrote in English, as the court and polite language.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, afterward Earl of Stirling *, was born in 1580, and died 1640. He wrote

1. *Aurora* (this name he gives his mistress), containing the first fancies of the author's youth, William Alexander of Menstrie. London, 1604, 4to.
2. *Monarchic Tragedies* (four). *The Darius* was printed at Edin. 1603, 4to. and with the other pieces, at London, 1607, 4to. 1616, 12mo.
3. *A Parænesis* (or *Exhortation on Government*) to the Prince (Henry). London, 1604, 4to.

* The Biographia Britannica calls him Vicount. He never was a Vicount. His son was Vicount Canada during the father's life. See Douglas's Peerage. The Biographia is one of those booktellers' jobs which disgrace the nation. The first edition was full of errors: the last has improved these errors. Chambers's Cyclopaedia is such another; and has had the same fate.

4. *Doomsday* :

4. *Doomsday: a holy poem.* Edin. 1614, 4to.

5. *Jonathan, an heroic poem, book I.*

The four last were reprinted at London, 1637, Folio, under the general title of Recreations with the Muses; and about 1727, 12mo. In these editions the Tragedies are altered and improved. The Aurora was never reprinted.

The Earl of Stirling is a masculine writer, but does not deserve to stand as a classic. Poems selected from his works well merit reprinting, however. They consist of 1. ten or twelve sonnets from the Aurora: 2. his Parænesis, a noble poem, being his master piece; and a work that does the patron and poet great credit: 3. Moral sentences from his Tragedies. Tragedy was then a very indefinite word, being as often applied to a ballad or tale, as to a dramatic poem. Those of Lord Stirling are in fact Elegiac Dialogues for the instruction of the great.

In one or two copies of the London folio, 1637, a good portrait of the Earl of Stirling has been found; which, being very rare, has been lately re-engraved.

1606.

ALEXANDER CRAIG. Of this writer nothing is known, save that he published.

The amorous songs, sonnets, and elegies, of M. Alex. Craig, Scoto-Britan. London, printed by William White, 1606, 12mo.

Same period of 1606.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN. This gentleman was private secretary to Queen Ann of Denmark, wife of James VI. He wrote some Latin poems in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*; and some light genteel pieces in English, two of which are published from a MS. now in the editor's possession in *Sel. Scot. Bal.* Vol. I. one or two more may be found in a collection of Scottish Poems by Watson, the printer, published about 1707*.

1610.

* In a few copies of the first edition of the Scottish Tragic Ballads, being the first volume of the *Sel. Scot. Bal.* a strange error of the press

1610.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden, a poet of the most amiable and exquisite genius, was born in 1585; and died in 1649, aged 64. Like other great poets, he could not write prose; his *Cypress grove*, &c. being pieces of poor tinsel; and his *History of the Jameses*, the most deplorable performance that ever aspired to the name of history, full of false orations, false brilliancy, false sense, and false facts. But his poems amply establish his fame. Phillips, who compiled his *Theatrum Poetarum*, London, 1675, under Milton's own eye, and may be supposed to express that great writer's opinion upon many occasions, observes, with regret, the strange neglect into which Drummond's poems had even then fallen. But this was no wonder, when Milton's smaller poems met with the same fate. Now it may safely be said, that if any poems possess a very high degree of that exquisite Doric delicacy, which we so much admire in *Comus*, &c. those of Drummond do. Milton may often be traced in him; and he had certainly read, and admired him. Drummond was the first who introduced into English that fine Italian vein; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps we should never have seen the delicacies of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *Il Penseroso*, *L'Allegro*. Milton has happened to have justice done him by posterity; Drummond, alas! has not been so fortunate. The reader will excuse my giving one sonnet of Drummond as a specimen.

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

Tho I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn;
This but a lightning is: truce ta'en to breath
For late-born sorrows augure fleet return.

press crept in upon this author's score. The editor had mentioned Watson as an eminent printer during the reigns of *William and Mary*, and *Queen Ann*; but, deleting this part of the sentence, the compositor understood that Sir William Aytoun was Secretary of State during the reigns of *William and Mary*, and *Ann*. The editor being then in Scotland neglected to correct the sheet.

Amid thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
 Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
 Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
 And that on earth I am but a sad name:
 If thou ere held me dear, by all our love,
 By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave;
 I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
 To 'grave this short remembrance on my grave;
 'Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace-
 'The murmuring Elk. May roses shade the place.'

The Elk runs by his romantic house of Hawthornden. His mistress, a daughter of Cunningham of Barns, it appears from his poems, dwelled on the Ora; which I believe is the river so called in Fife, running from Loch Orr to Leven river, on which, as Pont's Maps done in Drummond's time shew, were Strath ORA and the Mills of ORA. There is another river Or in Galloway. The first appearance I can find of Drummond's poetry was in his

Sonnets and Poems. Edin. 1616, 4to.*

Another edition, enlarged by about one-half, was published after his death, with this title,

Poems by that most famous wit William Drummond of Hawthornden. London, 1656, 8vo.

Both these editions are extremely rare. The last, which is by far the most valuable, is in the editor's possession, and now lies before him. It has a curious head of Drummond by Gaywood prefixt. All his works have also been collected in one volume folio, Edinburgh, printed by Watson, 1711, with portraits. There is a mezzotinto of him lately done; but unlike Gaywood's, which is the first and best.

1615.

PATRICK GORDON. All I know of this author is, that he was a man of property; and wrote

* The Biographer of Drummond in the Edinburgh folio, 1711, says, this was the Second edition.

The

The famous History of the valiant Bruce, in heroic verse, by Patrick Gordon, gentleman. *Dort* 1615, 4to. reprinted at *Edinburgh*, 1718. 12mo.

It is a tolerable poem, but imperfect. It is, however, destitute of invention, or much genius; tho some of the stanzas be equal to Spenser: and, being but dull upon the whole, will not bear reprinting.

Being now arrived at a great pause in our poetry, and at a period so distant, that the reputation of the poets preceding it may now be safely estimated; it may be proper to point out such of our old poets as may be deemed CLASSIC; and whose works will be reprinted to the end of the English language. These are BARBOUR; KING JAMES I; HENRY THE MINSTREL; DUNBAR; GAWIN DOUGLAS; SIR DAVID LINDSAY; DRUMMOND; in number seven. If we estimate them by real poetical merit, it is believed they will stand thus; 1. Dunbar. 2. Drummond. 3. Douglas. 4. King James I. 5. Barbour. 6. Lindsay. 7. Henry. Perhaps the editor may in time give new editions of the whole of these poets; in which labour much remains to be done.

1. To give a standard edition of Barbour restored to the old spelling, and conform to the MS. of 1489.
2. King James's works hardly need to be republished, Mr. Tytler having done so well, save for uniformity, and to give a standard edition of Christ Kirk from the two MSS.
3. Henry, to be printed from the edition 1570; restoring the two passages in stanzas, to their original uniformity, and omitting the chapters.
4. Dunbar's poems to be first collected in one volume, omitting trash.
5. To reprint only the Palice of Honour, King Hart, and Prologs, &c. to Virgil, of Douglas.

6. To omit the Four Monarchies of Lindsay, as a dull narration of events known to all; but to preserve all the Prologs, &c. and particularly to reprint Squire Meldrum, and the Satyre on the Estates.
7. To arrange Drummond's pieces into Sonnets, Odes, Poems, &c. they being now all mingled; and to give all his prose worth preserving at the end.

The whole ought to be printed in crown octavo, or of the size and type of this volume of poems; a smaller size being childish and hurtful to the eyes, and serving no purpose of use, convenience, or pleasure, which this does not. The old SCOTISH MINOR POETS ought to form a separate volume. I shall only add, that as my views are wholly disinterested (*terar dum profin*), I hope the public will so encourage the design, that the printer may have no occasion to desist.

After a vacant century * we proceed to

1715.

SIR JOHN BRUCE. In the Select Scottish Ballads, Vol. I. 2d edit. mention is made that Lord Hailes had communicated to the Editor some extracts of a letter

* *Moor of Rowallan*, about 1633, published a silly religious poem. Other dabblers, beneath commemoration, were *Zachary Boyd*, 1620. *Lady Culros*, who wrote the Dream (See Sel. Scot. Bal. Diff. 2.): and her son *Colvil*, who wrote a poor piece of nonsense, called *The Scots Hudibras* (printed 1710. after the author's death). The *Marquis of Montrose* also wrote some verses. By the bye, in the State Papers, *Pepys* 2502, Vol. III. is a copy of a letter from Charles I. to Montrose, ordering the suppression of the Latin account of his actions, because it attacked high persons, who from absence could not then defend themselves. It is dated 5 March, 1647. Hence the rarity of the first edition. Richard, afterward Earl of Lauderdale, about 1690, 'translated Virgil; it was printed in two volumes. The MS. was communicated to Mr. Dryden, who adopted many of the lines into his own translation.' Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. About 1660, Sir Thomas Saintserf wrote a comedy called *Tarrugo's Wiles*. About 1695 Mrs. Trotter, alias Cockburn, wrote Plays.

from

from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, about 1719, or perhaps earlier, which are there given. From these extracts it appears, that Sir John Bruce pretended to have found Hardyknute in a vault in Dunfermline, written on vellum. His words are; 'To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible.' He then gives the whole fragment first published, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished, from being illegible in the old MS.

It appears evident to me, from this letter, particularly the words *I found*, &c. that Sir John Bruce was the author of Hardyknute. And, if I am not much mistaken, he also wrote *The Vision* (Sel. Scot. Bal. Vol. II.), a capital Scottish poem, composed about 1715, to rouse the people in the Pretender's cause. Hardyknute was written, perhaps, with a like view to kindle the martial spirit of the nation. Indeed, that two poets should have been living in Scotland at that time, capable, the one of producing Hardyknute, the other *The Vision*, appears to me an impossibility, considering the then low ebb of Scottish poetry. I confess, I do not even know if Sir John Bruce was affected to the House of Stuart, but hope that now every circumstance concerning him may be enquired into. At any rate he never acted for it; and was too wise to engage in a business so rashly and foolishly conducted as the rebellion 1715. Allowing Sir John Bruce the author of *The Vision*, an elegant Scottish fable called *The Eagle and the Red-breast*, will also be his *.

When the editor prepared his edition of Hardyknute for the press in 1776, as noted at the end of the dis-

* These poems are signed A SCOT, which only expresses the author's country.

sertations there given, he was only eighteen years of age, being born at Edinburgh 17 Feb. 1758; so that it is to be hoped he shall be pardoned for then taking the First Part of Hardyknute for ancient, as he really did, considering his small experience in such matters. But now that he has read almost the whole of ancient Scottish poetry, and is nine years older, he must say that he has no doubt but that Hardyknute is a poem of this century. It is easy to use ancient words; but to use ancient sentiments, idioms, transitions, &c. is most difficult. And from the latter sure marks of composition, Hardyknute is a poem of this century. Sir John Bruce, forgetting his letter to Lord Binning, used Mrs Wardlaw, it would appear, as the midwife of his poetry, and furnished her with the stanza or two she afterward produced; as he did not wish his name to be used to the story of the vault, &c.

Of the Second Part of Hardyknute, written in 1776, but not published till 1781, the editor must now confess himself guilty. As for his secret, he has observed the Horatian precept he at first laid down to himself, *Nonum prematur in annum*; and requests pardon both of his friends and the public for keeping it to himself. The fiction, as the publisher can inform, could not possibly have any sordid view, as the MS. was presented to him, and one half of the future profits, which was offered, was refused. For the imposition, it was only meant to give pleasure to the public; and no vanity could be served where the name was unknown. As to the vanity or pleasure of imposing on others, if there be such ideas, they are quite unknown to the editor. Perhaps, like a very young man as he was, he had pushed one or two points of the deception a little too far; but he always thought that novel and poetry had NO BOUNDS of fiction. Horace says

———pictoribus atque poetis

QUIDLIBET AUDENDI semper fuit æqua potestas.

Yet

Yet even with these notions, he never spoke of one MS. which he actually had not before him; his whole fictions rested on *supposititious tradition*; and he did not use all the freedom Mr. Addison, a rigid moralist, allows. 'Some,' says that excellent writer, *Spect.* No. 542, 'say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider there is not a fable, or parable, which ever was made use of, that is not lyable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact.'

Of the execution of that Second Part, the public has been pleased to judge favourably. The chief fault objected to it has been, that Draphan * kills two brothers of Fairly his mistress. But the First part necessarily calls for some very extraordinary incidents of this sort; saying that Fairly's beauty was most disastrous to her kindred.

What waefou wae her bewtie bred!
 Waefou to young and auld;
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

Some of the author's opponents have accused this Second Part of too much artifice; and, at any rate, art, it is believed, has not been wanting to colour these hazardous incidents of the poem. For the first brother is killed from absolute necessity on Draphan's side, and from vehemence on his own; and Draphan expresses much regret on the occasion. The other is

* So the name is spelled by Pitscotie, and other ancient writers; and should be in the Second part of Hardyknute. In the time of James V. the castle of Draphan belonged to Sir James Hamilton; and was afterwards in the Duke of Hamilton's possession, till sold to the only Duke of Douglas.

slain in battle, when wholly covered with his armour, so that Draphan did not know him; and, when he does, discovering that it is Malcolm, famed for his speed; he says,

Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
And not your strenth ha sey'd.

which is an expression of regret, not of indifference as some understand it. Some have not been pleased with this Second Part, and one has told the public so in print. It will therefore be allowed to the editor to balance the opinion of this critic with that of another, of at least equal taste, and whose very name is totally unknown to the editor; tho his work* declares him much versed both in ancient and modern poetry. Mentioning Hardyknute, he observes, that 'A new edition of this beautiful piece has been lately published. It appears from the learned notes of the editor, that the author of this exquisite ballad was not deficient in the knowlege of antiquity. The manners of our forefathers are very minutely and exactly described, without any anachronisms whatever. The editor, in order to avoid exposing himself to an unnecessary controversy, with great candour admits that many interpolations have crept into this poem. He does not boast of any old manuscripts from whence he has copied it: he owns that the whole is preserved only by tradition. The artful conducting of the story would induce us to believe that the greater part is altogether modern. Indeed, a poem like this, written in the dark ages, would have been a miracle. If we consider the artful contrivance of the story, the delicacy

* *An Examination of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley and William Canynge, with a defence of the opinion of Mr. Warton.* Sherborne, printed by R. Goadby and Co. and sold by Baldwin, Paternoster Row, London, 1782, 8vo. It is the best pamphlet published on that controversy, save Mr. Warton's own.

‘ of its situations, the pathos of its discoveries, and the
 ‘ unintermitting animation of the whole, we may con-
 ‘ clude that a poet of those times could no more have
 ‘ produced a work of that kind than the Iliad of Homer.’

Since the editor of these volumes is in the confessional, he must not omit that in the FIRST volume, beside the Second Part of Hardyknute, No. 16. *The Laird of Woodhouselie* is written by him, as is No. 17. *Lord Livingston*; yet of both he had small lines from tradition. No. 18. *Binnorie*, is one half from tradition, one half by the editor; tho he could not now himself distinguish the lines. No. 19. *Death of Menteith* is wholly by the editor, upon no tradition whatever. No. 20. *Lord Airib's Complaint*, is from a MS. then, and now, in the editor's possession. No. 21. *I wish I were where Helen lyes*, is all the editor's; save the three first lines, which he heard a lady repeat. Lord Hailes informs him that there is another ballad, beginning

I wish I were where Helen lyes
 On fair Kirkonel lee.

that it is very pathetic; and that he has heard a lady repeat it who is now dead. Ramsay, however, in the Tea-table Miscellany, gives a song to this tune, which shows that the editor's measure is right; repeating the second and fourth line for pathetic effect. Of the *Fragments*, III. and IV. are wholly by the editor. In the SECOND volume Nos. XXVI. XXIX. XXXI. XXXIV. XXXVI. XL. XLIII. XLV. XLVIII. are wholly by the editor, who only observes, in a note p. 188. that these pieces ‘ have not appeared in print.’ But to proceed.

same period of 1715.

DAVID CRAWFORD, of Drumsoy, was Historiographer for Scotland in Queen Ann's reign. He, conformable to the duty of his place, confined his researches to Scotland; and

published Memoirs of use to the history of that country. An historiographer for any country is bound by every law of honour and propriety to confine himself to the history of that country. When he does not, he is a mere impostor, and cheats the public of his salary. Torfæus, the historiographer for Norway, the French, and Spanish, historiographers, &c. all followed this rule; nor has a maxim, so obvious to common sense, and common honesty, been ever violated save in one instance. But while historians write for copy-money, no consideration can be a bar to their avarice. Mr. Crawford also wrote three novels, published in one volume, 8vo: and in poetry,

1. *Courtship alamode, a Comedy.*
2. *Love at first sight, a Comedy.*
3. *Ovidius Britannicus, a set of Love-epistles in verse.*

1720.

ALLAN RAMSAY. The convivial buffoonery of this writer has acquired him a sort of reputation, which his poetry by no means warrants; being far beneath the middling, and shewing no spark of genius. Even his buffoonery is not that of a tavern, but that of an alehouse.

The *Gentle Shepherd* all now allow the sole foundation of his fame. Let us put it in the furnace a little; for, if it be gold, it will come out the purer. Dr. Beattie, in his Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, observes, that the effect of the *Gentle Shepherd* is ludicrous from the contrast between meanness of phrase, and dignity or seriousness of sentiment. This is not owing to its being written in the Scottish dialect, now left to the peasantry, as that ingenious writer thinks; for the First Part of *Hardyknute*, written in that very dialect, strikes every English reader as sublime and pathetic to the highest degree. In fact this glaring defect proceeds from Allan Ramsay's own character as a buffoon, so evident from all his poems,

poems, and which we all know he bore in private life; and from Allan's total ignorance of the Scottish tongue, save that spoken by the mob of Mid Lothian. It is well known that a comic actor of the Shuter or Edwin class, tho highly meritorious in his line, yet, were he to appear in any save *queer* characters, the effect would even be more ludicrous than when he was in his proper parts, from the contrast of the man with his assumed character. This applies also to authors; for Sterne's sermons made us laugh, tho there was nothing laughable in them: and, had Rabelais, or Sterne, written a pastoral opera, tho the reader had been ignorant of their characters, still a something, a *je ne sçai quoi*, in the phraseology, would have ever provoked laughter. But this effect Ramsay has even pushed further; for, by his entire ignorance of the Scottish tongue, save that spoken by the mob around him, he was forced to use the very phraseology of the merest vulgar, rendered yet more ridiculous by his own turn to low humour; being himself indeed one of the mob, both in education and in mind. So that putting such *queer* language into the mouth of respectable characters; nay pretending to clothe sentiments, pathos, and all that, with such phraseology; his whole *Gentle Shepherd* has the same effect as a gentleman would have who chose to drive sheep on the high way with a harlequin's coat on. This radical defect at once throws the piece quite out of the class of good compositions.

But there are other faults, which lye with an eternal weight upon this piece, and crush it into the very dirt of amusement only for the merest mob. It is an Opera on the plan of the Beggar's Opera; but yet more barbarous, and stupid: for the dialogue is in *couplets*! Some have compared it to the *Aminta*. Tasso, thou divine genius! pardon me for repeating this. The *Pastor Fido* compared to the *Aminta* is nothing: but the *Gentle Shepherd*, compared even to the *Pastor Fido*, stands

exactly in the ratio of a dunghill to a flower-garden. The English opera every critic allows to be a monster. In the name of good sense, what must then the Gentle Shepherd be? an *hyper-monster*, whose monstrosity monstrously outmonsters that monster? Its *language* is yet further put beneath contempt by the *Airs* commonly repeating, *verbatim*, what is said before in couplets: and by each scene's being described in verse. Allan was indeed so much a *poet*, that in his *Evergreen* he even puts riming titles to the old poems he publishes: and by this silly idea, and his own low character, has stamped a kind of ludicrous hue on the old Scottish poetry, of which he pretended to be a publisher, that even now is hardly eradicated, tho many editors of great learning and high respectability have arisen. Other faults of the Gentle Shepherd are the long speeches, quite out of character and nature. The dialogue is also nowhere *real*; but always affected, and always absurd. The *characters* are weakly drawn, and ill supported. Sir William's appearing as a magician, his falling in a trance, his silly prophecy, are incidents of unparalleled weakness, and merit great commiseration. The *plot* I readily allow the best part of the piece, if that be any praise: yet it wants incident much; and probability more. No cavalier would have left his only son in this country, and in such tuition; when, in fact, not one purpose could be served by the idea. Absurdity indeed hangs around it; for, tho this cavalier were a prophet, as the poor author makes him, still he could hardly foresee that the rustic guardian should not change with the times: for prophets never, I believe, pretended to scan mental revolutions; and the probability lay much the other way. But no reader of common sense will allow this character any claim to prophecy; and, without this, shocking is the absurdity indeed! For how could Sir William have any idea of returning at all? Why leave his only son in the
power

power of his enemies, and for what? Why, to receive his education from a clown, and so be rendered unfit for every purpose of life! Pitiful! But to be brief, let us pass to other faults. The Second Scene, Act II. where Peggy and Jenny appear barefooted, and propose going to bathe themselves, is quite improper for the drama. Maule's speech, Act II. Sc. 3. forestalls the whole story, and spoils all the effect. Sir William's soliloquy, Act III. sc. 1. is alike ruinous. Sc. 3. is much too speedy and improbable. Sir William's dropping his beard, scene 4. is farce, not comedy. Act IV. sc. 1. is a mere repetition of incidents in the former Act; and is both useless and absurd. The battle between Maule and Bauldy is sad stuff. Sc. 2. is foreign and useless. Act V. Sc. 1. is low buffoonery. Sc. 2. the girls dressing is indecent and undramatic. Glaud's speech to Peggy, describing rakes, shews the author to have been intensitive of decency. Bauldy's *bitch* and his *someplace* are of the same hue. Glaud's account of Peggy is improbable; the plot was too miraculous before without the addition of this. Sir William's sister too, being the mother of Peggy, is a circumstance which very much heightens the improbability, and is quite unnecessary.

So much for the greater faults of this performance: were the smaller to be pointed out, they would fill a volume. I have been the fuller on this subject, because, to the great discredit of taste in Scotland, while we admire the effusions of this scribbler, we utterly neglect our really great poets, such as Barbour, Dunbar, Drummond, &c. There is even a sort of national prejudice in favour of the Gentle Shepherd, because it is our only drama in the Scottish language; yet we ought to be ashamed to hold prejudices so ridiculous to other nations, and so obnoxious to taste, and just criticism. I glory in Scotland as my native country; and, while I try to root up all other prejudices out of my mind,

shall ever nourish my partiality to my country; as, if that be a prejudice, it has been esteemed an honest and laudable one in all ages; and is, indeed, the only prejudice perfectly consonant to reason, and vindicable by truth. But Scotland has no occasion to recur to false history, false taste, false science, or false honours of any kind. In the severest light of truth she will stand very conspicuous. Her sons, in trying to adorn her, have shewn remarkable defects of judgment. The ancient history of the Picts, so splendid in the page of Tacitus, is lost in our own fables. We neglect all our great poets, and are in raptures with Allan Ramsay. Our prejudices are as pitiful as strong; and we know not that the truth would make us far more illustrious, than all our dreams of prejudice, if *realized*, to use an expression of impossibility. Good sense in antiquities, and good taste in poetry, are astonishingly wanting in Scotland to this hour.

same period of 1720.

ALEXANDER PENNECUK wrote a few Scottish poems of no value, published with his account of Tweedale. He is said to have given Ramsay the plot of the Gentle Shepherd. But as it is a common remark in England, that no Scottishman will allow an author to have written his own book, I shrink from an insinuation so accusative of envy, a passion unknown, save to those who know and feel they are little.

same period of 1720.

JOSEPH MITCHELL, *beside some poems long since forgotten, wrote*

The Highland Fair. A ballad opera.

1730.

JAMES THOMSON. *A very pleasing poet, but whose Seasons are incorrect. Perhaps it may be said, in vindication, that nature is incorrect. But his Castle of Indolence*

is a sufficient foundation of great fame; being very correct and classic; and only unhappy in the concluding stanza.

same period of 1730.

THE EARL OF HADDINGTON wrote some tales, and other light pieces of immodesty. He was the sixth Earl, and died in 1735, being Grand-father to the present Earl, who succeeded him. John Lord Binny, who died at Naples 1732, before his father, also wrote some poems. It was he to whom Sir John Bruce sent his *Hardyknute*. Lord Haddington's *Tales &c.* have past thro many editions.

1740.

ROBERTSON OF STROWAN wrote several Poems tolerably well. They are collected into one volume; and are common in Scotland. He was an adherent of the Pretender, and lost his estate for the cause, in 1746.

same period of 1740.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR. A pleasing and amiable writer, tho of small genius. An elegant edition of his poems, with his head by Strange, was published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. He died 25 March 1754, aged 50. His poems are chiefly English; but some are Scottish. Of the whole, that called *The Braes of Yarrow*, to be found in the *Reliques*, is the worst. It is in a very bad taste, and quite unlike the ancient Scottish manner, being even inferior to the poorest of the old ballads with this title. His repeated words, and lines, causing an eternal jingle, his confused inanimated narration, and affected pathos, throw this piece among the rubbish of poetry.

1747.

ROBERT BLAIR first published his most admirable piece

The Grave. A poem. By Robert Blair. Edin. 1747. 8vo.

This

This edition lyes before me; and is free from many faults which have crept into later editions. At the end is a pious ode, translated from Volusenus, but of no value. I know not that he wrote any thing else: but the Grave is worth a thousand common poems. The language is such as Shakspeare would have used: yet he nowhere imitates Shakspeare, or uses any expression of his. It is unquestionably the best piece of blank verse we have, save those of Milton. The author was a clergyman of the episcopal church; but I know no anecdotes of him. I hope they who have opportunity will supply this defect.

1750*.

TOBIAS SMOLLET, a most excellent writer of novels, and poetry. In the former his incidents are much more rich and various than those of Fielding: his characters stronger: and his humour far superior indeed; Fielding's being wholly confined to that of inns: but, on the other hand, Fielding's plots and manner are more masterly. In poetry Smollet has great excellencies. His Love Elegy, in Roderic Random, is the best in the language; and I know no single one of Tibullus to equal it. His ode to independence is vigorous, powerful, and grand. His other pieces have great merit. But the tragedy of the Regicide is poor; tho' far superior to some pieces that Garrick brought out with applause.

What a pity! what a disgrace to the rich and eminent of his native country, that a man of such genius should have been forced to write for bread! Such a diamond ought to have

* In 1753 was published, at Edinburgh, a poetical miscellany, called *The Union*; in which, p. 81. is a most exquisite ode on Summer, by a gentleman formerly of the university of Aberdeen. And in *Modern Poems*, Glasgow, by Foulis, 1776, the same piece appears with alterations and additions. By a letter from Dr. Beattie, I am just informed, that the Author's name was Seron; but that he knows nothing else of him, remembering this only from the information of an old gentleman, dead about four years ago, and who was the only person he ever heard speak of him. In the *Union*, p. 70. is a beautiful copy of verses on Prince Frederic's death, by David, then and now, Vicount Stormont.

been

been set in gold; but it was allowed to lye in the dirt, and get soiled. His History of England disgraces his talents. His panegyrics therein of the King and Lord Bute make us pity the meanness of his expectations, while we laugh at their weakness. It surely required no prophetic spirit to foretell, even before the loss of America, that a renovation of the politics of Harley and St. John boded utter ruin to the empire.

same period of 1750.

JOHN ARMSTRONG. His poem on Health is one of the most classic in any language, and merits superlative praise in every view. His tragedy of The Forced Marriage is extremely well written; but far too melancholy. Mad tragedies ought only to be acted in Bedlam. The representation is dangerous to a feeling audience; and ought to be wholly forborne, not excepting even Lear. Armstrong's was, however, never acted nor offered. His Sketches by Launcelot Temple shew sense and spirit. This author was in real life a most worthy, benevolent character.

same period of 1750.

DAVID MALLET. His name at first was Malloch, but never Macgregor, as lately asserted. His brother, who had some office at Greenock, was known to my informant, and was called Malloch. Indeed, there can be no harm in a man's softening his name; and it is matter of wonder that all the Scottish and Irish Macs, Irish O's, and Welsh Aps, are not silently relinquished by their owners, as they have a most uncouth appearance. Macpherson, &c. were surely far better Pherfon, &c. and family distinctions might be just as well preserved this way as the other. Of Mallet's Poems, his two ballads, William and Margaret, and Edwin and Emma, and a Fragment beginning, 'Fair morn ascends,' &c. are all that merit preservation; the rest being very poor indeed. The last mentioned fragment is remarkably fine; and it is matter of wonder that he did not frequently use that manner.

same period of 1760.

MICHAEL BRUCE. *His poems are praised in the Mirror * ; and have some merit, tho no claim to genius.*

1768.

ROBERT FERGUSON. This young man, tho much inferior to the next poet, had talents for Scottish poetry far above those of Allan Ramsay ; yet, unhappily, he was not learned in it, for Ramsay's Evergreen seems to have been the utmost bound of his study. Hence the awkward closes of *that day*, &c. to his stanzas, which were introduced by the ignorance of Allan, and are unknown to our old poets. Ferguson began about the above year to publish his poetry in Mr. Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine ; a most useful periodical publication, and in which several valuable original pieces may be found. Mr. Ruddiman afterwards collected his poems, and published them separately ; in which shape they have past thro two or three editions.

Poor Ferguson, being a humourous companion, and good singer, used frequently to spend the evening over a bowl of punch. This imprudent practice, being long and constantly used, at length inflamed his brain so much that he was obliged to be sent to Bedlam. I was told by a person who was his most intimate friend, and who went to see him lodged there, as otherwise force alone could have carried him, that it was about nine o'clock at night when they went ; and that the dismal

* The Mirror is deservedly much esteemed in England ; and I have heard an high literary character declare it the best book of the kind, save the Spectator. It is certainly superior to the Guardian, Tatler, Connoisseur, &c. &c. &c. but yields, in my opinion, to The World. It is surprising that the editors should allow such a book to shock one with small, but very odd, blunders ; such as serious letters *To Mr. Mirror*, &c. Were they ignorant that a man may be a Spectator, but cannot be a Mirror ? Such small matters hurt very much. Had Raffaele painted a toe-nail in an historical picture scarlet, the whole piece would have suffered. *Nugæ seria ducunt in mala.*

habitation

habitation was quite silent: but upon Ferguson's entering the door he set up a strange halloo, which, in the instant, was repeated by the miserable inhabitants of all the cells in the house. My informant says, the sound was so horrible that he yet hears it. Ferguson often exprest to this friend a presentiment, that he should sink into that uttermost calamity. In a year or two death released him.

His Scottish poems are spirited; but sometimes sink into the low humour of Ramsay. His English poetry deserves no praise.

same period of 1768.

ALEXANDER ROSS. Of this poet I only know, from the title page of his book, that he was (and perhaps is, tho he speaks of himself as aged in 1768) a 'schoolmaster at Lochlee,' a village in the presbytery of Brechin, and shire of Angus. He has published,

1. *The Fortunate Shepherdess. A Pastoral Tale, in three cantos. In the Scottish dialect. Aberdeen 1768, 8vo. 127 large pages. 2d edit. Aberd. 1778, 12mo.*
2. *Seven, or eight, songs; printed with the above.*

Tho the catastrophe of this Tale be bad, and some of the incidents ill chosen, yet will it be read with pleasure by every one who is not so miserable as to be refined above enjoying the beauties of nature. Some of the incidents, and descriptions, are exquisitely natural, and fine. The language and thoughts are more truly pastoral than any that I have yet found in any poet, save Theocritus. This poem has but just come to my hands*: and is written in the vulgar dialect of Angus,

* Along with it came also the *Poems in the Buchan dialect, being Ajax his speech to the Grecian Knabs*, translated from Ovid, &c. &c. by Mr. Forbes. Edin. 1761, 8vo. They fully confirm the idea, that the broad Scottish is the Pictish, or Gothic, altered, as all tongues are, by time. A Dane, it is believed, would understand them better than an Englishman. Mr. Ross's Tale is in like predicament; and it is evident, that the Buchan dialect is the same with that used by him.

Mearns, and Aberdeenshires, approaching somewhat to Gawin Douglas's style, but more full of real Gothic and Norse words; being in fact the very Scoto-Pictish tongue, intermixed with a little English. A glossary larger by three-fourths ought to have been added.

It is surprising that our Scottish poets give themselves so much to the comic style. An heroic or tragic tale, in the pure Buchan dialect, would be very acceptable. But beware of the common fault of taking cant phrases for old speech. Use the words of the vulgar; but use ancient and grave idioms and manner. Remember this vulgar speech was once the speech of heroes.

* * * *The living poets of Scotland are omitted.*

Synorthographic and Symphonious Words.

It is requested that the reader will attentively look over this article: for nothing so much puzzles an ordinary peruser of old poetry, as when words, very different in ancient, or in ancient and modern meaning, are spelled in the same way, or have the same sound. To prevent mistakes of this kind, the following list is given.

<i>Air</i> , heir, air.	<i>Gate</i> , way.
<i>All-baill</i> , all and whole.	<i>Gif</i> , if, give.
<i>Allow'd</i> , praised, allowed.	<i>Glen</i> , clan, glen.
<i>At</i> , that, at.	<i>Gyn</i> , engine.
<i>Avoyd</i> , vent, avoid.	<i>Had</i> , hold, had.
<i>Bad</i> , requested, bad.	<i>Hair</i> , high, hair.
<i>Band</i> , bond.	<i>Hart</i> , heart, hart.
<i>Be</i> , by, be.	<i>Heill</i> , health, heel.
<i>Beir</i> , noise, bear, bier.	<i>Husband</i> , farmer, husband.
<i>Bent</i> , field, bent.	<i>Jaws</i> , dashing waves.
<i>Brand</i> , sword.	<i>In bie</i> , in haste.
<i>Bray</i> , small ascent.	<i>Kene</i> , bold.
<i>Brute</i> , report.	<i>Law</i> , low, law.
<i>But</i> , without, but.	<i>Leist</i> , list.
<i>By</i> , buy.	<i>Lest</i> , approved.
<i>Cleir</i> , splendid, beautiful.	<i>Let</i> , hinder.
<i>Clerk</i> , learned man.	<i>Lofit</i> , lovit, praised.
<i>Craig</i> , neck.	<i>Lust</i> , desire.
<i>Dean</i> , a monk. See Sir D.	<i>Lustheid</i> , amiableness.
Lindsay, 112, and App.	<i>Lusty</i> , amiable, delicious.
Art. I.	<i>Maid</i> , made.
<i>Deid</i> , death, deed, died.	<i>Maister</i> , reverend, of the
<i>Deir</i> , hurt, dear, deer.	church; probably from
<i>Din</i> , dun, din.	<i>Master of Arts</i> .
<i>Diseis</i> , uneasiness.	<i>Man</i> , must, man.
<i>Dungeon</i> , tower, dungeon.	<i>May</i> , maid.
<i>Feir</i> , dress, companion.	<i>Mess</i> , mafs.
<i>Fog</i> , mofs.	<i>Misters</i> , necessities.
<i>Found</i> , go, depart, found.	<i>Mony</i> , many.
<i>Fredome</i> , gentility, freedom.	<i>Mothe</i> , mouth.
<i>Free</i> , genteel, free.	<i>On bicht</i> , haughtily.

Or,

Or, ere, or.
Ofleir, householder.
Our, over, our.
Pens, think.
Pour, poor.
Proper, very.
Pure, poor, pure.
Put, thrust.
Reil, roll on.
Rocks, distaffs.
Sail, assail, assault.
Saw, counsel, did see.
Schours, conflicts, terrors.
Season, seasoning of victuals,
 season.
Servit, deserved.
Sbut, shoot.
Sing, sign, sing.
Skill, a return, skill.
Son, sun, son.
Sow, battling ram.

Stait, reverence.
Stayd, ceased.
Stray, straw.
Sute, train.
Taill, tale, tail.
Tent, heed.
Travel, work.
Tred, trade.
Wait, know, wet.
Wallis, sometimes waves.
War, were, worse.
Ware, war.
Weid, cloths.
Weir, war.
Went, weened, thought.
Will, wild.
Willing, willow.
Wood, mad.
Wysar, visor.
Yet, gate, yet.

CONTENTS.

P R E F A C E	-	-	page iii.
Essay on the origin of Scottish poetry.	-	-	xxi.
List of Scottish Poets, with remarks.	-	-	lxxv.
Synorthographic, and symphonious, words	-	-	cxliii.

1. <i>KING HART, ane alegorycale poeme be Maister</i>			
<i>Garwin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, Canto I.</i>	-		3
		<i>Canto II.</i>	21
2. <i>The Twa Mariit Wemen, and the Wedo, a Tale, be</i>			
<i>Dunbar.</i>	-		44
3. <i>The Freirs of Berwik, a Tale, supposit be the same.</i>			65

POEMES BE DUNBAR.

4. <i>To a ladye.</i>	-		89
5. <i>Upon James Doig, kepar of the Quein's wardrep.</i>	-		90
6. <i>Upon the same.</i>	-		92
7. <i>On a dance in the Quene's chalmer.</i>	-		94
8. <i>On ane blakmoir ladye.</i>	-		97
9. <i>To the Quene.</i>	-		99
10. <i>To the King.</i>	-		101
11. <i>Aganis the solistaris in court.</i>	-		102
12. <i>Quha nathing hes can get nathing.</i>	-		104
13. <i>Lair vane without goverrance.</i>	-		106
14. <i>Aganis Mure. To the King.</i>	-		107
15. <i>Dunbar's Complaint.</i>	-		109
16. <i>Lament to the King.</i>	-		112
17. <i>The Twa Cummers.</i>	-		113
18. <i>On the world's instabilitie.</i>	-		115
	M 4	19. Prayer,	

19.	<i>Prayer, that the King war John Thomsoun's man.</i>	120
20.	<i>On Content.</i>	122
21.	<i>On the changes of life.</i>	124
22.	<i>Meditation writtin in wyntir.</i>	125
23.	<i>Quhen the Governour past in France.</i>	128

POEMES BE VARIOUS AUTHORS.

24.	<i>Advyce to a Courtier. Quyntene Schaw.</i>	133
25.	<i>Wa worth maryage! A sang. Clappertoun</i>	135
26.	<i>The praises of wemen. Arbuthnot.</i>	138
27.	<i>On luve. Same</i>	148
28.	<i>The miseries of a puir scholar. Same</i>	149
29.	<i>Aganis sklanderous toungis. Lord Thirlstane.</i>	156
30.	<i>Admonitioun to Reoent Mar. Same</i>	160
31.	<i>Sang on Lady Margaret Montgomrie. Capt. Alex. Montgomrie.</i>	165
32.	<i>Poeme on the same lady. Same</i>	168
33.	<i>An Elegie from the French, written by a lady on hir husband's infidelitie. G. H.</i>	171
34.	<i>Sonet. King James VI.</i>	177

POEMES BE UNKNAWIN MAKARS.

35.	<i>A Satire.</i>	181
36.	<i>Sang aganis the ladies.</i>	187
37.	<i>Sang upon a maist melancholie aventure.</i>	190
38.	<i>Ane welcum to eild. A sang</i>	192
39.	<i>The danger of wryting.</i>	195
40.	<i>The lament of a puir court-man.</i>	197
41.	<i>God gif I wer wedo now! A sang.</i>	200
42.	<i>Advyce to be blyth in bail.</i>	202
43.	<i>Epigram.</i>	204
44.	<i>The Murning Maidin.</i>	205
45.	<i>On the folye of grefe.</i>	211
46.	<i>On fals freyndschip.</i>	212
47.	<i>Sang on absence.</i>	214
48.	<i>Exclamation</i>	

48.	<i>Exclamatioun maid in England on the giving up the Erle of Northumberland. 1572.</i>	-	-	219
49.	<i>Answer to the English ballad.</i>	-	-	223
50.	<i>Inveccyde on the same event.</i>	-	-	228
51.	<i>Fredome in prisoun.</i>	-	-	235
52.	<i>The Bankis of Helicon: a sang.</i>	-	-	237
53.	<i>Pious lynes.</i>	-	-	243
54.	<i>Equivocal verses on wemen.</i>	-	-	244
55.	<i>Elegie.</i>	-	-	245
56.	<i>In prayse of Lethingtoun.</i>	-	-	253
57.	<i>The Visioun of Chaistetrie.</i>	-	-	261
58.	<i>Luve sang on houp.</i>	-	-	263
59.	<i>The faithful luifar: a sang.</i>	-	-	265
60.	<i>To Miss Marie Maitland.</i>	-	-	267
61.	<i>Constance the cure of absence: a sang.</i>	-	-	268
62.	<i>'The reids in the loch say.</i>	-	-	270
63.	<i>On stedfastness. To King James VI.</i>	-	-	271

POEMES BE SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

64.	<i>Counsale to his son William.</i>	-	-	275
65.	<i>On the new yeir.</i>	-	-	279
66.	<i>On the Quenis maryage to the Dolphin.</i>	-	-	283
67.	<i>On the wyning of Calice.</i>	-	-	287
68.	<i>Of the assemblie of the Congregation.</i>	-	-	290
69.	<i>On the new yeir.</i>	-	-	293
70.	<i>On the Quenis arryvale in Scotland.</i>	-	-	295
71.	<i>Satire on the Age.</i>	-	-	298
72.	<i>On the miseries of the tyme.</i>	-	-	302
73.	<i>The blind Barons comfort.</i>	-	-	305
74.	<i>Moral verses.</i>	-	-	307
75.	<i>Pious rymes.</i>	-	-	308
76.	<i>To be put in ony public hous.</i>	-	-	309
77.	<i>The world worth na thoucht.</i>	-	-	310
78.	<i>Public miserie the frute of vyce.</i>	-	-	312
79.	<i>Gude counsals.</i>	-	-	313
80.	<i>Folye of an auld man's maryand ane young wemen.</i>	-	-	314
81.	<i>On the malyce of poetis.</i>	-	-	316
				81 On

82. Solace in age.	-	-	-	318
83. Aganis oppression of the commons.	-	-	-	321
84. Na kyndnes at court without filler.	-	-	-	324
85. Satire on the toun ladies.	-	-	-	326
86. Aganis the thievis of Liddisdail.	-	-	-	331
87. Complaint aganis the lang law-sutes.	-	-	-	335
88. On the world's ingratitude.	-	-	-	339
89. To King James VI.	-	-	-	342

POEMES IN PRAYSE OF SIR RICHARD
MAITLAND, AND OF LORD THIRLSTANE.

90. Snet to Sir Richard.	-	-	-	349
91. Epitaph on the same.	-	-	-	350
92. Ane uther.	-	-	-	351
93. A third.	-	-	-	352
94. A luid on the same and his lady.	-	-	-	353
95. In commendatioun of Lord Thirlstane.	Vision I.	-	-	354
96. ————	II.	-	-	355
97. ————	III.	-	-	356
98. ————	IV.	-	-	357

F R A G M E N T S.

99. Of a Satire on Sir Thomas Moray by Dunbar.	-	-	-	359
100. Of a ballad or a short tale.	-	-	-	361

Notes.	-	-	-	365
Appendix.	-	-	-	437
Art. I. Contents of the two Maitland MSS.	-	-	-	437
II. Bannatyne MS.	-	-	-	471
III. Restoration of some passages in Henry's Wallace.	-	-	-	483
IV. Ballad against the Scottish, 1506.	-	-	-	488
V. Scraps concerning old Scottish songs.	-	-	-	494
VI. 1. The Legend of St. Serf, from Winton.	-	-	-	500
2. Reigns of Duncan and Macbeth from the same.	-	-	-	507
Glossary.	-	-	-	520
Passages and words not understood.	-	-	-	536
				KING

A N C I E N T
S C O T I S H P O E M S.

K I N G H A R T,
ANE ALEGORYCALE POEME,
BE
MAISTER GAWIN DOUGLAS,
BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

T H E A R G U M E N T E.

C A N T O I.

THIS poeme is ane alegorycale representatioun of human lyfe. The hart of man, beand his maist nobil pairt, and the fontane of his lyfe, is heir put for Man in generale; and holdis the cheif plaice in the poeme, undir the titel of KING HART. This mysticale king is first representit in the blume of youthheid, with his lustie attendaunts, the atributis, or

B

qualiteis,

qualiteis, of youthe: Stanza I. to IX. Nixt is pictured furthe the Palais of PLEsOUR, neirby the castel of King Hart, with it's luvelie habitants, stanza XIII. to XVII. Quene Plesance, with the helpe of hir ladyis, assalis King Hart's castel, and takis him, and maist of his servitouris, presoneris, St. XVIII. to XLV. Petie at last relejis thame, and thay assailye the Quene Plesance, and winquus hir and hir ladyis in thair turne, St. XLVI. to LII. King Hart than weddis Quene Plesance, and solacis himselfe lang in hir delycius castel, St. LIII. to end of this Canto.

CANTO II.

So far is Man's dealing with Plefour; but now, quhan King Hart is past mydeild, cumis anither scene. For Age arry-vand at the castel-yet of Quene Plesance, with quham King Hart duellit ewir syne his maryage with hir, insistis on ad-missioun; qubilk he ganis; St. II. &c. King Hart takis leif of Youtheid with meikil sorrow, St. VI, VII. Age is no sooner admittit, than Conscience cumis alsua to the castel, and forcis entraunce, St. XIII. Conscience begin-nis to chyde the king, and Wit and Resson tak pairt in the communing, St. XVII. &c. After this and uther aven-turis, Quene Plesance suddanlie levis the King, St. XLI, and Resson and Wisdom persuad King Hart to return to his awin palais, St. XLIV; that is quhan Plefour and the Passiounis leve man, Resson and Wisdome rendir him his awin maister. Astir sum uther materis Decrepitude attakis, and mortalie woundis, the king, quho dies, after making his testament, St. LIV. to end.

KING

K I N G H A R T,
 A N E A L E G O R Y C A L E P O E M E.

C A N T O T H E F I R S T.

I.

K I N G H A R T, into his cumlie castell strang,
 Clofit about with craft and meikill ure,
 So seimlie wes he fet his folk amang,
 That he no dout had of misaventure:
 So proudlie wes he polist, plaine, and pure,
 With youtheid and his lustie levis grene;
 So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,
 And als so blyth, as bird in symmer schene.

II.

For wes he never yit with schouris schot,
 Nor yit our run with ronk, or ony rayne;
 In all his lusty lecam nocht ane spot;
 Na never had experience into payne.
 But alway into lyking mocht to layne;
 Onlie to love, and verrie gentilnes,
 He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,
 And woun under the wyng of wantownes.

III.

Yit was this wourthy wicht king under ward;
 For wes he nocht at fredom utterlie.
Nature had lymmit folk, for thair reward,
 This gudlie king to governe and to gy;
 For so thai kest thair tyme to occupy.
 In welthis for to wyne for thai him teitchit;
 All lustis for to love, and underly,
 So prevelie thai preis him and him preitchit.

IV.

First [war thair] *Strenth*, [and *Rage*,] and *Wantounes*,
Grein Lust, *Disport*, *Jelosy*, and *Invy*;
Freschnes, *New Gate*, *Waist-gude*, and *Wilfulness*,
Delyvernes, *Fulhardenes* thairby:
Gentrice, *Fredome*, *Petic privie espy*,
Want-wit, *Vaingloir*, *Prodigalitie*,
Unrest, *Nicht-walk*, and felon *Gluttony*;
Unricht, *Dyme sicht*, with *Slicht*, and *Subtiltie*.

V.

Thir war the inwarde ythand fervitouris,
 Quhilk governours war to this nobil king;
 And kepit him inclynit to thair curis.
 So wes thair nocht in erde that evir micht bring
 Ane of thir folk awa fra his dwelling.
 Thus to thair terme thai serve for thair rewarde:
 Dansing, disporting, finging, revelling,
 With *Bissnes* all blyth to pleis the lairde.

VI. This

VI.

This folk, with all the femell thai micht fang,
 Quhilk numerit ane milyon and weil mo,
 That wer upbred as servitours of lang,
 And with this king wald woun, in weil and wo.
 For favour, nor for feid, wald found him fro;
 Unto the tyme their dait be run and past:
 That gold, nor gude, micht gar thame fro him go;
 No greif, nor grane, fuld grayth thame so agast.

VII.

Fyve Serviturs this king he had WITHOUT,
 That teichit war ay tressoun to espy.
 Thai watchit ay the wallis round about,
 Fo innemeis that of hapining come by.
 Ane for the day, quhilk jugeit certainly,
 With cure to ken the colour of all hew:
 Ane for the nicht, that harknit bissely
 Out of quhat airt that evir the wyndis blew.

VIII.

Syne wes thair ane to taist all nutriment
 That to this king wes servit at the deis:
 Ane uther wes all favellis for sent
 Of licour, or of ony lustie meis:
 The fyft thair was quhilk culd all [ken,] but leis,
 The heit, the cauld, the harde, and eke the soft;
 Ane ganand servand bayth for weir and peice.
 Yit hes thir folk thair king betrafit off.

IX.

Honour perfewit to the kingis yet :
 Thir folk said all thai wald not lat him in ;
 Becaus thai said the lard to feist wes set,
 With all his lustie servands more and myn.
 Bot he ane port had enterit with ane gyn,
 And up he can in haist to the grit toure :
 And said he fuld it perall all with syn,
 And fresche delyt with money florist floure.

X.

So strang this king him thocht his castel stude,
 With mony toure and turrat crounit hie :
 About the wall their ran ane water voud,
 Blak, stinkand, four, and salt as is the sey ;
 That on the wallis wiskit, gre be gre,
 Rolding to ryis the castell to confound.
 Bot thai within maid sa grit melodie,
 That for thair reird thai might not heir the found.

XI.

With feistis fell, and full of jolitee,
 This cumlie court thair king thai kest to keip.
 That noy hes none bot newlie novaltie,
 And is nocht wount for wo to woun and weip.
 Full fendill sad, or soundlie set to sleip.
 No wandrethe wait, ay wenis welthe endure ;
 Behaldis nocht, nor luikis nocht, the deip,
 As thame to keip fra all misaventure.

XII. Richt

XII.

Richt as the rose upspringis fro the rute,
 In ruby colour reid most ryck of hew;
 Nor waindis nocht the levis to out schute,
 For schyning of the sone that deis renew.
 Thir uther flouris grené, quhyte, and blew,
 Quhilk hes na craft to knaw the wynter weit;
 Suppois that sommer schane dois thame reskew
 That dois thame quhile our haill with snaw and fleit.

XIII.

Dame PLESANCE had ane pretty place besyd,
 With fresche effeir, and mony folk in feir;
 The quhilk wes parald all about with pryd,
 So precious that it prysit wes but peir;
 With bulwarks braid, and mony bitter beir.
 Syn wes ane brig, that hegeit was, and strang;
 And all, that couth attane the castell neir,
 It maid thame for to mer amis, and mang.

XIV.

With touris grit, and strongest fort, behold,
 So craftlie with kirnellis kervin hie;
 The fitchand chaynis floreist all of gold.
 The grundin dairtis scharp, and bricht to se,
 Wald mak ane hart of flint to fald and fle
 For terrour, gif thai wald the castell fail;
 So kervin cleir that nicht na cruelté
 It for to wyn in all this world avale.

XV.

Servit this Quene Dame PLESANCE, all at richt,
 First *Hie Apporte*, *Bewtie*, and *Humilnes*;
 With mony utheris madinis, fair and bricht,
Reuth, and *Gud Fame*, *Freedome*, and *Gentilnes*;
Constance, *Patience*, *Raddour*, and *Meiknes*,
Couning, *Kyndnes*, *Heyndnes*, and *Honestie*,
Mirth, *Lustheid*, *Lyking*, and *Nobilnes*,
Blis, and *Blythnes*, [*Gudenes*] and pure *Pitie*,

XVI.

Thus war the staitis worthyest and ding,
 With mony mo, that servit to this Quene,
 Ane legioun liell war ay at hir leding,
 Quhen that hir court leist semble fair and clein.
 In thair effeir fayr service nicht be sene;
 For wes thair nocht that semit be avyse,
 That no man nicht the poynting of ane prene
 Repreve; nor pece, but payntit at devyse.

XVII.

Happenit this wourthy Quene, upon ane day,
 With hir fresche court arrayit weill at richt,
 Hunting to ryd hir, to desport and play,
 With mony ane lustie ladie fair and bricht,
 Hir baner schene, displayit, and on hicht,
 Wes sene abone their heidis quhayr thai rayd;
 The grene ground wes illuminyt of the licht.
 Fresche Bewtie had the vangarde and wes gyde.

XVIII. Ane

XVIII.

Ane legioun of thir lustie ladies schene
 Folowit this Quene, (trewlie this is no nay;) *And the*
 Hard by this castell of this King so kene *And the*
 This wourthy folk hes walit thame away;
 Quhilk did the dayis watcheis to affray, *The bewys*
 For feildin had thai fene sic folks befoir;
 So merrilie thai muster, and thai play, *To his*
 Withouttin either brag, or boist, or schore. *No law*

XIX.

The watcheis of the ficht wes so affrayit, *The bewys*
 Thai ran and tauld the King of thair intent;
 ' Lat nocht this mater, schir, be lang delayit;
 ' It war speidfull sum folk ye outwarde sent,
 ' That culd rehers what thing yon peple ment;
 ' Syne yow agane thairof to certifie. *And the*
 ' For battell byd thai bauldlie on yon bent;
 ' It wer bot schame to feinye cowartlie. *And the*

XX.

Youtheid upstert, and cleikit on his cloik,
 Was browdin all with lustie levis grene;
 Ryse, fresch *Delyte*, lat nocht this mater foke;
 We will go se quhat may this muster mene;
 So weill we fall us it copé betuene,
 Thair fall nothing pas away unspyit.
 Syn fall we tell the king as we have sene,
 And thair fall nothing trewlie be denyit.

XXI. *Youtheid*

XXI.

Youtheid furth past, and raid on *innocence*,
 Ane mylk quhyte steid that ambilit as the wynd;
 And fresche *Delyte* raid on *benevolence*,
 Throw out the meid that wald nocht byd behind.
 The beymes bricht almost had maid thame blind,
 That fra fresche *Bewtie* spred under the cloude,
 To hir thai socht, and fune thai culd hir find,
 No saw thai nane never wes halfe se proude.

XXII.

The bernis both wes basit of the sicht,
 And out of mesour marrit in thair mude;
 As spreitles folks on blonks houffit on hicht,
 Both in ane studie starand still thai stude.
Fair Calling freschlie on hir wayis yoide,
 And both thair reynyes cleikit in hir hands;
 Syn to hir castell raid, as she war woide,
 And festenit up thir folkis in Venus' bands.

XXIII.

Becaus thair come no bodwarde sone agane,
 The King out sent *New Gate*, and *Wantounnes*,
Grene Luif, *Disport*, *Waist gude* that nocht can lane,
 And with thame freschlie feir *Fulehardenes*.
 He bad thame spy the cais how that it wes,
 And bring bodwart, or [he] himself out past.
 Thai said thay fuld; and sone thai can thame dres,
 Full glaid thai glyde as gromés unagaist.

XXIV. On

XXIV.

On grund no greif quhill thai the grit ost se,
 Wald thai nocht rest the rinkis so thai ryde.
 Bot fra thai saw thair fute, and thair femblic,
 It culd thame bre, and biggit thame to byde.
Dreid of Disdane on fute ran thame besyde,
 Said thame bewar sen *Wisdom* is away:
 'For and ye prik amang thir folk of pryde,
 'A pane ye fall be restit be the way.'

XXV.

Fule hardenes full freschlie furth he flang,
 A fure leynth fer befoir his feiris fyve;
 And *Wantones*, suppois he had the wrang,
 Him folowit on als fast as he nicht dryve;
 So thai wer lyke amang thame self to stryve.
 The four-sum baid, and huvit on the grene.
 Fresch *Bewtie* with ane wyfk come [up] belyve,
 And thame all reistit war thai never so keine.

XXVI.

With that the foursum fayn thay wald have fled
 Agane unto thair castell, and thair king.
 Thai gave ane schout, and sone thai have thame sched,
 And bissellie thai kan thame bundin bring
 Agane unto the Quene; and bandis thring
 About thair handis and [thair] feit so fast,
 Quhill that thai maid thame with thair tormenting
 Haly of thair lyvis half agast.

XXVII. The

XXVII.

The watchis on the kingis walls hes fene
 The chaffing of the folk, and thair suppryce.
 Upstart King HART in propir yre and tein,
 And baldlie bad his folk all with him ryce.
 ' I fall not fit,' he said, ' and se thame thryse
 ' Discomfit clein my men, and put at under :
 ' Na we sa wrik us on ane uther wyse,
 ' Set we be few, to thame be fifty hounder.

XXVIII.

Than out thai raïd all to a random richt,
 This courtlie King, and all his cumlie ost ;
 His buirlie bainer brathit up on hicht ;
 And out thai blew with brag and mekle boist
 ' That lady and hir lynnage fuld be lost.'
 Thai cryit on hicht thair soinye wounder loud.
 Thus come thai keynlie carpand on the cost ;
 Thai preik, thai praunce, as princis that war woude.

XXIX.

Dame PLESANCE hes her folk arrayit weill,
 Fra that scho saw thai wald battell abyde.
 So *Bewté* with hir wangarde gane to reill,
 The greitest of thair ost scho can our ryd.
 Syne fresche *Apport* come on the tother fyd,
 So bisselie scho wes to battell bowne,
 That all that ever scho nicht ourtak that tyde
 Horsis and men with brount scho straik all doune.

XXX. Richt

XXX.

Richt thair King HART he hes in handis tane,
 And puirlye wes he present to the Quene;
 And scho had fairlie with ane fedderit flayne
 Woundit the King richt wondrous to wein.
 Delyverit him Deme *Bewtē* unto sene
 His wound to wesche, in sobering of his fair;
 Bot always as scho castis it to clene,
 His malady increffis mair and mair.

XXXI.

Woundit he wes, and quhair that he na wait;
 And mony of his folk hes tane the flicht.
 He said, 'I yeild me now to your estait,
 'Fayr Quene! sen to resist I have no micht.
 'Quhat will ye say me now for quhaten plycht?
 'For that I wait I did you never offence.
 'And gif I have done ocht that is unricht,
 'I offer me to your benevolence.'

XXXII.

Be this battell wes neir [hand] vincust all;
 The kingis men ar tane, and mony flane.
 Dame PLESANCE [than] can on fresch *Bewtie* call,
 Bad hir command the folk to presoun plane.
 King HART fair woundit was, bot he wes fayne,
 For weill he traistit that he suld recure,
 The Lady and her oft went hame agane,
 And mony presoner taken under cure.

XXXIII.

King HART his castell levit hes full waist,
 And *Hevenes* maid capitane it to keip,
Radour ran hame, full fleit and forchaist,
 Him for to hyde crap in the dungeoun deip.
Langour he lay upon the walls but sleip,
 But meit, or drink: the watché horne he blew.
Ire was the portour, that full fayr can weip;
 And *Jelousy* ran out; he wes never trew.

XXXIV.

He said he suld be spy, and bodwait bring,
 Bayth nicht and day, how that his maister fure.
 He folowit fast on fute eftir the king
 Unto the castell of Dame PLESANCE pure.
 In the presoun fand he mony creature;
 Sum fetterit fast; and [uthers] fre and large
 Quhairever thame list within the wallis fure.
 Sone *Jelousy* him hid under ane targe.

XXXV.

Thair saw he *Lust* by law [ly] under lok,
 In streinye strang fast fetterit fute and hand.
 Grene *Luif* lay bundin with ane felloun blok
 About the crag wes claspit with ane band.
Foutheid wes lous, and ay about waverand.
Desyre lay stokit by ane dungeoun dure.
 Yet *Honestie* [culd] keip him fayr farrand;
 And *Waifgud* followand him quhairever he fure.

XXXVI. *Discretion*

XXXVI.

Discretioun wes as then bot young of age;
 He sleipit with *Lust* quhairever he micht him find;
 And he agane wes crabbit at the page;
 Ane ladill full of luif, stude him behind,
 He suakit in his ene, and made him blinde;
 Sua that fra that tyme furth he micht nocht se:
 ' Speik thow ane wourde thy four feet fall I bind,
 ' Syn stroak the our the wallis in the se.

XXXVII.

Bissnes, New Gate, Freschnes, and syn Disporte,
Fredome, Gentrice, Cunning, and Fair Manere;
 All thir wer lous daylie, and yeid overthort
 To clois befoir the dungeoun windo neir;
 Quhair wynnit fair Dame PLESANCE that wes cleir,
 Quhilk hes espyit richt weill thair governance;
 And lauchan sche commandit tymés feir
 Thame to await upon thair observance.

XXXVIII.

This lustie Quene, within hir dungeoun strang,
 Coud desyir ay hir ladies hir about.
 And as scho list scho lerit thame to mang,
 That wald be in all folk that war without.
 For *Hie Apporte* scho is hir capitane stout;
Bewtie hir baner beris hir beforne;
 Dame *Chaiстетie* hir chalmarere bot dout;
 And *Strangénes* hir portare can weill scorne.

XXXIX. *Fayr*

XXXIX.

Fayr Calling is grit garitour on hicht,
 That watchis ay the wallis hie abone;
 And *Sucit Semblance* is marschal in hir ficht,
 As scho commandis so swyth all is done.
 Sa is thair [lakt] nocht musik nor of tune,
 The ladeis fueit thai mak sic melodie;
 Quhat wicht, that nicht it heir, fuld jugé sone
 To angell song, and hewinlie armony.

XL.

King *HART* intill ane previe clofit crappe,
 Was neir the dungeoun wall, neirby the ground;
 Sua he nicht heir and se, sic wes his happe,
 The meikill mirth, the melodie, and found,
 Quhilk fra the wallis fueitlie can redound
 In at his eir, and sink into his hairt;
 And thairin wirkis mony previe wound,
 That dois oft syis him stang with stoundis smart.

XLI.

Ay seik he is, and ever he hes his heill,
 In battale strang, and hes both pece and rest;
 The schairpe, and als the soft, can with him deill;
 The fueit, the four, both rewle and als unrest,
 Dame *Danger* hes of dolour to him drest,
 (Ane passioun that na proudnes hes without)
 With teiris weit ar rottin, may nocht lest,
 Fast brikan by the bordours all about.

XLII. Bot

XLII.

Bot *Youtheid* had him maid ane courthie cote,
 Als grene as gers; with goldin streamis bricht
 Brouden about; fast bukillit to his throte:
 A wourthy weid, weill closand, and full licht.
 Ane wyfar, that wes payntit for the sicht,
 As ruby reid, and part of quhyt amang;
 Off coulours nicht thair nane be freschlie dicht,
 Bot *Hevines* had fassonit it all wrang.

XLIII.

This wourthy King in presoun thus culd ly,
 With all his folk, and culd thair nane out brek.
 Full oft thai kan upon dame *Petrie* cry;
 ' Fair thing! cum doun a quhyl, and with us speik.
 ' Cum: farar way ye nicht your harmes wreik,
 ' Than thus to murdour us that yoldin ar.
 ' Wald ye us rew, quhairvir we nicht our reik,
 ' We fuld men be to you for evir mair.'

XLIV.

Than answerit *Danger*, and said, ' That wer grete doute!
 ' A madin fueit amang sa mony men
 ' To cum alane, bot folk war hir about;
 ' That is ane craft myself culd never ken.'
 With that scho ran unto the Lady kene;
 Kneland, ' Madame,' scho said, ' keip *Pitie* fast.
 ' Sythens scho ask, no licence to her lene;
 ' May scho wyn out, scho will play you a cast.'

XLV.

Than *Danger* to the duir tuik gude keip,
 Both nycht and day, that *Pitie* suld nocht pas.
 Quhill all fordwart, in [the] defalt of fleip,
 Scho bisselie as fortravalit scho was;
Fair Calling gaif hir drink into ane glas:
 Sone after that to fleip scho went anone.
Pitie was war that ilk [wes] prettie cas,
 And prevelie out at the dure is gone.

XLVI.

The dure on chare it stude; all wes on fleip;
 And *Pitie* doun the stair full sone is past.
 This *Bissines* hes sene, and gave gud keip:
 Dame *Pitie* hes he hint in armes fast.
 He callit on *Lust*, and he come at the last,
 His bandis gart he birft in peces smale:
 Dame *Pitie* wes gritlie feirit and agast,
 Be that wes *Comfort* croppin in our the wall.

XLVII.

Sone come *Delyte*, and he begouth to dance;
 Grene *Love* upstert, and can his spreittis ta.
 Full weill is me, said *Disporte*, of this chance,
 For now I traist gret melody to ma.
 All in ane rout unto the dure thai ga;
 And *Pietie* put thairin frost thame befoir.
 Quhat was thair mair but, 'Harro! Take, and slay!'
 The hous is wone withouttin brag or schoir.

XLVIII. The

XLVIII.

The courtenes all of gold about the bed
 Weill stentit was quhair fair Dame PLESANCE lay:
 Than new *Desyr*, als gredie as ane glade,
 Come rinnand in, and maid ane grit deray.
 The Quene is walknit with ane felloun fray,
 Up glifint, and beheld scho wes betrayd;
 'Yeild yow, madame,' on hicht can Schir *Lust* say:
 A wourde scho culd not speik scho was so abayd.

XLIX.

'Yeild yow, madame;' grene *Lust* culd say all fone;
 'And fairlie fall we governe yow and youris.
 'Our lord King HARTIS will must now be done,
 'That yit is law amang the nether bouris;
 'Our lang, madame, ye keipit thir hie towris;
 'Now thank we none bot Pitie us suppleit.'
 Dame *Danger* [than] into ane nuke scho kouris;
 And quakand thair the quene scho lay for dreid.

L.

Than *Bustéousnes* came with brag and boist,
 All that ganestude he straik deid in the flure.
 Dame PLESANCE said, 'Sall we this gate be lost?
 'Bring up the King, lat him in at the dure.
 'In his gentrice richt weill I dar assure.'
 Thairfoir sueit *Comfort* cryit upon the King:
 Than *Biffines*, that cunning creature,
 To serve Dame PLESANCE fone thair can him bring.

LI.

So fweit ane fwell as ftraik onto his hairt
 Quhen that he faw Dame PLESANCE at his will!
 ‘ I yield me, fchir, and do me nocht to fmart,
 (The fayr Quene faid upon this wyfe him till)
 ‘ I fauf youris, fuppois it be no skill.
 ‘ All that I have, and all that myne may be,
 ‘ With all my hairt I offer heir yow till;
 ‘ And askis nocht bot ye be trew till me.’

LII.

Till that [quhilk] *Love*, *Defyr*, and *Lust* devyfit,
 Thus fair Dame PLESANCE fweitle can affent.
 Than fuddenlie Schir HART him now difgyfit,
 On gat his amouris klok or ever he fteit.
 Freschlie to feist thir amouris folk ar went.
Blythnes wes firft brocht bodwart to the hall;
 Dame *Chafetie*, that felie innocent,
 For wo yeid wode, and flaw out ovr the wall.

LIII.

The luftie Quene fcho fat in mid the deis;
 Befoir hir ftude the nobil wourthy King.
 Servit thai war of mony dyvers meis,
 Full fawris fweit and fwyth thai culd thame bring.
 Thus thai maid ane [richt] mirrie marfchallings;
Beutie and *Love* ane hait burde hes begun:
 In werfchip of that luftie feist fo ding,
 Dame PLESANCE has gart perce Dame Venus’ tun.

End of CANTO the FIRST.

KING-

K I N G H A R T,

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

QUHA is at eis, quhen bayth ar now in blis,
 Bot fresche King HART that cleirlye is above;
 And wantis nocht in warld, that he wald wis,
 And traistis nocht that ever he fall remove.
 Scoir yeirs, and moir, Schir *Lyking*, and Schir *Luif*,
 Off him thai have the cure and governance.
 Quhill at the last befell, and sua behuif,
 Ane changing new that grevit Dame PLESANCE.

II.

A morowing tyde, quhen at the sone so schene
 Out raschit had his bemis frome the sky,
 Ane auld gude man befor the yet wes fene,
 Apone ane steid that raid full easalie.
 He rappit at the yet, but curtaflie;
 Hit at the straik the grit dungeoun can din,
 n at the last he schowted fellonlie,
 And bad thame rys, and said he wald cum in.

III.

Sone *Wantounnes* come to the wall abone,
 And cryit our, ' Quhat folk ar ye thair without ?'
 " My name is *Age*," said he agane full sone ;
 " May thow not heir ? Langar how I culd schout !"
 ' What war your will ?' " I will cum in but doubt."
 ' Now God forbid ! In fayth ye cum nocht heir.
 ' Rin on thy ways, [or] thow fall heir ane route ;
 ' And say the portare, he is wounder fweir.'

IV.

Sone *Wantounnes* he went unto the King,
 And tald him all the cais how that it stude.
 ' That taill, [quoth he,] I traist be na leifing,
 ' He was to cum. That wist I be the rude.
 ' It dois me noy, be God, in bane and blude,
 ' That he suld cum sa sone ! Quhat haist had he !'
 The Quene said [than] " To hald him out war gude."
 ' That wald I fayne war done, and it might be.'

V.

Youtheid upstart and knelit befor the King ;
 ' Lord, with your leif, I may na langar byde.
 ' My warifoun, (I wald that with me bring)
 ' Lord pay to me ; and gif me leif to ryd.
 ' For nicht I langar refyde yow besyde,
 ' Full fayne I wald, no war my felloun fa.
 ' For dout of *Age*, Schir King, yet lat me flyde ;
 ' For and I byd in fayth he will me fla.'

VI. Sen

VI.

- “ Sen thow man pas fair *Youtheid* wa is me!
 “ Thow wes my freynd, and maid me gude service.
 “ Fra thow be went never so blyth to be
 “ I mak ane vow, [al] thoch that it be nyce.
 “ Off all blythnes thy bodie beirs the pryce.
 “ To warefoun I gif thé, or thow ga,
 “ This fresche visar, was payntit at devyce.
 “ My lust alway with thé se that thow ta.

VII.

- “ For faik of thé I will no colour reid,
 “ Nor lustie quhyte, upon my bodie beir;
 “ Bot blak and gray, alway quhill I be deid,
 “ I will non uther wantoun wedis weir.
 “ Fayrweil my freynd! Thow did me never deir!
 “ Unwelcum *Age* thow come agane my will!
 “ I lat thé wit I micht thé weill forbeir.
 “ Thy warefoun fuld be [richt] smal but skill.

VIII.

- Than *Youtheid* said, ‘ *Disport* and *Wantounes*,
 ‘ My brether both, dispone ye with me ryde.’
 Upstart on fute lyfly *Delyverance*;
 Said, ‘ Schirris, I pray yow tak me for your gyde,
 ‘ Trow ye that I fall lye heirin to hyde
 ‘ This wourthy craft that Nature to me gaif?
 ‘ Na! Na! This couartnes fall nocht betyde!
 ‘ Fair on! I fall be formest of the laif.’

IX.

Out at ane previe postroune all thai past;
 And wald nocht byd all-out to tak thair leif.
 Than fresche *Delyte* come rynnand wonder fast,
 And with ane pull gat *Youtheid* be the sleif;
 ' Abyd! Abyd! Gud fallow, the nocht grief,
 ' Len me thy klok, to gys me for ane quhyle;
 ' Want I that weid in fayth I will mischief.
 ' Bot I fall follow ye within ane myle.

X.

Delyte come in, and all that saw his bak
 Thai weint it had bein *Youtheid* bundin still.
 Bot aftirwart, quhen that thai with him spak,
 Thai knew it wes ane feinye made thame till.
 Sen quhen he had disportit him his fill,
 His courtlie klok begouth to fayd of hew,
 Thriftles, threid bair, and reddy for to spill,
 Lyk failyeit blak, quhilk wes befor tyme blew.

XI.

Yit wald he nocht away all uterlie,
 Bot of retinew fert he him as than;
 And, or he wist, he speidit speidilie
 The flour of all the substance that he wan;
 So wourde he pure and pourit to the span.
 Yet *Appetyt*, his sone, he bad duell still.
 Bot, wot ye weill, he wes ane fory man
 For falt of gude he wantit all his will.

XII.

Be that wes *Age* enterit, and the first
 His branchis braid out bayr he mony [loir.]
 Unwylcum was the noy, quhen that thai wist,
 For folowand him thair come fyve hunder scor
 Off heiris that King HART had none befoir.
 And quhen that fayr dame PLESANCE had thame sene,
 Scho grevit, and scho angerit weill moir;
 Hir face scho wryit about for propir teyne.

XIII.

Scantlie had *Age* restit him thair ane quhyle,
 Quhen *Conscience* come cryand our the wall;
 'How lang think ye to hald me in exile?
 'Now, on my faul, ye ar bot lurdans all!
 'And sum of yow, be God, shall have ane fall,
 'May I him meit fra presence of the king.
 'All fals tratours I may yow full weill call
 'That servit weill be draw both heid and hing.'

XIV.

Fra *Age* [had] hard that *Conscience* was cuming,
 Full sone he rais belyve, and leit him in,
Sadnes he had, (ane klok fra meture muming
 He had upon,) and wes of *Ageis* kin:
 It war richt hard thay tua in funder twin,
 Thairfoir aftir his bak he ran anone.
 In mid the clois thair *Conscience* met with *Syn*,
 Ane felloun rout he laid on his rig-bone.

XV. *Conscience*

XV.

Conscience to *Sin* gave sic ane [angrie] dynt,
 Quhill to the erde he flaw and lay at under;
 Yit *Conscience* his breist hurt with the hynt:
 Bot *Sadnes* has [sone] put this tua in funder.
Folie and *Vyce* into thair wit thay wounder
 Quhow sic ane maister-man so sone suld rys,
 In mid the clois, on luikand, neir fyve hunder
 The kingis folk, to ding and to suppryse.

XVI.

Thai war adred, and sone hes tane the flicht;
 Syne in an hirne to hyde sone can thame hy.
 Than *Conscience* cum to the kingis ficht,
 Out at ane dore ran *Falset*, and *Invy*,
 Gredie *Desyr*, and gamesome *Gluttony*,
Vaunt, and *Vane gloir*, with new grene *Appetyt*;
 For *Conscience* luikit sa fellounlie,
 They ran away out of his presens quyt.

XVII.

' God blis the lord; (thus *Conscience* can say,)
 ' This quhyle bygane thow hes bene all to glaid.
 ' Ya, *Conscience*; and yit fayne wald I play;
 ' Bot now my hart [it] waxis wounder said.
 ' Thai have bene weikit counsalours thow had,
 ' Wist thou the futh, as thow fall after heir;
 ' For, wit thow weill, their burding [ay] wes bad;
 ' The rute is bitter; scharp as ony breir.

XVIII. Thy

XVIII.

Thy trefour have thai falsly fra thé tane,
 (Thir wickit folk thow wenit had bene trew ;)
 And stowan away fra thé, [be] ane and ane;
 For think, Thai never cum thé for to glew.
 Quhair is thy garment grene of gudlie hew?
 And thy fresche face, that *Youtheid* to thé maid?
 Thow bird, think shame, and of thy riot rew,
 Saw thow thyself into thy colour fad.

XIX.

Now mervale nocht, suppois I with thé chyde;
 For, wit thow weill, my hairt is wounder wa.
 Ane uther day, quhan thow may nathing hyde,
 I maun accuse thé as thy propir fa.
 Off thy vane werk first witnes thow me ta,
 Quhen all thy jolitie hes bene justifyit;
 It grevis me that thow suld graceles ga
 To waist thy weifair, and thy welthe so wyde.

XX.

As *Conscience* was chydand thus on hicht,
Reasoun, and *Wit*, richt at the yet thai rang,
 With rappis loud, for it drew neir the nicht;
 Bad lat thame in for thai had standin lang.
 Sayd *Conscience*, 'In gude fayth this is wrang!
 'Gif me the key, I fall be portar now.'
 So come thai in, ilkane throw uther, thrang,
 Syn with ane wysk almost I wait nocht how.

XXI, *Reasoun*

XXI.

Reffoun ran on quhair at *Discretioun* lay.
 Into ane nuke, quhar no man cuth him find;
 And with his knyfe he schure the flesche away
 That bred upon his ene, and maid him blind.
 Syne gaif he him the thuide ewin behind;
 ‘Now may thow se. Get up! No langar ly.
 ‘And sconner nocht to ryd in rane and wynd:
 ‘Quhairever I be, se that thow be neirby.’

XXII.

The King begouth to speik upon this wyfe;
 “Fayr *Conscience*, ye ar to crabbit now.
 “Your soverane and your lord for to suppryse
 “Thair is no man of gude will ye allow.
 “Quhat have I done that thus hes crabbit yow?
 “I followit counsale alway for the best.
 “And gif thai war untrew, I dar avow,
 “*Nature* did mis sic folk upon me cast.

XXIII.

“*Nature* me bred ane beist into my nest,
 “And gaif to me *Youtheid* first servitour;
 “That I no fute micht fund, be eist nor west,
 “Bot ever in warde in tutourfchip and cure;
 “And *Wantounes* quha was to me more sure.
 “Sic *Nature* to me brocht, and first devyfit
 “Me for to keip fra all misaventure.
 “Quhat blame serve I, this way to be suppryfit?

XXIV. “Y

XXIV.

- “ Ye did greit mis, fayr *Conscience*, be your leif,
 “ Gif that ye war of kyn and blude to me,
 “ That sleuthfullie suld lat your tyme our sleif;
 “ And come thus lait. How suld ye ask your fe?
 “ The steid is stown, steik the dure; lat se
 “ Quhat may avale, God wait! the stall to turne?
 “ And gif that ye be ane counfellar sle,
 “ Quhy suld ye sleuthfullie your tyme forsurne?

XXV.

- “ Off all my harme, and drerie indigence,
 “ Giff thair be ocht amys, me think, perdé,
 “ That ye ar caus verray of my offence;
 “ And suld sustene the bitter pairt for me.
 “ Mak ansuer now. Quhat can ye say? Lat se!
 “ Yourself excuse and mak yow foule or clene.
 “ *Reffoun* cum heir ye fall our juge [now] be;
 “ And in this caus gif sentens us betwene.

XXVI.

- “ Schir, be your leif, into my propir caus
 “ Suppois I speik, ye suld nocht be displesit.
 Said *Conscience*, ‘ Thir ar villanus laus,
 ‘ Gif I suld be the caus ye ar diselit.
 ‘ Ane young counsale in yow sa lang was seizit,
 ‘ That hes your tressour and your gude destroyit.
 ‘ Richt fayne wald I with mesour it war meisit,
 ‘ For of your harme God wait gif I be noyit.

XXX.

XXVII. Ye

XXVII.

' Ye put grit wyt that I so lang abaid,
 ' Gif that I culd with counsale yow avale;
 ' Schir, traist [ye] weill ane verrie caus I had,
 ' Or ellis wer no reffoun in my tale.
 ' My terine wes fet by ordour naturale,
 ' To quhattin work allway I most obey;
 ' Nor dar I nocht be no way mak travale,
 ' Bot quhair I se my maister get a fuey.

XXVIII.

' For stand he on his feit, and stakkir nocht,
 ' Thir hundreth yeir fall cum into his hald.
 ' Bot nevertheles, schir, all thing ye have wrocht
 ' With help of *Wisdom*, and his willis wald,
 ' I fall reforme it blythlie. Be ye bald:
 ' And *Youtheit* have [the] wyt of your misdeed.
 ' Thairfoir requyr ye *Reffoun* mony fald,
 ' That he his rollis raithlie to yow reid.

XXIX.

Reffoun rais up, and in his rollis he brocht;
 ' Gif I fall say the sentence fall be plane;
 ' Do never the thing that ever may scayth thé ocht;
 ' Keip mesour and trowth, for thairin lyes na trayne.
 ' *Discretioun* fuld ay with King HART remane;
 ' Thir uthir young folk-servands ar bot fulis.
 ' *Experience* mais *Knowledge* now agane;
 ' And barnis young fuld lerge at auld mens' sculis.

XXX. ' *Quha*

XXX.

- ‘ Quha gustis fueit, and feld never of the four,
 ‘ Quhat can he say? How may he seasoun juge?
 ‘ Quha sittis hait, and feld never cauld ane hour,
 ‘ Quhat wedder is thairout under the luge
 ‘ How fuld he wit? That war ane mervale huge!
 ‘ To by richt blew, that never ane hew had sene!
 ‘ Ane fervand be, that never had sene ane fuge!
 ‘ Suppois it ryme it accords nocht all clene.

XXXI.

- ‘ TO WYS THE RICHT, AND TO DISUSE THE WRANG,
 ‘ That is my scule to all that list to leyr.
 ‘ But *Wisdom* gif ye fuld duell us amang,
 ‘ Methink ye duell our lang; put down your speir,
 ‘ Ye micht weill mak ane end of all this weir;
 ‘ Wald ye furth schaw your wourthy documents.
 ‘ For is thair none that [ever] can forbeyr
 ‘ The work of *Vyce*, withouttin your defence.

XXXII.

- Wit* said, ‘ Schir King be war, or ye be wa,
 ‘ (For *Forficht* he hes [now] full lang bein flemit)
 ‘ Unto knawing thy freynd for be thy fa,
 ‘ Giff thou will have thy cuntré all weill yemit,
 ‘ And be thou weill, to hald thé so it semís;
 [Neir weinand aucht to do that war amis:]
 ‘ Eftir thy dethe thy deidis man be demit,
 ‘ Be thy desert outhir to bail or blis.

XXXIII. *Honour*

XXXIII.

Honour he raid the castell round about
 Upon ane steid that wes als quhyte as mylk.
 “Is *Eis* thairin?” cryit he [ay] with ane schout.
 Dame PLESANCE spak, (hir face hid with ane fylk,)
 ‘He is ane governour of ours that ilk.
Wit said, ‘Cum in! Full welcum to thir wanis!’
 “I compt not all your werkis wurth ane wilk;
 “Ye fall nocht harber me and *Eis* at anis.”

XXXIV.

Worschip of Weir come on the tother fyde,
 Upon ane steid rampand was reid as blude;
 He cryit on *Strenth*, ‘Cum out man! Be my gyde.
 ‘I can nocht ryde out-our this water woude.’
 Dame PLESANCE harde and on hir wayis scho yeid
 Richt to the King, and bad him *Strenth* arreist;
 ‘I wald not, schir, for mekle worldlie gude
 ‘Want *Strenth* ane hour quhenevir we go to feist.

XXXV.

‘In all disport he may us gritlie vaill,
 ‘Gif him na leif, bot hald him quhill ye may.’
 The King full weil had harde Dame PLESANCE tale,
 And *Strenth* he hes arreistit be the way.
 ‘Abyd!’ he said: ‘we fall anither day
 ‘Seik *Worschip* at our will and us avance.
 ‘I dreid me fair, Schir *Strenth*, of that delay;
 ‘For aumés hes both happie tyme and chance.

XXXVI. *Strenth*

XXXVI.

Strenth said; ' Now I am grene, and in my flouris,
 ' Fain wald I follow *Wirschip*, and I micht.
 ' For, gif I byd, in fayth the falt is youris,
 ' I man obey to yow sen that is richt.
 " Now se I weill, Dame PLESANCE, his grit slicht
 " And fy on *Eis* that *Honour* haldis out;
 " He is the man micht bring us all to hicht;
 " Lo quhair he rydis bakwarde with his route!

XXXVII.

With this *Bewtie* come in the Kingis slicht;
 Full reverendlie scho knelit in his presence;
 ' Dame PLESANCE sayis, schir, that ye do unricht,
 ' Durst I it say unto your hie reverence,
 ' Ye have displeit hir lie magnificence,
 ' That fuld let *Conscience* in hir castell cum,
 ' He is hir fo, and dois hir grit offence,
 ' And oft tymes can her servitours ourcum.

XXXVIII.

Thairwith the King upstart, and turnit abak
 On *Conscience*, and all his court on feir;
 And to the Quene the richt way can he tak,
 Full suddanlie in armis hint the cleir.
 Scho wryit about, to kys scho wes full sueir;
 Than he agane full fayrlie to hir spak;
 ' No! Be no wraith with me, my lady deir!
 ' For as I may I fall yow mirrie mak.

D

XXXIX. ' Thoch

XXXIX.

' Thoch *Conscience* and *Wisdom* me to keip
 ' Be cumin both, I fall thame weill begyle:
 ' For trewlie quhan [that] thai ar gane to sleip
 ' I fall be heir within ane bonny quhyle;
 ' My solace fall I sleylie thus our fyle.
 ' Richt fall nocht rest me alway with his rewle;
 ' Thoch I be quhylum bowsum as ane waile,
 ' I fall be cruikit quhill I mak him fule.

XL.

Dame PLESANCE [said], ' My freyndis now ar fiede;
 ' The lustie folk that ye furth with yow brocht.
 ' Methink thir carlis ar nocht courtlie cled!
 ' Quhat joy have I of thame? I compt thame nocht.
 ' *Youtbeid*, and fresche *Delyte*, nicht thai be brocht!
 ' For with thair service I am richt weill kend.
 ' Fayne wald I that ye fend men and thame focht,
 ' Althoch it war unto the warldis end.'

XLI.

The Quene wourde wrayth; the king wes sone adred;
 For hir disdane he culd nocht gudlie beir.
 Thai sowpit sone, and syne thai bownit to bed,
 Sadnes cum in and rownit in his eir.
 Dame PLESANCE hes persavit hir new feyr;
 And airlie, afore the son, scho gan to ryse
 Out of the bed, and turst up all hir geir.
 The King wes found on sleip, and still he lyis.

XLII.

Horfis and harnes hint scho hes in haist;
 With all hir folk scho can hir wayis fayr.
 Be this it wes full neir myd-day almaist,
 Than come *Diseis* in ryding with ane rair;
 'The Quene is went, allace, I wait nocht quhair!'
 The King began to wak, and harde the beir:
 Than *Jelosie* cum strekand up the stair,
 To serve the King, and drew him wounder neir.

XLIII.

Ressoun come in: 'Schir King, I reid ye ryfe,
 'Thair is ane grit pairt of this fayr day run.
 'The sone wes at the hicht, and dounwarde hyis.
 'Quhair is the thesaure now that ye have woun?
 'This drink wes sueit ye fand in *Venus'* tun!
 'Sone eftir this it fall be stail and foure;
 'Thairfoir of it I reid no moir ye cun:
 'Lat it ly still, and pleis your paramour.'

XLIV.

Than *Wisdom*e sayis, 'Schape for sum governance;
 'Sen fayr Dame *PLESANCE* on hir ways is went.
 'In your last da's yow may yourself avance,
 'Gif that ye wourde of the same indigent.
 'Go to your place, and yow thairin present;
 'The castell yet is strang aneuche to hald.
 'Than *Sadnes* said, 'Sir King ye man assent;
 'Quhat have ye now ado in this waist fald?

XLV.

The King hes harde thair counsale at the last,
 And halelie assentit to thair saw.
 ‘Mak redie sone,’ he sayis, ‘and speid yow fast.’
 Full suddanlie thai can the clarioun blaw;
 On hors thai lap, and raid thai all on raw
 To his awin castell, quhairin he wes brede.
Langour the watche, attour the kirnale flaw;
 And *Hervines* to the grit dungeoun fiede.

XLVI.

He cryit, ‘Schir King welcome to thy awin place!’
 ‘I have it keipit trewlie sen thow past.
 ‘Bot I have meikill mervale of thy face,
 ‘That changeit is lyk [with] ane winter blast.
 ‘Ya *Hervines*.’ the King said at the last,
 ‘Now have I this with fer mo harmés hint:
 ‘Quhilk grevis me, quhen I my comptis kast,
 ‘How I fresche *Youtheid* and his fallowis tynt.

XLVII.

Strenth wes as then fast fadit of his flouris,
 Bot still yit with the King he can abyde;
 Quhill at the last in the hochis he cowris,
 Than prevelie out at the yet can flyde.
 He stall away, and went on wayis wyde,
 And socht quhair *Youtheid*, and his feiris, wunde:
 Full suddanlie, suppois he had na gyde,
 Behinde ane hill he hes his feiris funde.

XLVIII. Swa,

XLVIII.

Swae, on ane day, the dayis watchis tua
 Come [in ;] and said thair saw ane felloun mist.
 ‘ Ya,’ sayd *Wisdom*, ‘ I wist it wald be sa :
 ‘ That is ane sang befor ane hevie trist !
 ‘ That is perell to cum, quhaeir it wist
 ‘ For, on sum fyde, thair fall us folk assail.’
 The King sat still ; to travail he nocht list ;
 And hermit syn a quhyle to *Wit* his tail.

XLIX.

Desyre wes daylie at the chalmer dure ;
 And *Jelousie* wes never of his presence ;
Ire kepit ay the yet, with meikle cure ;
 And *Wretchitnes* wes hyde into the spence.
 ‘ Sic folk as thir,’ he said, ‘ to mak defence,
 ‘ With all thair familie fullie hundreths fyve !’
 Schir *Eis* he was the gritest of reverence ;
 Best lovit with the King of leid on lyve.

L.

Unto the yet cum rydand on ane day
Wirschip of Weir, quhilk sawis *Honour* hie ;
 ‘ Go to the King,’ with sture voce can he say,
 ‘ Speir gif ony office he hes for me ;
 ‘ For, and him list, I will him serve for fee.’
Wisdom come to the wall, cryand our agane ;
 ‘ Man seik thy fortoun with *Adversitie* ;
 ‘ It is nocht heir sic thing as thow fuld gane.

LI.

‘ *Strentb* is away, outstolling lyk ane theif,
 ‘ Quhilk keipet ay the thesaure of estait :
 ‘ Thair is no man fuld charis thé fa leif,
 ‘ Thir uther folk of wirschip ar full bleit.’
Wirschip of Weir agane with *Wysdome* flate;
 ‘ Quhy wald ye nocht me se quhen *Strentb* ye had ?’
 Thairwith come *Eis* ; sad, ‘ I sit warme and hait ;
 ‘ Quhen thai thairout fall be with stouris stade.’

LII.

Wirschip sayis, ‘ *Ware* I wait ye have at hand,
 ‘ Quhilk fall assailye your wallis hie and strang.’
 Than *Wysdome* said, ‘ Dame PLESANCE, fueit sembland,
 ‘ In youtheid wald nocht thole us *Wirschip* fang.
 ‘ Adew, fayrweill !’ (*Wirschip* sayis) ‘ now I gang
 ‘ To seik my craft into the warldis end.’
 But *Wysdome* sayis, ‘ Tak you *Diseis* amang ;
 ‘ And wait on me als quhylum quhair ye wend.

LIII.

‘ For, do ye nocht, ye may nocht weill oft heif,
 “ What is your name ?” ‘ *Wisdom* for fuyth I hecht.
 “ All wrang, God wait ! oft tymes, schir, be your leif
 “ My aventure will schape out of your sight :
 “ Bot nevir the les may fall that ye have richt.
 “ Reuth have I none, outlak fortoun and chance,
 “ That mane I ay perfew both day and nicht ;
 “ *Eis* I defy to hing in his balance.’

LIV, Richt

LIV.

Richt as thir tuo ware talkand [fast] in feir,
 Ane hiddous oft thai saw cum our the mure;
Decrepitus, (his baner schane nocht cleir)
 Was at the hand, with mony chiftanis sture.
 A trudge bak that cairful cative bure;
 And crukit was his laythlie limmis bayth.
 Bot smirk, or smyle, bot rather for to smure,
 Bot scoup, or skift, his craft is all to scayth.

LV.

Within ane quhyle the castell all about
 He feigit fast with mony sow and gyne:
 And thai within gaif mony hidduwus schout.
 For thai war wonder waking, HART, to thyne!
 The grundin ganyeis, and grit gunnis fyne,
 Thai schut without: within thai stanis cast.
 King HART sayis, 'Had the hous for it is myne;
 'Gif it nocht our als lang as we may left.'

LVI

Thus thai within had maid full grit defence,
 Ay quhill thai nicht the wallis [hie] have yemit.
 Quhill, at the last, thai wantit thame dispence,
 Ewill purvayit folk, and sa weill stemit!
 Thair tunnis, and thair tubbis, war all temit;
 And failyet wes the flesche that wes thair foude.
 And at the last *Wisdom*e the best hes demit
 [*Comforte* to byd thame kepe, that he ne youde.]

LVII.

' And he be tynt in perrel put we all ;
 ' Thairfoir had wait and lat him nocht away.
 Be this thai harde the meikle fore tour fall,
 Quhilk maid thame in the dungeoun to affray.
 Than rais the meikle dirdum and deray !
 The barmekin birst, thai enterit in at large ;
Heidwerk, Hoist, and Perlasz, maid grit pay ;
 And murmours mo with mony speir and targe.

LVII.

Quhen that thai saw na bute wes to defend,
 Than in thai leit: *Decrepitus* full tyte.
 He focht King HART, for he full well him kend,
 And with ane fuerde he can him smertlie smyte
 His bak in tua, richt pertlie for dispyte ;
 And with the brand [fyne] brak he both his schinnis.
 He gaif ane cry, than *Comforte* fled out quyte ;
 And thus this bailful bargane he begynnis.

LIX.

Reffoun forfochtin [wes] and ewill drest ;
 And *Wisdom*e wes ay wanderand to the dure ;
Conscience lay [him] doun ane quhyle to rest,
 Becaus he saw the King wourd waik and pure ;
 For so in dule he nicht no langar dure :
 ' Go send for *Deid*, ' thus said he verament ;
 ' Yit for I weill dispone of my thesure,
 ' Upon this wyse mak I my testament.

LX. ' To

LX.

' To fayr dame PLESANCE ay quhen scho list ryd
 ' My proud palfry, *unstedfastnes*, I leif;
 ' With *fikkilnes*, his sadill set on fyde,
 ' This aucht thair nane of refoun hir to reive.
 ' To fresche *Berwtie*, becaus I culd hir heve,
 ' Grein *Appetyt* hir fervand for to be;
 ' To crak and cry alway quhill he hir deve,
 ' That I command him straitlie quhill he de.

LXI.

' Grein *Lust*, I leif to the at my last ende
 ' Of fantisie ane fostell fillit fow.
 ' *Youtheid*, becaus that thow my barnheid kend,
 ' To *Wantounes* ay will I that thow bow.
 ' To *Gluttony*, that oft maid me our fow,
 ' This meikle wambe, this rottin levir als,
 ' Se that ye beir; and that command I yow,
 ' And smertlie hing [thame] both abone his hals.

LXII.

' To Reve *Supper*, be he amang the route,
 ' Ye me commend; he is ane fallow fyne!
 ' This rottin stomak that I beir aboute
 ' Ye rug it out, and reik it to him fyne:
 ' For he hes hinderat me of mony dyne;
 ' And mony tyme the mes hes gart me sleip.
 ' Myn wittis hes he waittit oft with wyne;
 ' And maid my stomak with hait lustis leip.

LXIII. ' *Deliverance*

LXIII.

- *Deliverance* hes oft tymes done me gude,
- Quhen I wes young, and stede in tendir age;
- He gart me ryn full rakles, be the rude,
- At ball and bowll; thairfoir grait weill that page:
- This brokin schyn, that fuellis and will nocht suage,
- Ye beir to him; he brak it at the ball:
- And say to him that it fall be his wage;
- This breifit arme ye beir to him at all.

LXIV.

- To *Chastitie*, that felie innocent,
- Heir leif I now my conscience for to scour
- Off all the wickit roust, that throw it went,
- Quhen scho for me the teiris doun culd powre.
- That fayr sueit thing bemaning in everie bour,
- That never roust of vyce nor violence
- Bot evirmore is mareit with ane four:
- And clene of lustis curst experience.

LXV.

- To *Fredome* fall ye found, and fairlie beir
- This threid bair cloik, sumtyme wes thik of wow;
- And bid for my saik that he [fall] it weir
- Quhen he hes spendit of that he hes now.
- Ay quhen his purs of penneis is nocht fow;
- Quhair is his fredome than? Full fer to seik!
- A yon is he, wes quhylum till allow,
- Quhat is he now? No fallow wourth ane leik.

LXVI. 'To

LXVI.

- ‘ To *Waistgude* luk and beir neid that I lefe;
 ‘ To *Covatye* syn gif this bleis of fyre;
 ‘ To fervant *Voky* ye beir this rown flef;
 ‘ [And] bid thame thairin that thai talk thair hyre.
 ‘ To *Bissnes*, that never wes wont to tyre,
 ‘ Beir him this stule, and bid him now sit down;
 ‘ For he hes left his maister in the myre,
 ‘ And wald nocht draw him out thoch he fuld droun.

LXVII.

- ‘ *Fulehardines* beir him this brokin brow,
 ‘ And bid him bawldlie bind it with ane clout;
 ‘ For he hes gotten morsellis on the mow,
 ‘ And brocht his maister oft in meikle dout.
 ‘ Syn fall ye eftir fayre Dame *Danger* schout
 ‘ And say, becaus scho had me ay at feid,
 ‘ This brokin speir, sumtyme wes stiff and stout,
 ‘ To hir I leif, bot se it want the heid.’

Quod Maister Gawin Douglas

Bishop of Dunkeld.

THE TWA MARIIT WEMEN,

AND

THE WED O.

A TALE.

WRITTIN BE MAISTER WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE ARGUMENTE.

*The poete, walkand in the feldis on Midsommer Nycht, our-
bearis Thre nobil Ladyeis tell thair aventuris in maryage.*

UPON the Midsummer ewin, mirriest of nichtis,
I muvit furth alane, quhen as midnicht wes past,
Besyd ane gudlie grene garth full of gay flouris,
Hegeit, of ane huge hicht, with hawthorne treeis;
Quhairon ane bird on ane bransche so birst out hir notis
That never ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche harde,
Quhat throw the sugarat soun of hir sang glaid,
And throw the favour fanative of the sweit flouris,
I drew in derne to the dyke to dirkin eftir myrthis;

The

The dew donkit the dail, and [dynarit] the feulis.
 I hard, under ane holyn hewmlie grein hewit,
 Ane hie speiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis.
 With that in haist to the hege so hard I inthrang
 That I was heildit with hawthorne and with heynd leveis:
 Throw pykis of the plet thorne I presandlie luikit,
 Gif ony persoun wald approohe within that plesand
 garding;

I saw thre gay ladeis sit in ane grene arbeur,
 All grathit into garlaneis of fresche gudellie flouris;
 So glitterit as the gowd wer thair glorious gilt tressis,
 Quhil all the gressis did gleme of the glaid hewis;
 Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiousslie sched
 Attour thair schoulderis doun, schyre schyning full bricht;
 With kurches, cassin thame abone, of krisp cleir and thin.
 Thair mantillis grein war as the gress that grew in May
 sesoun;

Fastnit with thair quhyt fingaris about thair fair sydis.
 Off ferlifful fyne favour war thair faces meik,
 All full of flurist fairheid, as flouris in June,
 Quhyt, seimlie, and soft, as the sweet lillies;
 New upspred upon spray as new spynist rose.
 Arrayit ryallie about with mony riche wardour,
 That Nature, full nobilie, annamilit fine with flouris
 Of alkin hewis under hewin, that ony heynd knew,
 Fragrant, all full of fresche odour fynest of smell.
 Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befoir thai thre ladeis,
 With ryche copis as I wys full of ryche wynis.

And

And of thir fair wlouks quhyte tua weddit war with
lordis,

Ane wes ane wedow, I wist, wantoun of laitis.

And, as thai talkit at the tabil of mony taill funde,

Thay wauchit at the wicht wyne, and warit out wourdis,

And syne thai spak more spedelie, and sparit no materis.

Bewrie, said the wedo, ye weddit werren ying,

Quhat mirth ye fand in maryage, sen ye war menis wyffis :

Reveil gif ye rewit that rakles conditioun,

Or gif that ever ye luffit leyd upon lyfe mair

Nor quhame that ye your faythe hes festnit for ever.

Or gif ye think, had ye chois, that ye wald cheis better.

Think ye it nocht ane blist band that bindis so fast

That none unto it adew may say bot the deithe lane ?

Than spak ane lusty belyf, with lustie effeiris,

It, that ye call the blist band that bindis so fast

Is bair of blis, and baleful, and greit barrat wiik !

Ye speir, had I fre chois, gif I wald cheis better ?

Chenyeis ay ar to eschew ; and changes are sweit.

Sic cursit chance till eschew had I my chois anis,

Out of the chanyeis of ane churle I scaip fuld for ever.

God gif matrimony wer made to mell for ane yeir,

It war bot monstrous to be mair bot gif our mindis
pleisit.

It is againe the law of luif, of kynd, and of nature,

Togidder haitis to streine, that stryvis with uthar.

Birdis hes ane better law na bernis be meikil,

That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane maik ;

And fangis thame ane freshe feyr, unfulyeit, and constant;
 And lattis thair fukert feyris flie quhair thai pleis.
 Chryst gif sic ane consuetude war in this eith yoldin!
 Than weil war us wemen, that ever we may be fre,
 We suld have feiris as fresche to fang quhen we wald,
 And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhan thai lak curage.
 Myself suld be full femlie with silkis arrayit;
 Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyous, and gentryce,
 I suld at faris be found, new facis to spy;
 At playis, and preichings, and pilgrimages greit,
 To schaw my renoun royaly, quhair preis was of folk;
 To manifest my makdome to multitude of pepil,
 And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony;
 That I micht chois, and be chosin, and change quhen me
 lykit.

Than suld I wail ane full weil, our all the wyde realme,
 That suld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht.
 And quhen I gottin had ane grume, ganest of uther,
 Yaip, and ying, in the yok ane yeir for to draw;
 Fra I had preveit his picht the first plesand moneth,
 Than suld I cast me to keik in kirk, and in market,
 And all the cuntrie about, kyngis court, and uther,
 Quhair I ane galland micht get aganis the next yeir,
 For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen faikeit the
 tother.

A forky fure, ay furthwart, and forsy in draucht;
 Nothir febil, nor fant, nor fulyeit in labour;

Bot

Bot als fresche of his forme, as flouris in May :
 For all the fruit fuld I fang thoch he the flour burgeoun;
 I have ane wallidrag, ane worm, ane auld wobat carle,
 A waiffit wolroun, na worthe bot wourdis to clatter;
 An bumbart, ane dron-bee, ane bag full of fleume,
 Ane scabbit skarth, ane scorpion, ane scutarde behind:
 To see him scart his awin skyn grit scunner I think.
 Quhen kissis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my sorow;
 As brefs of ane brym bair his berd is als stiff,
 Bot soft and soupil as the silk is his fary lume.
 He may weil to the syn assent, bot fakles is his deidis;
 And gor is his tua grym ene gladderit all about,
 And gorgit lyk twa guttaris that wer with glar stoppit,
 Bot quhen that glourand gaisst grippis me about,
 Than think I hiddowus Mahoune hes me in armes:
 Than ma na fynyne me save fra that auld Sathane;
 For thoch I wese me all cleine, fra the croun downe,
 He will me yet all beclip and clap me to his breist.
 Quhan schorne is that auld shak with ane scharp rasour,
 He chowis me his chewal mouth, and scheddis my lippis;
 And with hard hurcham skyn sa heclis he my cheitres,
 [That even lyk] ane glemand gleid glowis my chaftis;
 I schrenk for that scharp stound, but schent dar I not,
 For schore of that auld schrew, schame him betyde!
 The luif blenkis of that bugil, fra his bleirit ene,
 As Belzebub had on me blent, abasit my spreit.
 And quhen the siny on me smirks with his smaik smollat
 He

He sipillis lyk ane farfy aver, that flyrit on ane gykat.
 Quhen that the foundis of his saw synkis in my eiris,
 Than ay renewis my noy; or he be neir cumand,
 Quhen I heir mentionat his name, than mak I nyne
 croces,

To keip me fra the commerance of that carle mangit;
 That full of elduring is, and anger, and all ewil thewis:
 I dar nocht luik to my luif for that lene gib;
 He is sa full of jelosy, and ingyne fals;
 Ever imagining in mynd materis of ewill,
 Compassand and castand castis ane thousand
 How he fall tak me with ane trew atryft of ane uther.
 I dar nocht luik to the knaip that the cop fillis,
 For indilling of that auld shrew, that ever on ewill thinkis:
 For he is waistit, and worne fra Venus' werkis;
 And may not beit wourth ane bein in bed of my misseris.
 He trows that young folk iwarne yeild quhair he gane is.
 Bot I may yuik all this yeir, or his yerde help:
 And quhan that carybould carle wald clyme on my wame,
 Than am I dangerus, and daue, and dour of my will.

Yeit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betwene,
 To fyle my flescche, na fummil me, without a feschove.

And thoch his pen puirlic me payis into bed,
 His purs payis richlie in recompens after:

For er he clim on my cace, that carybould irchane,
 I have ane conditioun of ane curchief of krisp, or silk;
 Ane gown of engranit clayth, richt gaylie [wrocht;]
 Ane ring with ane ryal stane; or uther ryche juell.

E

Quhen

Quhen that she seimlie had said hir sentence to end,
 Than all thay leuche upon lost, with laiks full mirry;
 And raucht the cop round about full of ryche wynis;
 And raiket lang, or thay wald rest, with ryatus speiche.

The wedo to the tother wlouk warpit thir wordis:
 Now, fayr sister, fallis yow but fenyeing to tell,
 Sen men first with matrimonie yow mensit in kirk,
 How have ye farne be your fayth? Confes us the truith.
 That band to blis, or to ban, quhilk yow best thinkis;
 Or yow the lyk lyf to leyd into leil spousage.
 And syne myself you exame on the same wyse;
 And I fall say furth the suth, dissembland na wourd.

The pleisand said, I protest the treuth gif I schaw,
 That of your tounge ye be traist. The uther tua grantit.
 To speik, quoth sche, I fall nocht spair; thair is no spy neir.
 With that sprang up her spreit be an span heichar.
 I fall ane ragment reweil fra the rute of my hairt;
 A rowst that is so ranklit quhil ryfis my stomak;
 Now fall the byll all out brist, that beried hes bein lang;
 For it to beir on my breist was burden our hevie:
 I fall the venom avoyd with ane vent large;
 And me assuage of that swalme, that suellit was greit.
 My husband was ane huremaster, the hugeast in erd:
 Thairfoir I hait him with my hairt, so help me our lord.
 He was ane young man richt yaip, but not in yowthis flouris;
 For he is fadit full far, and feiblit of strenth.
 He was ane flurrissing fresche within thir few yeirs;
 Bot he is failyet full far, and fulyeit in labour.

He hes bein lichour sa lang quhil lost is his nature:
His luve is waxit larbar, and lyis into fwowne.
Was never lichroun war fet na on that snail tyrit;
For efter fewen owks ar don he wil nocht ryd anis.
He hes bene waistit upon wemen, or he me wyf cheisit:
And in adulterie, in my tyme, I haif him tane oft.
[For yet] he is als brankard with [ony woman,]
And blenkand to the brichtest that in the burgh duels;
Als courtlie of his cleything, and kemmit his hair is,
As he that is mair valyeant into Venus chalmer.
He semis to be sumthing wourth, that syphir in bour,
He luikis as he wald luvit be, thoch he be lytil of valour.
He dois [lyke] ane dotit dog that dams on all buffis;
He lifts his leg upon loft, tho he nocht list to pische.
He hes ane luik without lust, and lyfe without curage;
He hes ane forme without force, and fassoun but vertew;
And fair wourdis but effect, all frustar of deidis.
He is for ladeis in luif ane richt lustie shadow.
Bot into derne, at the deid, he fall be droup funding.
He railyes, and maks rippet with ryatus wourdis,
Ay rufing him of his rardis, and rageing in chalmer;
Bot God wait quhat I think quhen he so thra speikis:
And how it settis him so syd to sege of sic materis.
Bot gif himself, of sum ewin, micht ane sa amang
thame——
Bot he nocht ane is, bot nane of nature's possessouris.
Sche that has ane auld man nocht all is begylit:
He is at Venus' werkis na war nor he semis.

I weind I had chofin ane jeme, and I have ane geit gottin;
 He had the gleyming of gold, and was bot glas fundin.
 Thoch men be fers, weil I find, fra failye thair curage,
 Thair is bot kudling;—and anger thair haitis within.

Ye speik of birdis on beuch: of blis may thai sing,
 That, on Sanct Valentine's day, ar vakandis ilk yeir.
 Had I that plesand prevelege to part quhan me lykit;
 To change, and ay to cheis agane; than, Chastitie, adew!
 Than fuld I have ane fresche feir to fang in my armis:
 To hald ane freik, quhil he fant, may fillie be callit.
 Upon sic materis I mus at midnicht full aft;
 And murnis so in my mynd, I murdres myself in kair.
 Than ly I walkand for wa, and welteris about:
 Waryand of my wickit kin, that me hewin mariit—
 To sic ane walroun but curage to knyt myrth and bewtie!
 And thair so mony kein knichtis this kynrik within:
 Than think I thame seimlier, the sicht for to try,
 Na is our fyr be sic sewin. With that I sich oft.
 Than he full tenderlie dois turne to me his tume persoun,
 And, with ane yoldin yerd, dois yok me in armes:
 And sayis 'My foverane sweit thing, quhey sleip ye nocht
 better?

'Me think thair haldis yow ane heit, as ye sum harme
 ailit.'

Quoth I, 'My hinny, hald abak; and handle me nocht fair.
 'Ane hacshe hes happenit hastelie at my hait rute.'
 With that I seim for to swoun, thoch I no swerf tak:
 And thus beweik I that swane, with my sweit wourds,

I cast on him a crabbit [e:] and quhen the cleir day is
cuming,

And leitis it is ane luif blenk, quhen he about gleymis,
I turne it in ane tendir luik, that I am tene waryat;
And him behaldis humblie, with hartlie smyling.

I wald ane tendir peronall that nicht no put thole;
That hathit men with hard geir, for hurtyng of flesche;
Had my gude man to hir gaist: for I dar God sueir,
She suld nocht stert for his straik ane stray breid of erd.
And syne I wald that ilk band, that ye sa blist call,
Had band him so to that bricht, quhil his bak werkit;
And I war in bed brocht with berne that me lykit;
Trow, that bird of my blis suld ane burde want.

Anone quhen this aimable had endit her speche,
Loud lauchand the laif allowit her meikill.

Thir gay wyffis maid game amang the grene treis;
Thai drank and did away dule under derne levis.

Thai suppit at the sueit wyne, thai swan-quhyt of hewis;
Bot all the perthar in plane thai put out thair voceis.

Than said the wedo, I wis thair is no way uther:
Now tydis me for to talk. My taill it is nixt.

God my spreit now inspyre, and my speiche quicken,
And send me sentence to say, substantious and nobill!

Sa my preiching may pers your perversit hartis;

And mak yow meikar to men in maneris and conditiouns.

I schaw, sifteris into schryft, I war ane schrew ever;

Bot I was schene in my schroude, and shew me innocent.

And thoch I dour was, and daue; dispitous, and bauld;

I was dissemblit subtelie in ane sanctis liknes,
 I semit sobir, and sueit, and sempil without fraude;
 Bot I nild sextie defane that subtillar war halding.

Onto my lessoun ye lith, and leir at me wit.
 Gif ye nocht list be soir befowleit with losengeris untrew,
 Be constant in your governance, and counterfeit gud
 maneris :

Thoch ye be kene, and inconstant, and cruel in mynd;
 Thoch ye as tygaris be terne, be tretabil in luif.
 And be as turtouris in your talk, thoye have taillis brukill;
 Be dragounis bayth and dowis, one in doubill forme;
 And quhen it neidis you avoue nocht bayth thair strenthis.
 Be aimabil with humil face, as angel apperwaird;
 And with ane terrible tail be stangand as edderis.
 Be of your luik lyk innocentis, thoch ye have ewil maneris.
 Be courtlie ay in claything, and costlie arrayit.
 That hurtis yow not yourthe ane hen. Your husband
 payis for all.

Twa husbands I have had, that held me bayth deyr;
 Thoch I despytit thame agane, thay spyit nathing.
 Ane was ane hair hachart, that hostit out fleume;
 I haitit him lyk ane hund, thoch I it hid previe.
 With kissing, and with clapping, I gart the carle fon;
 Weil couth I claw his cruik bak, and keme his cowit nodil;
 And with ane bukkie in my cheik bo on him behind;
 And with ane bek gang about and blier his auld ene;
 And with ane kynd countenance kys his krynd chiek:
 Into my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,

Trowand

Trowand me with trew luif to treyt him so faire.
 This couth I do without dule, and no diseis tak;
 Bot ay mirrie in my mynd, and meschefous of cheyr.
 I had ane lustyar leyd, my lust for to flok;
 That couth be secreit and sure, and ay saif my renoun:
 And [sua tuke joy in] certan tymes, and in secreit places.
 [Whan my auld carle] did me anger with akwart wourdis,
 [Than my lustie freik] to goif glaidit me agane.

I had sic wit that for wo weipit I bot litel;
 Bot leit the fueit ay the sone to the fessoun bring.
 Quhen that the chuf wad me chyde, with gyrnand chaftis,
 I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and chereis him so
 meikil,

That his cheif chymmis he had I wist to my sone,
 Suppois the churle wes gone chaist, or the child was
 gottin.

As wyse woman ay I wrocht, and nocht as wode fule;
 For mair with wylis I wan na vertuoufnes of handis.

Syne mareit I ane marchand, michtie of gudis.
 He was ane man of myd-eild, and of meyn statour;
 Bot we na fallowis war in freyndschip, nor blude,
 In fredome, nor furthbeiring, na fayrnes of persoun.
 Quhilk ay the fule did forget, for febilnes of knowlege;
 Bot I so oft thocht him on quhill angerit his hart.
 And quhilum I put furth my voce, and *pedder* him callit:
 I wald richt twitchand in talk be: I was twys mareit.
 For endit was my innocence with my ald husband;
 I was appeirand to be pairt within perfyt eild.

Sua sayis the curat of our kirk, that knew me full ying,
 He is our famous to be fals, that fair wourthy prelot;
 I fall be layth to let him lie, quhill I may luik furth.

I gar the bichman obey; thair was na bute ellis.

He maid me richt hie reverance, fra he me richt knew;

For, tho I say it myself, the soveranis wes meikle

Betwix his bastarde blude, and my birth nobill.

That page wes never of sic pryce for to presume anis

Unto my persoun to be peir, had pitie nocht grantit.

Bot mercie into womanheid is ane grit vertew!

For never bot in ane gentil hart is generit ony reuth.

I held ay grein into his mynd that I of grace tuik him;

And that he culd ken himself I curteslie him lierit.

He durst nocht sat anis my summonds; for, or the sound
 of charge,

He was ay reddie for to ryn; so rayd he was for blame.

Bot ay my will was the war of manlie nature;

The mair he loutit for my luif, [the mair I him haitit.]

And eik this is ane farlie thing [thoch lichtleit me my
 ying leyd]

I had sic favour to that freik [as na wourds can telle.]

Quhen I the cur had all clein; and him ourcumin hail;

I crew abone that crawdown, as cok that was victor.

Quhen I him saw subjectit, and fet at my bidding,

Than I him lichtleit as ane loune; and laithit his maneris.

Than wox I so unmerciful, to martyr him I thocht;

For, as ane beist, I broddit him to all boyis labour:

Iwald have rydden him to Rome, with ane raip in his heid,

War

War nocht ruffill of my renoun, and rumour of pepil.
And yit hatrent I hid within my hart all;
Bot quhillis it hapit so huge, quhil it besid out.
Yet tuk I never the wisp clein out of my wyd throt,
Quhill I ocht wantit of my wil, or quhat I wald desyr.
Bot quhan I fonerit had the fyr of substance in erde;
And gottin his biggings to my barne, and the borow-
landis;

Than with ane stewart out the stoppel of my hals:
That he all stunnest of that stound, as of ane steil wapin.
Than wald I, after lang frost, sa fane have bein wrokin,
That I to flyt was als fers as ane fell dragoun.
I had for flattering of that fule fenyet so lang,
My evidentis of herytage or thai war braid felit,
My breist that was greit beild, and bowden was sa huge,
That neir my barrat out brist or the band making.
Bot quhen my billis and my banchis was all felit,
I wald na langer beir on brydil, bot braid up my heid:
Thair micht na mollat mak me moy, nor hald my
mouth in;

I gar the reinyes rak, and ryf into schundyr.
I maid that wyf to wirk all wemmenis lawbouris;
And laid doun all manlie materis, and mens in this
erde;

Than said I to my cummeris, in counsale about,
‘ See how I cabeld yon cowl with ane kein brydil !
‘ The capill, that the crelis kuyt in the caff middin,
‘ Sa courlisslie the carte drew, and kennis no plungeing,
‘ He

‘ He is nocht skeych, nor yet fueir, na skippis nocht our
 ‘ heid.’

And thus the scorne and the skaith scapit he nother.

He was na glaidsum gaist for na gay lady :

I leit him be bumbart to tous all my misteris ;

And he was fane for to fang fre that fayr office :

And thocht my favouris to find throw his fell giftis.

He graythit me in gay silk, and gudelig arrayis ;

In gounis of ingraint clayth, and greit goldin chenyeis ;

In ringis ryallie set with ryche rubie stanis ;

Quhill all helie rais my renoun amang the rude peipil.

Bot I full craftelie did keip thai courtlie weidis

Quhill efterdeid of that drowp, that docht not in chalmer.

Thoch he of all my clathis maid cost and expens,

Ane uther fall the wirship have, that weilds me efter,

And thoch I lykit him bot lytil, yet for the luif of utheris,

I wald me prein plesandlie in precious wedis,

That luffaris micht upon me luik, and young lustie
 gallandis,

That I held mair in dawtie, and deirar be full mekill,

Na him, that dressit me sa denk. Full doytit was his heid.

Quhan he was heriet out of hand, to hee up my honour,

And payntit me as pacok, proudest of fedderis,

I him miskend, be Cryst; and cukkald him maid.

I him forbeit as ane lard, and laithit him mekil :

I thocht myself ane papingay, and him ane pluchit herle.

And thus enforfit he is fay, and fortifyt my strenth ;

And maid ane stalwart staff to strack himself doune.

Bot

Bot of ane bourd into bed I fall yow breif yit.
 Quhan he ane haill yeir was haint, and him behu vit rage,
 And I wes layth to be loppin with sic ane lob aver,
 Als lang as he was on loft, I luikit on him never;
 And leit never in my thocht that he my thing percit:
 Bot ay in mind ane uther man imagin it that I had;
 Or ells I had never mirrie bein of that mirthless raid.
 Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of nature,
 Methocht him grasles onto goif, sa me God help.
 Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his substance,
 Methocht his wit wes quyit went away with the laif;
 And so I did him dispys, Iforibat quhen I saw him,
 That superexpendit ewil of speche, spulyeit of all vertew.
 For, (ye wit wyffis) for he, that wantis ryches,
 Has failyet anis in Venus play, he is full vyl haldin;
 All is bot fruitles his affect, and failyes at the upwith.

I buskit up my barnis lyk barounis sonnys,
 And maid his fulis; (of the fry of his first wyff.)
 I baneist fra my bounds his brether ilkane:
 His freyndis as my fayis I had at feid ever;
 Be this ye beleif may I lusit nocht himself;
 For never I lykit ane lord that langit till his bluid.
 And yit thir wyse men wait that all wyffis ewil
 Ar kend with thair conditionis, and knawin with the
 famen.

Deid is now that diyr, and dollyne in erde.
 With him deit all my dule, and my drery thochtis.
 Now done is my dullie nicht; my day is upspringin.

Adew

Adew dolour! Adew my deule! [Mirth] now beginnis.
 Now ame I ane wedow I wys; and weil am at eis.
 I weip as I war woful, bot weil is me for ever:
 I busk as I war bailful, bot blyth is my hart:
 My mothe makis murning, and my mynd lauchis.
 My clakis thai ar cairful in colour of fabil;
 But courtlie and curious is my corps thairunder.
 I droup with ane deid luik in my dule habite,
 As with mannis dail I done had for dayis of my lyf.
 Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cairweids,
 As fox in ane lambis flesche feinye I my cheir:
 Than lay I furth my bricht buik in breid on my kne,
 With mony lustie letter illuminit with gold;
 And drawis my clouk fordwart our my face quhyt,
 That I may spy, unspyit, ane space be my fyde.
 Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blinnis of devotioun,
 To se quhat berne is best branit, or braidest in schulderis,
 Or forgeit is maist forsie, to furneis ane bankat
 In Venus chalmer, valiantlie withouttin vane ruse.
 And as the new mone all pale, oppressit with change,
 Kythis quhillis hir cleir face throw cluddis of sabill,
 So keik I throw my clouks, and castis kynd lukis
 To knychtis, and to clerkis, and to courtlie persouns.
 Quhen freyndis of my husbandis beholds me on far,
 I have my waltir sponge for wa, within my wide ronkis,
 Than wring I it full wylelie, and weitis my cheikis;
 With that waltiris my ein, and welteris doun teiris.
 Than say thay all, that sat is about, 'Se ye nocht, alace!
' Yon

' Yon lustles leid so lilelie scho luffit hir husband !
 ' That sic ane perle of plesauce suld yon pain drie !
 I save me as I war ane sanct, and semis ane angel ;
 At language of lichorie I luik as I war crabbit :
 I sich, without fair harte, or seiknes in bodie ;
 According to my sabill weid I maun have sad maneris,
 Or thai will see all the futh. For, certis, we wemen
 We set us all fra the sichte to fyle men of treuth :
 We dule for na evil deidis fa it be device halden.
 Wyse wemen hes wayis, and wondrous gydingis,
 With greit ingyne to begaik thair jeleous husbandis :
 And quietlie with sic craft gydis our materis,
 That, under Chryst, no creature kennis of our doingis.
 Bot folk ane cure may miskuke, that knowlegis wantis ;
 And hes no colouris for to cover thair awin kyndlie faltis ;
 And dois as thir damisellis, for derne doytit luf
 That dogonis haldis in dawte, and delis with thame fa
 lang,
 Quhill all the cuntre knaw thair kyndnes of fayth.
 Fayth hes ane fair name, bot falsit faris better.
 Fy on hir that can nocht fenye hir awin fame to fane !
 Yet am I wys in sic wark, and was all my tyme ;
 Thoch I want wit in wardlines, I wylis have in luif ;
 As ony happie woman hes that is of hie blude.
 Hutit be that halok lasis ane hundreth yeir of eild
 [Quha is cald to Venus' werkis, and to sueit plesour !]
 I have ane secreit servand, richt sobir of his bung,
 That me supportis of sic nedis, quhen I a fyne mak.
 Thoch

Thoch he be sempil to the sicht, he has ane bung faker;
Full mony semlyar lege war service dois mak.

Thoch I have cayr under clouk the cher day to the nicht,
Yet I have solace under fark quhil the sone rys.

Yet am I halden ane halie wyfe our all the hail schyre,
I am so peteous to the pure, quhen thair is persouns
many;

In pressing of pilgramage I pryd me full meikill;
Mair for the preis of the pepil, nor ony pardoun winning.

Bot yet me think the best bourd, quhen barounis and
knightis,

And uther bacheluris, blyth blinnyng in youth,
And all my lufaris leill, my lugeing persewis.

Sum fillis me wyne wantounlie, with weil fayr and joy;
Sum rownys: sum railyeis: and sum reidis ballatis:

Sum raveis full rudelie with riatus speche:

Sum plenis; and sum prayis: sum prayis my bewté.

Sum kissis me; sum clappis me; sum kyndness me pro-
fairis.

Sum karvis to me curtallie; sum me the cope gevis:

Sum stalwardlie steppis ben, with ane stout curage,

And ane stiff standand thing stavis in my neif.

And mony blenkis ben our the but [that] full far
fittis,

That may nocht, for the thik thrang, thryf as thai wald.

And, with my fair calling, I confort them all:

For he that sittis me nixt, I nip on his fyngar;

I schir him on the tother syde on the samyn passoun;

And

And he that behind me sittis, hard on him I lene;
 And him befoir me with my fute fast on I tramp;
 And to the bernis fer but sweit blenkis I cast.
 To every man in special I speik sum wourdis,
 Sa wyllie, and sa womanlie, quhil warmis thair hartis.
 Thair is no levand leid sa law of degre
 That fall me luif unlufit; I am so luik hartit.
 And gif his lust be so lent to my lyre quhyt,
 That he be lost or with me lig, his lyf fall have no danger.
 I am so merciful in mynd, and menis all wichtis,
 My fillie faul fall be fauf, quhen fall not all jugeis.
 Ladeis leyr thir lessouns; and be nocht lassis fundin.
 This is the legeant of my lyfe, thoch cative it be nane.

Quhen endit had hir ornat speche this eloquent wedo,
 Loud than leuch all the laif, and lovit hir mekle.
 And said, "Thai suld exemple tak of hir sordane teich-
 " ing:

" And wirk after hir wourdis that woman was sa perfyte,"
 Than culed thair mouthis with comfortable drinkis;
 And carpit full cummerlyke, with cop going round.

Thus draif thai our that deir nicht with dauteing
 [and chere;]

Quhill that the day did updaw, and dew [begouth to
 gleme.]

The morow myld was and meik; the [mirrie sonne up-
 sprong,]

And all removit the mist, and the [waveand wodis]
 Silver schouris doun schuik, as the schein wistell:

And

And birdis schoutit in the schaw with thair schill notis.
 The goldin glitterand gleme so glaid thair hairtis,
 Thai maid ane gloreus gle amang the grene bewis.
 The soft south of the swyre, and found of the stremes,
 The sweit favour of the swairde, and singin of fewlis,
 Micht confort any creature of the kyn of Adam;
 And kyndil agane his curage, tho it war cauld floknit.

Than rais thir royal rosis, in thair riche wedis,
 And raikit hame to thair rest, throw the rys blumeis.
 And I all prevelie past to ane plesand arbeir,
 And with my pen did report thair pastyme most mirrie.

Ye auditours most honorabill, that eris hes giffin
 Onto this unkorth adventure, quhilk airlie me happint,
 Of thir thre wantoun wyffis, that I have writtin heir,
 Quhilk wald ye wail to your wyf, gif ye suld wed ane?

Quod Maister Williame Dunbar.

T H E
F R E I R S O F B E R W I K,
A T A L E.
S U P P O S I T T O B E W R I T T I N B E D U N B A R.

A R G U M E N T E.

The mirrie adventure of tua Qubyte, or Jacobine, Freirs of Berwik, Allan and Robert, in fynding out, and balding to schame, Freir Johne, superiour of the Gray Freirs of the samen place, quha had a farmer's wyf to his leman.

AS it befell, and hapint upon deid,
Upon ane rever the quhilk is callit Tweid;
At Tweidis mouth thair stands ane noble toun,
Quhair many lords hes bene of grit renoun,
And many wourthy ladeis fair of face,
Quhair [eke fou] many fresche young galand was.
Into this toun, the quhilk is callt Berwik,
Apon the fe, it is na uther lyk,
For it is wallit weill about with stone,
And dowbil flankis cassin mony on.

And fyne the castell is so strang and wicht,
 With staitelie tours, and turrats hé on hicht,
 With kirnals clost most craftelie of all;
 The portculis most subtelie to fall,
 That quhen they list to draw it upon hicht,
 That it may be into na mannis micht,
 To win that hous by craft or subtiltie.
 Thairto is it most fair allenerlie:
 Onto my sicht, quhairever I have bein,
 Most fair, most gudelie, and all best besene.
 The toun, the castel, and the [pleasand] land;
 The valays grene upon the uther hand;
 The grit croce kirk, and eik the Mafondew;
 The freiris of Jacobinis quhyt of hew,
 The Carmelites, Augustins, Minors eik,
 The four ordours of freiris war nocht to seik;
 And all into this wourthy place dwelling.

So hapint it, intill ane fayr morowning,
 That tua of thir quhyt Jacobine freiris,
 As thai war wount of usage, yeir by yeiris,
 To pass amang thair brether uponland,
 Thir halie freiris thus walk thai furth on hand.
 Freir Robert the ane, freir Allane hicht the tuther:
 Thir fyllie freyrs with wyfis weil can gludder;
 And tell thame tales, and halie mennis lyvis.
 Richt wounder weil thai plesit all the wyvis.

Till, on ene tyme, thai purpost till pass hame;
 Richt weyrie was and tyrit Freir Allane,

For

For he was auld, and micht not dure the travel,
 And als he had ane grit spyce of the gravel.
 Freyr Robert was young, and wounder hait of blude;
 And by the way he bure bayth clouk and hude,
 And all thair geir; for he was strang and wicht.
 Be that it drew [richt] weil toward the nicht;
 And thai war [nocht] come to the toun weill neyr.
 Freyr Allan said, ' Robert, gude brother deir,
 ' It is so layt I dreid the yetts be clofit;
 ' And I am tyrit, and wounder ewil disposit
 ' To lig without the toun; bot gif that we
 ' Find sum gude hous, that we micht harbert be.'
 So wunnit thair ane woundir gay oftleir
 Without the toun, intil ane fair maneir;
 And Symon Lawder he was callit be name.
 Ane fayr blyth wyfe he had, of ony ane;
 Bot scho was sumthing denk, and dangerous.
 Thir fillie freyris cum to that mann's house,
 And hailsit hir richt bayth full curtassie,
 And scho rewardit thame agane in hie.
 Freyr Robert speirit efter the gudman,
 And scho to thame richt softlie answert than;
 ' He went fra hame, God wait, on wednifday,
 ' Into the cuntré, to se for corne and hay,
 ' And uther findrie things, as we have neid.'
 Freyr Allane said, ' I pray to God him speid,
 ' And fauf him found ay till his leil travale.'
 Freyr Robert said, ' Dame fill ane stoip of aile,

' That we may drink, for I am very dry.'
 With that the gudwyf walkit furth in hy;
 Sche fild ane stoip, and brought in cheis and breid;
 Thay eit, and drank; and levit all thair pleyd.
 Freyr Allane said to the gudwyf in hy,
 ' Cum heir, fayr dame, and sit us down neirby.
 ' And fill this stoip agane, dame, I yow pray;
 ' For er we pairt full weill we fall yow pay.'

The freirs woxe blyth, and mirrie tales culd tell;
 And ewin so thai hard the prayar bell
 Of that abbay; and than thai war agast,
 Becaus thai wist the yetts war lokit fast,
 That thai nicht nocht fra thyn get enteray.
 The gudwyf than thai pray, for charité,
 To grant thame harborie thair for that nicht.
 And scho to thame anone answerit on hicht,
 ' The gudman is fra hame, as I yow tauld;
 ' And God waitis gif I dar be so bauld
 ' To harborie freyrs into this hous with me.
 ' What wald Symon say? Ay *benedicite*!
 ' I trew I durst neir luik him in the face.
 ' Our lord Jesus me saif from sic ane cace!
 ' And keip me out of perel, and fra schame!
 Than fillie freyr Allane said, ' Fair dame,
 ' For Godis luif ye heir what I wald say;
 ' Put ye us out, we will be deid or day.
 ' The way is ewil, and I am tyrit and wait;
 ' And, as ye knaw, it is sa verray lait,

' The

' The yetts ar clofit ; we may nocht get in ;
 ' Till our abbay on naways may we win.
 ' Thairfoir behuvis us to byd heir still ;
 ' And put us hallie, dame, intill your will.
 The gudwyf luikit at the freyris tuay ; —
 And, at the last, to thame [thus] can scho say ;
 ' Ye byd nocht heir, be him that hes me coft,
 ' Bot gif ye list to lig up in yon loft.
 ' The quhilk is wrocht into yon hallis end :
 ' Ye fall find stray ; and clayths I fall you send.
 ' And gif ye leist to pas bayth on in feyr ;
 ' For I will have no langer repayr heir.'

Than hir madin scho fendis on befoir,
 And bad thame wend withoutin wourdis more.
 Thay war full blyth to do as scho thame kend :
 And up thay wend, richt in the hallis end,
 Intil ane loft was maid for corne and hay.
 Scho maid thair bed, and fyn went doun away ;
 Scho clofit the trap, and thai remenit still
 Into the loft, and had nocht all thair will,
 Freyr Allane liggis doun as he best micht.
 Freyr Robert sayd, ' I oucht to walk this nicht ;
 ' Quha wait perchance sum sport I may espy ?'
 Thus in the loft I lat the freyris ly.

And of this fayr wyff I will tellyne mair.
 Scho was full blyth that thai war closin thair,
 For scho had made ane tryft, that samyn nicht,
 Freyr Johne hir luffis supper for to dicht.

Thairfoir scho wuld nane uther cumpany ;
 Becaus freyr Johne all nicht with hir wald ly.
 Quhilk duelland was within that nobill toun ;
 Ane gray freyr he was of greit renoun.
 He governit all the haly abbasy :
 Silver and gold he had abundantlie.
 He had ane previe postroun of his awin,
 That he micht usché, quhen him list, unknowin.

Thus in the toun I will him leven still,
 Bydand his tyme ; and turne agane I will
 To this fayr wyf, how scho the fyre culd beitt :
 Scho thrangis on fat capouns on the speit ;
 And fat cunyngs to the fyre can lay.
 And bade hir madin, in all haste scho may,
 To flame, and turne, and rost thame tendyrlic.
 Syn till hir chalmer scho is went in hie.
 Scho castis on ane kirtil of fyne reid ;
 Ane quhyt curchey scho cast upon hir heid.
 Hir kyrtil belt was filk, and silver fyne,
 With ane proud purs, and keyis gingling fyne.
 On ilkane fyngar scho wars ringis tuo :
 Scho was als pround as ony papingo.
 And of ane burde of filk, richt costlie grein,
 Hir tusché was, with silver weil besene.
 And but scho come into the hall anone ;
 And syn scho went to se gif ony come.

And ewin so freyr Johne knokt at the yet.
 His knok scho knew ; and in scho culd him lat.

Scho

Scho wylcunit him upon ane fayr maneir.
 He thankit hir : and said, ' My fueit luif deir,
 ' Thair is ane pair of bossis, gude and fyne,
 ' Thay hald ane galloun-full of Gaskan wyne.
 ' And als ane payr of pertrikis new flane;
 ' And als that creill is full of breid of mane.
 ' Thus have I brocht to yow, my fueit luif deir:
 ' Thairfoir I reid now that we mak gude cheyr,
 ' Sen it is so; sen Symon is fra hame;
 ' I will tak ye hameliar heir now, dame.'
 Scho sayis, ' Ye ar weill mayr wylcum heir,
 ' Than Symon is, or fall be all this yeir.'
 With that scho smylet wounder futtelie;
 He thirftis hir hand agane full previlie.

Thus at theyr sport I will thame levin still,
 Bydand their tyme; and turne agane I will
 To tell yow of thir fillie freyris tuay,
 That liggit in the loft amang the stray.
 Freyr Allane still into the loft can ly,
 Freyr Robert had a little jelosy;
 For in his hart he had ane persavin.
 And throw the wall he maid, with his botkin,
 A lytil hole richt prevelie maid he,
 That all theyr deid thair-doun he mycht weill se:
 And micht heir all that ever thay culd say.
 Quhon scho was proud; richt wounder fresche and gay;
 And quhat scho war upon hir heid abuif.
 And hou scho clipit him bayth hart and luif.

So prelatyk he fat intill his cheyre!

Scho roundis than ane epistil intill eyre.

Thus sport thai thame, and makis melodie.

Quhen scho saw [that] the supper was reddie,

Scho gois, and coveris the burde anone;

And syne ane payr of bossis hes scho tone,

And set thame doun upon the burde him by.

And ewin so thay hard the gudman cry.

He knokit at the yet and callit fast.

Fra thay him knew, thay war all fayr agast.

And als freyr Johne was sumthing in effray;

And stertis up, and wald have bene away.

Bot all for nocht he micht na way get out.

The gudwyf speikis, with ane visage stout,

‘Yon is Symon that makis this deray,

‘That I micht now have thocht [was] weill away,

‘I fall him quit, an I may leif ane yeir;

‘Him that hes merrit us on this maneir.

‘Becaus of him we may not byd togidder;

‘I me repent as now that we come hidder.

‘Thoch we war weil, and he had bene away.’

“Quhat fall I do, allace;” the freyr can say;

“Into this case, lord, how fall I me beir?”

“For I am schent and Symon fynd me heir.

“I dreid me fair, and he cum in this innis,

“And fynd me heir, that I los both my quhynnis.”

‘I mon you hyd till he be brocht till rest;

‘Perchance,’ scho sayis, ‘all cumis for the best.’

Ane

Ane kneddin troche, that lay intill ane nuke,
Wald hald ane boll of flour quhen that scho buik,
And under it scho gart him creip in hy,
Quhair he had rowme enough that he micht ly.

Scho clofit him; and syn went on hir way.
And till hir madin smertlie can scho say:
‘ Away all this; and flokin out the fyre.
‘ Go clois the burde; and tak awa the chyre,
‘ And lok in all into yon almorie;
‘ Bayth meit, and drink; and ga belyf in hy.’

Bayth cunnynge, capons, and wyld fowles fyne;
The mane breid, the bossis with the wyne,
Sche hid up all; and strowit the hous so clein,
That no liknes of feist-meits micht be seyn.
And syn, without ony langer delay,
Sche castis of all her [fyne] fresche array,
And bounit hir [richt] till hir bed anone:
And leit him knock thairout his fill, Symon.

Quhen he was tynt; for-knockit, and for-cryit;
About he went onto the tother syd;
Till ane wind wes at hir beddis heid;
And cryit, ‘ Alesoun awalk for Goddis deid!’
And ay on Alesoun fast he couth cry.
And at the last scho answerit crabbitlie,
‘ Say quha ye be that sa weill knaws my name?
‘ Go hens,’ scho says, ‘ for Symon is fra hame.
‘ And I will have no gaishtis heir, perfay.
‘ Thairfoir I pray yow wendis on your way;

‘ And

‘ And at this time ye may nocht harbrait be.’
 Than Symon said, ‘ Fair dame, knaw ye nocht me?’
 ‘ I am your Symon, ane husband of this place.
 ‘ Ar ye my spous Symon?’ scho said, ‘ Allace!
 ‘ Throw misknawlege almaist I had gane wrang:
 ‘ Quha wend that ye sa late wald have cum hame?’
 Scho stertis up, and gettis licht in hy;
 And leit him in and that delyverlie.
 Scho tuik fra him the geir as was the gyfe:
 And [set a stule] upon an haistie wyfe.
 He bad the madin kindil on ane fyre.
 ‘ And get me meit and tax [ye] all my hyre.’
 The gudwyf said richt schortlie, ‘ Ye me trow,
 ‘ Heir is na meit that ganeand is for yow.’
 ‘ How sa fair dame? Gar get me cheis and breid,
 ‘ And fill the stoip; and hald me with na pleid;
 ‘ For I am tyrit, and bayth cauld and wait.
 Than up scho rais, and maid ne mair debait:
 Bot coverit ane burde; set breid in hy;
 And syn cauld meit scho brocht delyverlie:
 Ane foust fute, and ane scheipis heid, full fwyth;
 And fillit ane cop; and fenyet to be blyth.
 He sittis down, and sweiris, ‘ Be Allhallow
 ‘ I fayr richt weill, had I [but] ane gud fallow.
 ‘ Dame eit with me, and drink gif that ye may.’
 The gudwyf answert meiklie, ‘ Hop I nay.
 ‘ It war mair tyme into your bed to be,
 ‘ Than now to sit desyrand cumpanie.’

The freyris tua, that in the loft can ly,
Thay hard him weill defyrand cumpany.
Freyr Robert said, ‘ Allane, gud brother deir,
‘ I wald the gudman wist that we war heir!
‘ Quha wait perchance the better we may fayr?
‘ For sickerlie my hart will ewir be fair
‘ Gif yon scheip’s heid with Symon bwnist be;
‘ And thair so gud meit in yon almorie.’
And with that wourd he gave ane hoist anone.
The gudman heird, and speirit, “ Quha is yon?
“ Methink [that] thair is men into yon loft.”
The gudwyf answerit, with wourdis soft,
‘ Yon are your awin freyris brether tuay.’
“ I pray thé, dame, tell me quhat freyrs are thay?”
‘ Yon is freyr Robert, and sillie freyr Allane,
‘ That all this day has gane with meikle pane.
‘ Be thay war heir it was fa verray lait,
‘ Houris was rounge, and clofit was the yet.
‘ And in yon loft I gave thame harborye.’
The gudman said, “ Sa God have part of me,
“ Thay freiris tua ar hartlie wylcum hidder,
“ Gar call thame doun, that we may drink togidder.”
The gudwyf said, ‘ I reid yow lat thame ly.
‘ Thay had lever sleip, nor be in laudery.
‘ To drink, and dot, it ganis nocht for thame.’
‘ Lat be, fair dame, thay wourdis ar in vane.
‘ I will thame have, be Goddis dignité;
“ Mak no delay, bot bring thame doun to me.”

The

The gudman sayd unto his madin sone,
 "Go pray thame bayth cum doun withoutin hune."
 And up the trap the mayden openit than,
 And bad thame bayth cum doun to the gudman.
 Freyr Robert sayd, "Fair madin, be Sanct Jame,
 "The gudman is [full] deirlye wylcum hame.
 "And we fall cum anone, ye may him say,
 "Him for to pleis in all that ever we may."

And with that wourde thai sterte up bayth anone,
 And doun the ledder delyverly ar gone:
 And salust Symon als sone as thay him se;
 And he agane thame wylcumt hartfullie.
 He said, "Cum ben my awin brether deyr;
 "And sit you doun, ye bayth, besyd me heir.
 "For I am heir alane, as ye may se;
 "Thairfoir sit doun, and beir me companie,
 "And tak your part of sic gude as we have."
 Freyr Allane said, "I pray to God yow save!
 "Heir is aneuche forfuth of Goddis gude."
 Than Symon swere thame, be the halie rude,
 "Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold fra me
 "For sum gude meit and drink among us thre."
 Freyr Robert said, "Quhat meitis wald ye have?
 "Or quhatkin drink desire ye for to crave?
 "For I have mony fundry practiks feyr,
 "Beyond the sey in Paris cuth I leyr;
 "That I will preif, schir, glaidlie for your faik,
 "And for our dame, that harbrie us cuth mak.

"I tak

‘ I tak on hand, and ye will counsale keip,
 ‘ That I shall gar yow have, or that ye fleip,
 ‘ Of [all] the best that is in this cuntrey;
 ‘ And Gaskane wyne, and ony in it be;
 ‘ Or, be thair ocht within ane hundreth myle,
 ‘ It fall be heir within ane lytil quhyle.’

The gudman mervalls meikill of that taill;
 And said, “ Brother, my hart will neir be haill,
 “ Bot gif ye preif that practik, or we part,
 “ Be quhatkin science, nigromanfy, or airt.”
 Freyr Robert said, ‘ Of this ye have no dreid;
 ‘ For I can do fer mair, and thair be neid.’
 Than Symon said, “ Freyr Robert, I yow pray,
 “ For my saik that science ye wald assay
 “ To mak us sport.” And than the freyr uprais,
 And tuke his buik, and to the flure he gayis.
 And turnis our, and reidis on ane space;
 And in the eist he turnit ewin his face,
 And maid ane croce; and than the freyr cuth lout;
 And in the west he turnit him ewin about:
 Than in the north he turnt, and lowtit down;
 And tuke his buke and said ane orifone.
 And ay his e was on the almerie,
 And on the trouche, quhar that the freyr cuth ly.
 He set him down and kaist abak his heid;
 He girnt, he glourt, he gapt as he war weld.
 And quhylum sat still in ane studying;
 And quhylum on his buik he was reyding.

And

And quhylum bayth his handis he wald clap;
 And uther quhyls he wald bayth glour and gaip;
 And on this wyfe he yeid the hous about,
 Weil twys or thrys; and ay the freyr euth lout
 Quhen that he came ocht neir the almerie.
 Thairat our dame had wounder grit invy.
 For in [hir] hart scho had ane perfaveing
 That he had wit of all hir governing:
 Sche saw him gif the almerie sic ane stait.
 Ontill hirself scho said, ' Full weill I wait,
 ' He knaws full weill that I have in my thocht.
 ' Quhat fall I do? Alace that I was wrocht!
 ' Get Symon wit it war my undoing.'
 Be that the freyr hes left his studeing;
 And on his feit he stertis up full sture,
 And come agane, and said; ' All-haill my cure
 ' Is done. Anone and ye fall have plentie
 ' Of meit and wyne, the best in this cuntrie.
 ' Quhairfoir, fair dame, get up delyverlie,
 ' And gang belyf unto your almerie,
 ' And oppin it; and sone ye bring us fyne
 ' Ane pair of bossis full of Gaskan wyne,
 ' Thay hald ane galloun and mair, I wait weill;
 ' And bring us als the main breid in the creil.
 ' Thair is ane pair of capouns pypand het;
 ' And als ane pair of cunnyns, weil I wait.
 [' Ane pair of pertrijs se ye bring us thair.
 ' My spelle is out. I traist thair is na mair.']

The

The gudwyf wist it was na variance :
Scho knew the freyr had sene hir govirnance.
Scho wist it was no bute for to deny :
And than scho yeid onto the almory.
And opent it, and than scho fand richt yoir
All that the freyr had spokin of befoir.
Scho stert abak, as scho war in effray ;
And favis hir ; and to Symon can say ;
‘ Haly Benedicite ! Quhat may this mene !
‘ Quha hard ewir of sic ane fairlie sene ?
‘ Sa grit ane farlie as now is happint here !
‘ Quhat fall I say ? He is ane haly freyr !
‘ Ye said full suth of all that ye culd say.’
Scho brocht all furth, and on the burde culd lay :
Bayth [meit, and] breid, and wyne, withouttin moir ;
The capouns, cunayngs, ye have hard before,
And pertrikis, befoir thame has scho brocht.
The freyr knew, and saw thair wantit nocht ;
Bot all was brocht, as him [did] list devyse.
Fra Symon saw it ferd upon this wyse,
He had greit wounder ; and sueiris by the mone,
“ Freyr Robert has richt weil his devoir done.
“ He may be callit a man of greit science,
“ So suddanlie that all this purviance
“ Hes brocht us heir, all throw his subtiltē,
“ And throw his arte, and his philosophie.
“ It was in [richt] gude tyme that he came hidder.
“ Now fill the cop that we may drink togidder ;

“ And

“ And mak us mirrie after this ewil day;
 “ For I have ridding a wounder wilsum way.—
 “ Ontill us all thro his wyse governance!—
 “ And God be lovit heir is sufficiance.”

And with that wourde thay drank [all] round about
 Of the gude wyn; and ay thay playit cop out.
 Thay eit, and drank; and maid richt mirrie cheir:
 With [mirth] loud sang bayth Symon and the freyr.
 Quhill on this wyse the lang nicht our thay draif;
 Thay wantit nothing that thay desyre to craif.
 All [this] thair sport, (thoch thai war weill at eis,)
 Ontill our dame it micht hir nothing pleis.
 Uther thing [now] was more intill hir thocht;
 Scho had sic dreid, hir hart was all on floucht,
 [Left] throw the freyr scho fuld dishonorit be.
 Asyd to him sche caist ane fremmit e.
 [But] still sche sat; and let them all alane;
 Quhat eir scho thocht, scho wist it war in vane.
 Bot thay war glaid aneuch, God wait, and sang,
 Quhill ay the wyne was walking thame amang.
 Quhill at the last thay waxit blythe ilkone,
 Than Symon said onto the freyr anone,
 “ I marvale meikle how that this may be!
 “ Into schort tyme that ye, so suddainlie,
 “ Hes brocht us heir so mony danteis feyr!”
 “ Thairof have ye nocht fairlie,” said the freyr;
 “ I have ane page, full previe, of my awin;
 “ Will cum to me quhen that I list, unknowin;

‘ And bring to me sic thing as I wald have.
 ‘ Quhat I so list me neidis nocht to crave.
 ‘ Quhairfoir be blyth, and tak in pacience;
 ‘ And traistis weill I fall do diligence,
 ‘ Gif that yow list, or lykis to have more,
 ‘ He fall it bring, and that I fall stand fore,
 ‘ Incontinent richt heir that ye may se.
 ‘ Bot I protest that ye keip this previe;
 ‘ Lat no man wit that I can do sic thing.’
 Than Symon said, ‘ I sweyr be hevin’s king
 ‘ It sal be kepit counsale, as for me.
 ‘ Bot, brother deir, your servand wald I see,
 ‘ Gif [that] ye pleis, that we may drink togidder;
 ‘ For I want nocht gif ye may ay cum hidder,
 ‘ Quhen we list, or lykis sic [feist] as this.’
 Than Robert says, ‘ Sua have I joy or blis,
 ‘ I dar nocht undertak it upone me,
 ‘ For dyvers causis now, apperandlie,
 ‘ Till bring him heir, sa lait upon the nycht:
 ‘ And namelie nou intill freyr Allane’s fycht.
 ‘ Bot and gif [that] it war upon this wyfe
 ‘ To translait him into ane uther gyfe,
 ‘ Fra his awin kind intill an ither stait.’
 Than Symon says, ‘ Ye mak na mair debait.
 ‘ How ewir ye will, it lykis weil to me.
 ‘ Bot, brother deir, your servand wald I se.
 Freyr Robert said, ‘ Sen that your will is so,
 ‘ Tell onto me, withouttin wourdis mo,

' Into quhat stait ye list that he appeir.'
 Than Symon said, " In lyknes of ane freyr.
 " In quhyte habite, sic as yourself can weir:
 " For colour quhyt it will to no man deir.
 " And ewill spreitts quhyte colour ay will fle."
 Freyr Robert said, " I say it may nocht be
 ' That he appeir intill our habite quhyt.
 ' For till our ordour it war grit dispyt,
 ' That ony sic unwourthy wicht as he
 ' Into our habite ony man fuld fe.
 ' Bot, sen it plesis yow that now is here,
 ' Ye fall him se in lyknes of ane freyr,
 ' In gray habite, as is his kynd to weir.
 ' Into sic wys that he fall no man deir,
 ' Sua that ye do as I fall you devys,
 ' To hald you clois, and rewle you on this wys;
 ' Quhat sua it be that outhir ye se or heir,
 ' Ye speik nothing nor yit ye mak no steir:
 ' Bot hald ye clois, quhil I have done my cuir.
 ' And, Symon, ye man be upo the flure
 ' Neir besyd [me;] I fall be your warrand.
 ' Have ye no dreid bot still be me ye stand.'
 Than Symon said, " I consent it be sua."
 Than up he stert, and tuik ane libberlay
 Intill his hand, and on the flure he stert,
 Sumthing effrayt, thoch stalwart was his hart.
 Than Symon said onto Freyr Robert sone
 " Tell me, [my] maister, quhat ye will have done."

'Nathing,' he said, 'bot hald ye clois, and still;
 'And quhat I do ye tak guid tent thairtill.
 'And neir the dure ye hald ye prevelie;
 'And quhen I bid you stryk, stryk hardelie:
 'Into the nek se that ye hit him richt.'
 "I warrand that," quoth he, "with all my micht."
 Thus on the flure I leif him standand still,
 Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will
 Till freyr Robert, that tuik his buik in hy,
 And turnit our the levis bissely.
 Syne yeid to the trouche, and on this wys, said he;
 'How Hurlbasie! Anone, I conjure thee,
 'That up thow ryse, and syne to [us] appeir,
 'In gray habite in lyknes of ane freyr.
 'Out fra the trouche, quhair that thow can ly,
 'Thow rax thee sone, and mak us na tary:
 'Thow turne our the trouche, that we may see;
 'And syn till us thow schaw the openlie.
 'And in this place se na man that thow greif;
 'Bot draw thy handis bayth into thy sleif,
 'And pow thy cowl lenthe attour thy face;
 'For thow fall byd na langar in this place.'

With that the freyr under the trouche that lay
 No wounder thoch his hart was in effray;
 Than off the trouche he tumblit sone anone,
 And to the dure he schapis him to gone:
 With ewill cheyr, and dreyrie countynance,
 For never befor him happint sic ane chance.

Bot quhen freyr Robert him saw gangand by,
 Than on Symon he cryis hastelie,
 ‘ Stryk hardelie, for now is tyme to thé.’
 With that Symon ane felloun flap leit flie;
 With his burdoun he hit him in the nek;
 He was so fers he * fell attour ane fek,
 And brak his heid upon the mustarde ston.
 Be that the freyr attour the stayr was gone,
 In sic ane wys he misfit hes the trap;
 He fell in ane meikil myre, as wes his hap,
 Was fourtie fute on breid, under the stayr:
 And thus his pairt was nathing wounder fayr
 Into that tyme, confiddering how it stude.
 Out of the myre full smertlie at he woude;
 And on the wall he clame full haistely
 Was maid about, and all with stanis dry.
 And of that ’schape in hart he wes full fane:
 Now he fall be [richt] layth to come agane.

With that freyr Robert stert about, and saw
 Quhair that the gudman lay so wounder law
 Apon the fluir; and bleidand was his heid.
 He stert till him, and went he had bene deid;
 And claucht him up, withouttin wourdis mair,
 And to the dure delyverly him bayr.
 And, for the wynd was blawand in his face,
 He sone ourcome, intill ane lytill space.
 And syn the freir has franit at him fast
 ‘ Quhat alit him to be so fair agast?’

* Symon.

He

He sayd, “ Yon feynd had maid me in effray.”

‘ Lat be,’ quoth he, ‘ the werst is all away ;

‘ And mak mirrie, and se ye murne na mair ;

‘ Ye have him striken quite out our the stayr.

‘ I saw him skip, gif I the futh can tell,

‘ Atour the bak intill ane myre he fell.

‘ Lat him now go ; he is ane gameles gaisf :

‘ And to your bed ye bowne to tak your rest.’

Thus Symon’s heid upon the wall was brokin ;

And als freyr Johne attour the stayr was loppin,

And hurt his heid, and wart him wounder ill :

And Alesoun scho gat nocht all her will.

And thus my taill I end heir of the freyr.

Chryst fend us peice, and lat us nevir have weyr.

Finis the freiris of Berwik.

P O E M E S

B E

D U N B A R.

P O E M S

B E

D U N B A R

POEMES BE DUNBAR.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT rois of vertew and of gentilnes;
 Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes.
 Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
 And every vertew that [to hevin] is deir,
 Except onlie that ye ar mereyles.

Into your garthe this day I did persew.
 Thair saw I flouris that fresche wer of hew;
 Baythe quhyte and rid most lustye wer to feyne:
 And halfum herbis upone stalkis grene.
 Yet leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew.

I doute that Merche, with his cauld blastis keyne,
 Hes flane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
 Quhois petewus deithe dois to my hart sic pane,
 That I wald vrak to plant his rute agane.
 So confortand his leves unto me bene.

Quod Dunbar.

UPON

UPON JAMES DOIG, KEPAR OF THE
QUEIN'S WARDREP.

TO THE QUEIN.

THE wardraipper of Venus' bour
To giff a joblet he is als doure,
As it war off ane fute fynd frog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I schaw to him your markis,
He turns to me agane and barkis,
As he war wurriand ane hog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I schaw to him your wrytin,
He girnis that I am 'red for bytin:
I wuld he had ane havy clog!
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quhen that I speik to him friendlyk,
He barkis lyke ane midding tyke
War chafand catel thro a bog.
Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He

He is ane mastyf, mekle of mycht,
 To keip your wardrip ovir nicht
 Fra the grit fowdan Gogmagog.
 Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

He is our mekil to be your messoun,
 Madame I red you get a les on ;
 His gangarris all your chalmers schog.
 Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog.

Quod Dunbar of James Doig, kepar of the Quein's wardrep.

UPON THE SAME.

TO THE SAME.

O Gracious princes guid and fair !
 Do weill to James your wardraipair ;
 Quhais faythful brudermair freind I am.
 He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

Thoch I in ballat did with him bourde,
 In malice spak I never a word :
 Bot all, Madame, to do you game.
 He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

Your hienes cannot get ane meter
 To keip your wardreip ; nor discreter
 To rewle your robbis, and dres the same.
 He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

The wyff, that he had in his innys,
 That with the tangs wald birs his schynnis,
 I wald scho drount war in a dam.
 He is no Dog ; he is a lam.

The

The wyf, that wald him kuckald mak,
 I wald scho war, bayth fyde and bak,
 Weill batterit with ane barrow tram.
 He is no Dog; he is a lam.

He hes so weill done me obey,
 Ourtill all thing thairfoir I pray
 That nevir dolour mak him dram.
 He is no Dog; he is a lam.

Quod Dunbar of the said James, quhen he had pleisit him.

ON A DANCE IN THE QUEENE'S
CHALMER.

SCHIR John Sinclair begowthe to dance,
For he wes new cum out of France.
For ony thing that he do nicht,
His ay futt yeid ay ourycht,
And to the tother would not gree.
Quoth ane, 'Tak up the Quenis knyght.'
A mirrear dance nicht na man fee.

Than cam in Maistir Robert Schaw :
He lukit as he culd lern tham a,
Bot ay his an futt did waver ;
He stockerit lyke ane strummal aver,
That hop, schackelt abone the knee.
To feik fra Stirling to Stranaver
A mirrear dance nicht na man fee.

Than cam in the maister Almafer,
Ane homelty-jomelty juffler,
Lyke a stirk stackarand in the ry :
His hippis gaff mony heddous cry.
John Bute the fule said 'Wowes me !
'He is bedirtin. Fy ! O fy !'
A mirrear dance nicht na man fee.

Than

Than cam in Dunbar the mackar ;
On all the flure thair was nane frackar,
And thair he dauncet the Dirry-duntoun :
He hoped, lyk a piller wantoun ;
For luff of Musgraeffe men fulis me.
He trippet quhill he tuir his pantoun.
A mirrear dance nicht na man see.

Than cam in Maestris Musgraeffe :
Scho mycht haff lernit all the laeffe.
Quhen I saw hir sa trimlye dance ;
Hir gud convoy and contenance :
Than for hir faek I wiffit to be
The grytast erle, or duke, in France.
A mirrear dance nicht na man see.

Than cam in dame Doutébour :
God waitt giff that scho lukit four !
Scho maid sic morgeounis with hir hippis,
For lauter nane mycht hald thair lippis.
Quhen scho was danceand bissilye,
Ane blast of wind foun fra hir slappis.
A mirrear dance nicht na man see.

Quhen thair wes cum in fyve or sax,
The Quenis Dog begouth to rax.
And of his band he maid a bred ;
And to the dancing foun he him med.

How

How mafterlyk about yeid he !
 He ftimiket lyk a tyk, fum faed.
 A miſrear dance nicht na man ſee.

Quod Dunbar of a dance in the Quenis chalmir.

ON ANE BLAK-MOIR LADYE.

LANG heff I maed of ladyis quhytt ;
 Now of ane black I will indytt,
 That landet furth of the last fchippis.
 How fain wald I discryve perfytt
 My ladye with the mekle lippis !

How scho is tute-mowitt lyk ane aep ;
 And lyk a gangarel onto graep.
 And how hir fshort catt-nois up fkippis.
 And how scho fchynes lyk ony faep.
 My ladye with the mekle lippis.

Quhen scho is claid in reche apparall,
 Scho blinkis as brycht as ane tar-barrell.
 Quhen scho was borne the fone tholit clippis ;
 The nycht be fain faucht in hir quarrell.
 My lady with the mekle lippis.

Quha for hir faek, with fpeir and fcheld,
 Preffis maist mychtely in the feld,
 Sall kifs, and with hir go in grippis ;
 And fra thynefurth hir luf fall weld
 My lady with the meikle lippis.

And quha in felde receavis schaem,
 And tynis thair his knychtlé naem,
 Sall cum behind and kifs hir hippis;
 And nevir other comfort claem.
 My lady with the mekle lippis.

Quod Dunbar of ane blak-moir.

TO THE QUEENE.

MADAME, your men said they wald ryd,
And lat this fastrenis ewin ower flyd.

Lat than thair wyffs cum furth in flockis,
And baid tham betteis foun abyd
Att hame, and lib tham of thair pockis.

Nou propois thai, fen ye dwell still,
Of Venus' feist to fang ane fill.
Bot in the felde preiff thai na cockis;
For till heff riddin had bein les ill
Nor let thair wyffis breid the pokkis.

Sum of your men sic curage hed,
Dame Venus' fyte sa harde thame sted,
Thai brak up durris, and raeff up lokkis,
To gett ane pampholet on ane pled,
That thai mycht lib thame of the pockis.

Sum, that war ryatus as rammis,
Ar now maid tame lyk ony lammis,
And settin doun lyk farye crokkis;
And hes forsackin all sic gamis
That men calls libbing of the pockis.

Sum, thocht thamselffis stark lyk gyands,
 Ar now maid waek lyk willing wands;
 With schinnis sharp and small lyk rockis;
 And gottin thair bak in bayth thair hands,
 For ower oft libbing of the pockis.

I saw wotlinkis me besyd
 The yong men to thair howfes gyde,
 Had better lagget in the stockis.
 Sum fra the bordel wald nocht byd,
 Quhill that thai gat the Spanie pockis.

Thairfoir all yong men, I yow pray,
 Keip yow fra harlotis nycht and day:
 Thai fall repent quha with thame yokis.
 And bewar with that perrellous play
 That man cawis libbing of the pockis.

Quod Dunbar.

TO THE KING.

QUHANE MONY BENEFICES VAKIT.

SCHIR, at this fest of benefyce,
 Think that small parts make grypt servyce.
 And equal dystrebutioun
 Maks thame content that has reffoun:
 And quha hes nane ar pleset na vyfs.

Schir, quhidder is it merit mair
 To gif him drink that thristis fair;
 Or fyll ane full man quhyl he brist;
 And lat his fellowe dye for thrist,
 Quhylk wyne to drink als worthy wer?

It is no glaid collatioun
 Quhyle ane maks mirrie, ane uthair luiks downe.
 Ane thrists, ane uthair playis cope out.
 Lat anes the cop go round about,
 And wyn the covanis benyfoun.

Quod Dunbar, quhane mony benefices vakit.

AGANIS THE SOLISTARIS IN COURT.

BE divers wayis and operatiouns
Men maks in court thair solistatiouns.

Sum be fervice, and diligence :

Sum be continual residence :

On substance sum men dois abyde,

Quhill fortoun do for thame provyde.

Sum sings. Sum dances. Sum tell storyis.

Sum lait at ewin brings in the moryis.

Sum flyrds. Sum fenyeis : and sum flatters.

Sum playis the fuil, and all owt clatteris.

Sum man, musand be the waw,

Luiks as he mycht nocht do at aw.

Sum standis in a nuik, and rownes :

For covatyce ane uthair neir swownes.

Sum beris as he wald ga wud

For heit desyr of warlds gud.

Sum at the mess levis all devotioun.

And besy labours for promotioun.

Sum hes thair advocatts in chaumir,

And taks thamefelf thairoff no glawmir.

My sempilnes, amang the laiff,

Wait of na way, sa God me saif,

Bot, with ane humble cheir and face,

Referrs me to the kyngis grace.

Methink his gracious contenance
In ryches my fufficiance.

Quod Dunbar aganis the solistaris in court.

QUHA NATHING HES CAN GET NATHING:

TO THE KING.

OF benefyce, Schir, at everie feist,
 Quha monyast hes maks maist requeist:
 Get thai not all thai think ye wrang thame.
 Ay is the ovr-word of the gest,
 ‘Giff thame the pelf to part amang thame.’

Sum fwallis fuan, sum fwallis duik;
 And I stand fastand in a nuik,
 Quhil the effec of all thay fang thame.
 Bot, lord, how pitowethlie I luik,
 Quhen all the pelf thay part amang thame!

Of sic hie feists of sancts in glory,
 Baith of comoun and proper story,
 Quhar lords was patrones oft I fang thame,
Caritas pro Dei amore.
 And yet I gatt nathing amang thame.

This blind warld ever so payis his det,
 Ryche befoir puir spraidis ay thair net,
 To fische all waters dois belang thame.
 Quha nothing hes can nothing get;
 Bot ay is sypher sett amang thame.

Sa thay the kirk had in thair cuir,
 Thay fors bot lytil how it fuir,
 Nor of the buiks nor bells quha rang thame.
 Thay pens not of the prochene puir,
 Had thay the pelf to part amang thame.

So variant is this warldis rent,
 That men of it ar neir content ;
 Of dethe quhyl that the dragoun stang thame.
 Quha maist hes thane fall maist repent ;
 And hes maist compt to part amang thame.

Quod Dunbar.

LAIR

LAIR IS VANE WITHOUT GOVERNANCE.

TO speik of science, craft, or sapience;
 Of vertew, moral cunning, or doctryne;
 Of treuth, of wisdome, or intelligence;
 Of everie studie, lair, or discyplyne;
 All is bot tynt, or reddy for to tyne,
 Not usiug it as it suld usit be.
 The craift exercing, eschewing not the fyne;
 A peralous feiknes is vaine prosperité.

The curious probation logical;
 The eloquence of ornat rethorie;
 The natural science philosophical;
 The dirk aperance of astronomie;
 The theolog's sermon; the fable of poetry;
 Without guid lyf all in the fals dois dé,
 As Mayis flours dois in September drye.
 A peralous lyf is vaine prosperité.

Quharfoir, ye clerkis, grytest of constance,
 Fullest of science, and of knowleging,
 To us be mirrors in your governance;
 And in our dirkness be lamps of seying:
 Orthane in vaine is all your lang lering.
 Gyf to your sawis your deidis contrair be,
 Your maist accusar is your awin cuning.
 A peralous feiknes is vaine prosperité.

Quod Dunbar at Oxinfurde.

AGANIS

AGANIS MURE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, I complaine of injure;
 A refing storie of rakyng Mure
 Hes mangillit my making, throw his malise,
 And present it into your palise.
 Bot, sen he pleis with me to pleid,
 I fall him knawin mak hyne to Calise,
 Bot gif your Henes it remeid.

That fule dismemberit hes my meter,
 And poyson'd it with strange salpeter;
 With rycht defamus speiche of lords,
 Quhilk with my colours all discords.
 Quhois crewal sclanders servite ded:
 And in my name all lies records.
 Your Grace besech I of remeid.

He has indorsit myn indyting
 With versis of his hand-wryting;
 Quhairin baith sclander is and trefoun
 Of ane wod fuil far out of seasoun.
 He wants nocht bot a roundir heid,
 For he hes tynt baith wit and reasoun.
 Your Grace besech I of remeid.

Punifs than for his deid culpabil;
 Or gar deliver him to babil.
 That cuddy rung the drumfrés fuil
 May him restrane againe this yuil;
 All loundit into yallow and reid:
 That lads may bait him lyk a buil.
 For that to me war fum remeid.

Quod Dunbar.

DUNBAR's

DUNBAR'S COMPLAINT.

COMPLANE I wald wist I quhome till,
 Or unto quhome dareſt my bill;
 Quhiddel to God, that all thing ſteirs,
 All thing ſeis, and all thing heirs,
 And all thing vrocht in dayis ſeveyne;
 Or till his modar, Quein of Heveyne;
 Or unto warldlie prince heir downe,
 That dois for juſtice weir a crowne;
 Of wrangs, and of grypt injures,
 That nobills in thar dayis indurs,
 And men of vertew, and cunning,
 Of wit, and wyſdome in gyding,
 That nocht can in this court conquyſ
 For lawté, luif, nor lang ſervyſ.

Bot fowl, jow-jourdane-heded, jevens,
 Cowkins, henſeis, and culroun kevels,
 Stuffets, ſtokours, and ſtaſiſche ſtrummels,
 Vyld haſchbalds, haggarbalds, and hummels,
 Druncarts, dyſours, dyours, drevels,
 Miſgydit members of the devels,
 Miſmaid mandrags of maſtiſ kynd,
 Crawdones, couhirts, and theiſ of kynd;
 Blait-mowit bludyeanes, with bledder cheeks,
 Club-facet chicanes, with clutit breeks,
 Chaff-midding churls, cuming of cart-fillars,
 Grypt grafchowe-heidet gorge millars,

Ewill

Ewill horrible monsteris, fals and fowl,
Sum causes clek till him ane cowl,
Ane gryt convent fra syn to tyce;
And he himself exampil of vyce.
Enterand for deir, and no devotioun,
The devil is glad of his promotioun.
And him, that gaits ane personage,
Thinks it a present for a page;
And on no wayis content is he,
My Lord quhil that he callet be.
Bot how is he content, or nocht,
Deme ye about into your thocht,
The lerit sone of Erle, or Lord,
Upon this ruffie to remord,
That with all castings hes him bred,
His erands for to ryn and red.
And he his maister native borne,
And all his elders him beforne.
And metelie mair cuning besit thé
Has to posseid ane dignitie,
Saying his odius ignorance,
Putting ane prelotts contenance,
So far above him fet at tabel,
That wont was for to muk the stabel.
Ane pyk-thank in a prelotts chayse,
With his wawil feit, and virrok tais,
With hoppir hippis, and henchies narrow,
And baufy hands to ber a barrow;

With

With lut shoulders, and luttaird bak,
 Quhilk nature maid to beir a pak.
 With gredy mynd, and glaschave gane;
 Mell-hedit lyk ane mortar-ftane.
 Foryeing the feris of ane lord
 And he ane strumbell, and standford;
 And er mair is he dois rys,
 And nobles of bluid he dois disprys,
 And helpis for to hald thame downe,
 That thai rys neir to his renoune.
 Thairfoir, O Prince maist hy and abil!
 Be in this mater merciabil.

* * * * *

[Two lines quite worne out off the MS.]

* * * * *

* * * * * mynstrel,

* * * * * regions hes bein hard tell.

The quhilk my wryting witnes beris;
 And yet thy danger ay me deris.
 Bot efter danger cumis grace,
 As hes bein hard in mony place.

Quod Dunbar.

LAMENT

LAMENT TO THE KING.

SCHIR, lat it neir in towne be tald
That I fould be ane howllis hald.

Suppois I war ane ald yaid aver,
Schott furth our cleuchs to squishe the clevis,
And hed the strenthis of all strenne bevis,
I wald at Youl be housit and stald.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

I am ane auld hors, as ye knaw,
That er in duil dois drup and draw.
Gryt court hors puts me fra the staw,
To fang the fog be firthe and fald.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

I hef run lang, furth in the feild,
On pastours that ar plaine and peld;
I mycht be now tane in for eild;
My boks are spruning hé and bauld.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

My maine is turnit into quhyt,
And thairof ye hef all the wyt.
When uthir hors hed brane to byk,
I gat bot grefs, grype gif I wald.
Schir lat it neir in towne be tald.

THE TWA CUMMERS.

AIRLY on ane wednesday,
At the wyne fat cumeris tway:
The tane to the tother cold complaine;
Sichand, and foupand, can scho fay,
' This lang Lentrune hes maid me lene.'

Befyd the fyr, quhairthat scho fat,
God wait gif scho wes grit and fat;
Yet to be febil scho did hir fene.
Sayand ay, ' Cummer lats preif of that,
' That Lentrune fall nocht mak us lene.

" Fair gentil cummer," said the tother,
" Ye tak that migarnes of your mother;
" Ill wyne to test scho did disdene;
" Bot mawessie scho bad nane uther,
" That Lentrune fuld nocht mak her lene.

" Kummer be blythe bayth evin and morrow;
" And lat your husband dre the forrow.
" Fra our lang fasting you refrene,
" And I fall find yow gud to borrow,
" That Lentrune fall nocht mak yow lene.

‘ Fair gentil cummer,’ than said scho,
‘ All is to tene him that I do.
‘ In bed he is nocht worthe ane bene.
‘ Fill the cop, cummer, and drink me to,
‘ That Lentrune fall nocht mak us lene.’

Thai twa, out of ane scopin stowp,
Thai drank thre quartis soup and soup;
Sic dreuthe and thrift was thame betwene.
Bot thane to mend thai had gud hop
That Lentrune fuld nocht mak thame lene.

Quod Dunbar.

ON THE WARLDS INSTABILITIE.

TO THE KING.

THIS waverand warldis wretchidnes,
 The failyand and fruitles biffines,
 The mispent tyme, the fervice vaine,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

The flydant joy, the glaidnes fchort,
 The feinyeid luif, the fals confort,
 The fueit abayd, the flightful trane,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

The fugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra;
 The figurit speiche, with faceis tua;
 The plesand toungis, with harts unplane,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

The labour loft, and leil fervice;
 The lang availl on humil wyfe,
 And the lytill rewarde agane,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

Nocht I fay all be this cuntré,
 • France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
 Bot all be Italie, and Spane,
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The change of warld fra weill to wo;
The honourable use is all ago
In hall and bour, in burgh and plane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Beleif dois leip, traist dois nocht tarie;
Office dois flit, and courtis dois varie;
Purpois dois change, as wynd or rane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Gud rewl is banist our the bordour,
And rangat rings, bot ony ordour,
With reird of rebalds, and of swane;
Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

The pepil so wickit ar of feiris,
The frutles erde all witnes beiris,
The ayr infectit and prophane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The temporale stait to gryp and gather
The sone disheris wald the father,
And as ane dyvour wald him demane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Kirkmen so halie ar and gude,
That on their conscience rowne and rude,
May turn aucht opin and ane wane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,
Bot beneficis ar nocht leil devydit;
Sum men hes fevin, and I nocht ane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And sum, unworthy to brouk ane stall,
Wald clym to be ane cardinall:
Ane bischopric may nocht him gane.
Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

Unwourthy I, amang the laif,
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can have;
Sum with ane thraif playis passage plane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It cumis be king, it cumis be quene;
Bot ay sic space is us betwene,
That nane can shut it with ane flane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin in schortar quhyl
Fra Calyecot, and the new fund Yle,
The partis of transmeridiane.
Quhilk to confidder is an pane.

It micht be this, had it bein kynd,
Cummin out of the deserts of Ynde,
Our all the grit se oceane.
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin out of all ayrtis;
 Fra Paris, and the orient partis;
 And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane.
 Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

It is so lang in cuming me till,
 I dreid that it be quhyt gane will;
 Or bakwart it is turnit agane.
 Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

Upon the heid of it is hecht
 Bayth unicornis, and crowns of wecht:
 Quhen it dois cum all men dois frane.
 Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

I wait [it] is for me provydit;
 Bot sa done tyrfum it is to byd it.
 It breiks my hairt, and bursts my brane.
 Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

Greit abbais grayth I nill to gather,
 Bot ane kirk scant coverit with hadder;
 For I of lytil wald be fane.
 Quhilk to confider is ane pane.

And for my curis in findrie place,
 With help, Schir, of your nobil grace,
 My fillie faule fall never be flane;
 Na for sic fyn to suffer pane.

Experience dois me so inspyr
 Of this fals failyeand warld I tyre,
 That evermore flittis lyk ane phane.
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The formest hoip yit that I have
 In all this warld, fa God me save,
 Is in Your Grace, bayth crop and grayne.
 Quhilk is ane leefing of my pane.

Quod Dunbar.

PRAYER THAT THE KING WAR
JOHNE THOMSOUN'S MAN.

SCHIR, for Your Grace, bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
' God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !'

For war it so, than weill war me;
But benefice I wald nocht be.
My hard fortoun wer endit than.
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

Than wald sum reuth within yow rest
For faik of hir, fairest and best.
In bartane syn hir tyme began,
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

For it micht hurt in no degré
That on, so fair and gude as fche,
Throw hir vertew sic worschip wan,
As yow to mak Johne Thomfounis man.

I wald gif all that ever I have
To that conditioun, sa God me faif,
That ye had vowit to the swan,
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomfounis man.

The merfy of that fweit meik ros
 Suld fast yow thairtill I suppois;
 Quhois pykes throw me so reuthles ran.
 God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man!

My advocat, bayth fair and fueit,
 The hale rowfing of my spreit,
 Wald speid into my erands than;
 And ye war anis Johne Thomfounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow hard or dour,
 Or merciles in my succour,
 Than pray I God, and fweit Sanct An,
 ' Gif that ye war Johne Thomfounis man!

Quod Dunbar.

O N C O N T E N T .

QUHO thinks he hes sufficiencye,
 Of gudis hes na indigence.
 Thoch he have nowdir land nor rent,
 Grit mycht, nor hie magnificence,
 He hes aneuch that is content.

Quho had riches unto Ynde,
 And wer not fatesfeit in mynd,
 With povertie I hald him fchent :
 Of covatyce sic is the kynd.
 He hes aneuch that is content.

Thairfoir I pray yow, bredir deir,
 Not to delyt in daynteis feir.
 Thank God of it is to yow sent ;
 And of it glaidlie mak gud cheir.
 He hes aneuch that is content.

Defy the warld, feynyeit and fals,
 With gall in hart, and hunyt hals.
 Quha maist it servis fall sonast repent :
 Of quhais subchetts four is the fals.
 He hes aneuch that is content.

Gif thow hes mycht, be gentil and fre;
 And gif thow stands in povertie,
 Of thine awin will to it consent.
 And riches fall return to thé.
 He hes aneuch that is content.

And ye and I, my bredir all,
 That in this lyfe hes lordschip small,
 Lat langour not in us imprent.
 Gif we not clym we tak no fall.
 He hes aneuch that is content.

For quho in world most covatus is,
 In world is purast man I wys;
 And moist nedy of his intent.
 For of all gudis nothing he hes,
 That of nothing can be content.

Quod Dunbar,

ON THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

I SEIK aboute this warld unstable,
 To find a sentence convenable;
 Bot I can not, in all my witt,
 Sa trew a sentence find of it,
 As to say it is diffavable.

For, yistirday, I did declair
 How that the sasoun fast and fair
 Come in als fresche as pacok feddir:
 This day it stangis lyk ane eddir;
 Concluding all in my contrair.

Yistirday fair sprang the flouris;
 This day thai ar all flane with shouris:
 And foulds, in forest that sang cleir,
 Now walkis with ane drerie cheir;
 Full cauld ar bayth their beds and bouris.

So next to fymmer wynter bein:
 Next eftir confort cairis kein.
 Nixt eftir midnycht the mirthful morow:
 Nixt joy ay cummis eftir sorow.
 So is this warld, and ay hes bein.

Quod Dunbar.

M E D I-

MEDITATIOUN, WRITTIN IN WYNTIR.

INTO thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhan fabill all the hevin arrayis,
Quhan mystie vapours cludds the skyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Of fangs, ballatis, and of playis.

Quhan that the nycht dois lenthin houris;
With wind, with hail, and havy schouris,
My dulé spreit dois lurk for schoir.
My hait for langour dois forloir,
For laik of Symmer with his flouris.

I wak; I turne; fleip may I nocht:
I vexit am with havie thocht.
This world all our I cast about;
And ay the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have socht.

I am assayit on everie fyde.
Dispair sayis ay, ' In tyme provyde;
' And get sum thing quhairon to leif.
' Or with grit trouble and mischeif
' Thow fall into this court abyde.

Than

Than Patience sayis, ‘ Be na agast :
‘ Hald hoip and treuthe within thé fast ;
‘ And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
‘ Quhan that no rasoun may assuage,
‘ Quhill that hir glas be run and past.

And Prudence in my eir says ay,
‘ Quhy wald you hald what will away ?
‘ Or craif what yow may have no space
‘ [To bruik, as] to an uther place
‘ A journey going every day ?’

And than sayis Age, ‘ My friend cum neir ;
‘ And be not strange, I thé requair.
‘ Cum, brudir, by the hand me tak ;
‘ Remember thow hes compt to mak
‘ Of all the tyme thow spendit heir.’

Syne Deid casts up his yettis wyd ;
Saying, ‘ Thir oppin fall ye byd ;
‘ Albeid that yow wer never so stout,
‘ Undir this lyntall fall thow lout :
‘ Thair is nane uther way besyd.’

For feir of this all day I drowp.
No gold in kist, nor wyne in cowp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luifis blis,
May lat me to remember this :
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

SCOTISH POEMS.

I

Yit quhan the nicht begynnys to fchort;
It dois my fpreit fum pairt confort,
Of thocht oppreffit with the fchouris.
Cum, luftie Symmer! with thi flouris,
That I may leif in fum difport.

Quod Dunbar.

QUHEN

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST
INTO FRANCE.

THOW that in hevin, for our salvioun,
Maid justice, mercie, and pitie, to agré;
And Gabriell sent with the salutatioun
Onto the maid of maist humilité:
And maid thy sone to tak humanité,
For our demerits to be of Marie borne;
Have of us pitie, and our protectour be.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

O hie supernale father of sapience,
Quhilk of thy vertew dois every folie chais;
Ane spark of thy hie excellent prudence
Giff us, that nowther wit nor resoun hes.
In quhais harts no prudence can tak place,
Exemple nor experience of beforne:
To us fynnaris ane drop send of thy grace.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

We ar so bestlie, dull, and ignorant,
Our rudenes may nocht lichtlie be correctit.
Bot thow, that art of mercy militant,
Thy vengeance steie on us to syn subjectit,
And gar thy justice be with rewth correctit,
For quyt away [wyfdom] fra us is worne;
And in folie we ar so far infectit—
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ranfomt and redemit,
Rew on our syn, befoir your ficht decyd it.
Spair our trespas, quhilk may nocht be estemit,
For breif of justice, for we may nocht abyd it.
Help this puir realme, in parties all devydit :
Us succour fend, That war the croun of thorne,
That with the gyft of grace it may be gydit.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

Lord hald thy hand that strickin hes so foir :
Have of us pitie, astir our punytioun.
And us the grace gif thé to gref no more ;
And gar us mend with penance and contritioun.
And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
As thow that may of [mercie mak no sorne.]
Fra cair to comfort thow mak restitution.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

Quod Dunbar quhen the Governour past in France.

SCOTTISH POETRY

Now, that on yonder mountain side
New on the hill, the sun is
Spun with the sun, the sun is
For the sake of justice, for we may not be
Help this poor creature, in justice all day
Us the same kind, that with the crown of
That with the gift of justice, it may be
For but thy help this mark is fortune.

I told him that hand that this is to
Have of his piece, with our provision.
And us the same gift to the no more
And for us need with peace and
And to the vengeance mark is
As the same mark is to the same
The can be constant, the mark is
For but thy help this mark is fortune.

Good Darius, the Government is

P O E M E S

B E

V A R I O U S A U T H O U R S.

POEMS

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

POEMES BE VARIOUS AUTHOURS.

ADVYCE TO A COURTIER.

BE QUYNTENE SCHAW.

SUPPOIS the courte yow cheir and tretis,
 And Fortoun on you schynis and betis,
 I rid yow than war lufe ! war le !
 Suppois ye sole betwix twa scheittis ;
 Utheris has falit als weil as ye.

Gif changes the wynd, on force ye mon
 Bolyn, huke, haik, and scheld hald on.
 Thairfoir bewar with ane scharpe blawar ;
 Gif ye be wys avyse heiron ;
 And fet your fale a litle lawar.

For gif ye hauld your fale ouir strek,
 Thair may cum bubbis ye not suspek ;
 Thair may cum contrair ye not knaw ;
 Thair may cum stormes and caus a lek,
 That ye man cap by wynd and waw.

And tho the air be fair, and stormlés,
 Yit thair hauld not your fale ouir pres :
 For of hie landis thair may cum floggis,
 At Saint Tabbis Heid, and Buchan Nes,
 And ryve your foir-faill all in raggis.

Be thou vexit, and at undir,
 Your freinds will fre and on yow wondir.
 Thairfoir bewar with our hie lands,
 Sic flags may fall, suppois a hundir,
 War yow to help thai have no hands.

Dreid this danger, gud freind and brudir,
 And tak example befoir of uther.
 Knaw courtis, and wynd, has oftfys vareit.
 Keip weill your cours, and rewle your rudir;
 And think with kingis ye ar not mareit.

Quod Quyntene Schaw.

WA WORTH MARYAGE!

A SANG BE CLAPPERTOUN.

IN BOWDOUN, on blak monunday,
 Quhen all was gadderit to the Play,
 Bayth men and wemen fемblit thair,
 I hard ane fweet ane fich, and fay
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

Madinis, ye may have grit plesance
 For to do Venus obfervance,
 Thoch I inclufit be with cair,
 That I dar nother fing nor dance.
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

Quhen that I was ane madein ying,
 Lichtlie wald I dance and fing,
 And fport and play, bayth lait and air.
 Now dar I nocht luik to fic thing.
 Wa worth maryage for evermair!

Thus am I bunden out of blis,
 Onto ane churle fays I am his,
 That I dar nocht luik our the ftair,
 Scantlie to gif Schir Johne ane kifs.
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Now war I ane madin, as I was,—
 To mak me lady of the Bas,—
 And thoch that I wer never so fayr,
 To weddin fuld I never pas.
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Thus am I thirlit onto ane schrew,
 Quhilk dow nothing of chalmer glew;
 Of boure-bourding bayth bask and bair,
 God wayt gif I have caus to rew!
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

All nicht I clatter upon my creid,
 Prayand to God gif I wer deid:
 Or ellis out of this world he wair;
 Then fuld I fe for sum remeid.
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Ye fuld heir tell, and he war gane,
 That I fuld be ane wantoun ane.
 To leir the law of Luffis layr
 In our toun lyk me fuld be nane.
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

I fuld put on my ruffet gowne,
 My reid kirtill, my hois of brown;
 And lat thame fe my yallow hair,
 Undir my curché hingand down.
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Luffaris bayth fuld heir and se
 I fuld luif thame that wald luif me.
 Thair harts for me fuld never be fair,
 Bot ay unweddit fuld I be.
 Wa worth maryage for evirmair!

Quod Clappertoun.



Q UHA dowie wald decht,
 The name of gud woman;
 Or quha wald wis or young
 That curle clan to lang;
 He has giv maid, I say indeed,
 Of tounis and then ten;
 That pleand for all conent
 And mair to men.

The wyldest thing of wis
 That ever Nature wis;
 Quha can fra purpore sit,
 Bot sickilnes of choler;
 Wuld ye now wis and stithie be,
 Solace gif ye have to be;
 And manhood of gude price
 That ever ope bodie.

THE PRAISES OF WEMEN.

BE MAISTER ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT.

QUHA dewlie wald decerne.
The nature of gud wemen;
Or quha wald wis or yairne
That cumlie clan to ken;
He hes grit neid, I say indeid,
Of tounGIS ma then ten:
That plesand fort ar all confort,
And mirrines to men.

The wyfest thing of wit
That ever Nature wrocht:
Quha can fra purpose flit,
Bot fickilnes of thocht.
Wald ye now wis ane erthlie blis,
Solace gif ye have focht;—
Ane marchandyce of gritest pryce
That ever ony bocht.

The brichtest thing, bot baill,
That ever creat bein.
The lustiest, and [maist] leil;
The gayest, and best gain.
The thing fairést, and langeft left;
From all canker maist clein.
The trimmest face, with gudlie grace,
That lichtlie may be fein.

The blytheft thing in bour;
The bonyest in bed,
Plesant at everie hour;
And eithe for to be sted.
An innocent, plaine and patent;
With craftines oncled.
Ane simple thing, sueit and bening,
For deir nocht to be dred.

To man obedient,
Evin lyk ane willie wand;
Bayth faythfull, and fervent,
Ay reddie at command.
Thay luif maist leill, thoch men do feill,
And schaikis oft of hand.
Quhair anes thay love thay not remove;
Bot steidfastlie thay stand.

And,

And, rychtlie to compair,
Scho is ane turtill trew ;
Hir fedderis ar rycht fair,
And of an hevinlie hew.
Ane luifing wicht, bayth fair and bricht,
Gud properteis anew.
Freind with delyte : fo but dispyte.
Quho luves hir fall not rew.

Suppose scho seim offendit,
Quhen men dois hir constraine ;
That falt is sone amendit,
Hir mynde is so humaine.
Scho is content, gif men repent
Thair falt ; and turne agane.
Sho has no gyle, nor subtil wyil ;
Hir pathis ar ay plane.

Ane lyife full of delyite
Gif ye your dayis wald drie ;
In pastyme maist perfyite
Gif that ye list to be ;
In gud estait, bayth air and lait,
Gif ye wald leif or die ;
With wemen deill. Its trew I tell ;
Yeis luik I fall not lie.

Gif

Gif ony fault thair be,
 Alace, men hes the wyit!
 That geves fa gouketlie
 Sic reowleris onperfyte;
 Suld have the blame, and beir lyk schame,
 Thoch thay wemen bakbyit,
 Wer thai wittie, wemen wald be
 Ane happie hairte's delyit.

The properteis perpend
 Of everie warldlie wicht;
 Sa comlie nane ar kend,
 As is a ladye brycht.
 Plesand in bed, bowsum and red;
 Ane daintie day and nycht.
 Ane halefum thing, ane hairtes lyking,
 Gif men wald rewl thame richt.

Quhen God maid all of nocht,
 He did this weill declare,
 The last thing that he wrocht
 It was ane woman fair.
 In workes we see the last to be
 Maist plesand and preclair,
 Ane help to man God maid hir than:
 Quhat will ye I say mair?

The

The papingo in hew
 Excedis birdis all;
 The turtill is maist trew;
 The pawne but peregall.
 Yit nevir the les, ye may confes,
 Woman is worth thame all.
 Fair, fueit, plesant; trew, meik, constant;
 Without all bitter gall.

Confidder and behauld,
 Ingrat unthankful man!
 Repeat the poetes auld,
 And reid thame, gif thow can.
 Thair thow fall find, 'les thow be blind,
 The vertewes of wemen.
 With heich ingyne, how Muses nyne,
 All science first began.

Minerve ane woman was,
 Quha wisdome did invent;
 Of Greikes namit Pallás,
 And from the hevin was sent,
 To leir men wit, that wantit it;
 And in thair hairtes it prent:
 To wemen than, say what ye can,
 Sic giftis first wes lent.

The wyife Ceres also
Did first invent the corne.
And mony thousand mo
Wer mortell wemen borne.
Yit for thair meid, and thair gud deid,
The poetes all hes fworne
To thame to pray, as Goddis ay;
And worschip thame but sorne.

Iefabel wicked was;
Sa was Achab hir king.
Curst wes Herodias;
Dalila did maling.
Will ye thairfoir, withouttin moir,
All wemenes gloir down thring?
Be that same way, wemen may fay,
That men ar worth nathing

For fuithelie of mankynd
Ma wicked may be call'd,
Than of the wemen stryinde;
And wors ane hundreth fald.
Quha will tak heid, and dewlie reid,
The wryte and storeis auld.—
Thoch sum do fail, to wyit thame all,
I think ye be to bauld.

Quhar

Quhar ye can ane me schaw
 Of wemen wicked bein ;
 I answeir I do knaw
 Of gud wemen fifein.
 Go ferche thame out, withouttin dout
 Ye fall thame find bedein.
 Gif I wald lie, yourselfes may sie ;
 The sampilles may be fein.

Did not the Virgine mylde,
 That blissed bird Marie,
 Bring furth to us ane chylde,
 Quha did us sanctifie?
 And Deborah rulit Iuda
 With spreit of prophecie,
 Quhen men wes fueir, and dust not steir ;
 Bot lurkit lidderlie.

The blissed Sufanna
 Wes flour of womanheid.
 The prophitess Anna
 Knew Christ first, as we reid.
 That bousteous bairne proud Oliphern
 Gud Judith gart him bleid ;
 Ane woman than, but force of man,
 Saist the toun at neid.

Hester, that lustie quene,
 Saist the peopill all.
 Abigaal the schene
 Saist hir man Naball.
 Mical, his wyife, kept David's lyife,
 Quhen Saul did for him call.
 And monye may, as I heir say,
 Hes saist men fra thrall.

Quhen the Canarianis
 In strang presoun wes fet;
 Inclofit be Spartanis,
 And could na succour get;
 Then thair sueit wyfis hafart thair lyfis,
 And fred thame fra that net:
 Chaingit thair weid; baid in thair steid.
 For trew luif hes no let.

Honest Lucretia
 Wes flour of chesitie.
 And prudent Porcia
 Lamp of fidelitie.
 Of trew constance, but variance,
 Perle wes Penelope.
 Of love maist leill, that never did faill,
 Exempill wes Thisbe.

The fair Cornelia
 Was jeme of eloquence.
 Prudent Aspasia
 Excellit in sapience:
 Socrates wyis thocht na dispryis
 To leirn at hir prudence.
 Quha list to reid nicht leir indeid
 At Griffel pacience.

And thoch for wemennis faik
 Greit trouble hes bein fein,
 Yit that dois naways maik
 That wemen wicked bein.
 We fie that kingis, for pretious thingis,
 Dois gretest weir fustein.
 And yit the geir, for quhilk thay weir,
 Is not the worse a prein.

Realmes and grit impyris
 Than fould be worthe na thing;
 For cruell bluid, and fyris,
 Ar fein in conquering.
 All precious geir we fould forbeir;
 Refuis to be ane king.
 Ya Christis worde fould be abhor'd,
 For all dois troubills bring.

Confes

Confes thairfoir for schame,
For so ye must indeid,
That it is na defame
To prys of womanheid.
Suppose that men, for love of thame,
In battels oft did bleid:
That setts thame furthe to the maist worthe;
And so thay ar indeid.

Ye wemen vicious,
Gif ony sic be now,
Grow not ovr glorious;
I spak no thing of yow:
Thair is anew, bayth traist and trew,
Quhom onlie I allowe.
Thoch sum be ruid, monye ar gud,
Ilk man cheis him ane dow.

Quod Mr. A. Arbuthnot.

ON LOVE.

BE THE SAME.

HE that luifis lichtliest,
Sall not happin on the best.

He that luifis langest,
Sall have rest furest.

He that luvis all his best,
Sall chance upon the gudliest.

Quha sa in luif is trew and plaine,
He fall be lufit weill agane.

Men may say quatever thay pleis,
In mutual luv is mekil eis.

THE MISERIES OF A PURE SCOLAR.

BE THE SAME.

O WRATCHIT world! O fals fenyeat Fortoun!
 O hecht unhappie! O cruel destinie!

O clene mistemperit constellatioun!

O evil aspect in my nativitie!

O weird sisteris, quhat alis yow at me?

That all dois wirk thus contrair my intent.

Quhilk is the cause that I mourne and lament.

All thing dois quyt proceid aganès my will;

Bayth hewin and erth ar contrair me conjurit.

I luif the gude, and cummerit am with ill;

With wickit bait I daylie am allurit.

To cheis my lyf I cannot be assurit;

Now till ane thing, now till another bent.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

My hairt dois luf the trew religioun,

And the trew God wald trewlie serve, bot dout;

Bot atheisme, and superstitioun,

Hes sa me nou environit about,

That scantlie can I find quhair to get out,

Betwix thir twa I am so daylie rent,

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

L 3

Under

Under my God, I wald obey my prince ;
 Bot civile weir dois sa trouble the cais,
 That scarcelie wait I quham to reverence ;
 Quhat till eschew, or quhat for till embrace.
 Our nobils now sa fickil ar, alace !
 This day thai say, the morne thai will repent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

Faine wald I leif in concord, and in peice ;
 Without divisioun, rancour, or debait.
 Bot now, alace ! in every land and place,
 The fyr of hatrent kindlit is so hait,
 That cheretie doth ring in nane estait ;
 Thoch all concur to hurt the innocent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

I hate thraldome ; yet man I buige, and bek,
 And jonk, and nod, sum patroun for to pleys.
 I luf fredome ; yet man I be subject ;
 I am compellit to flatter with my feys.
 I me torment sum uther for till eis,
 Quha of my travale scantlie is content.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

I luif na thing bot pure simplicitie ;
 And to dissemble man my tung assyle.
 The plane hie pathe is maist plesand to me ;
 Yit sumtyme man I arm me with a wyle.
 Or, do I not, men fall me foune begyle :
 First me dissave syn lauch quhen I am schent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

I luif larges, and liberalitie;
 Yet povertie to spend dois mak me spair.
 I hate averice, and prodigalitie;
 To get sum geir yet maun I haif grit cair.
 In vanitie fyn I man it outwair——
 Woun be ane wretche, and into waistrie spent!---
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif the vertew honest chaititie;
 To bawdische bourdis yet man I oft gif ear;
 To fatisie ane fleschlie companie,
 Lyk ruffian I man me sumtyme beir.
 In Venus' scule I man sum lessoun leir,
 Gif I wald comptit be courtés and gent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif delyt; and wrappit am in wo.
 I luif plesour; and plungit am in pane.
 I list to rest; yet man I ryde and go.
 And quhen I list to flie I maun remain.
 With warldlie cair a gentil hart is flane!
 I feil the smart, and dar nocht mak my plent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I hait flatterie; and into wourdis plane,
 And unaffectit language, I delyte;
 Yet man I leir to flatter, glois, and fayne,
 Quhidder I list to speik, or yit to wryte.
 Or els men fall nocht compt me worth a myte:
 I fall be rakinit rude or negligent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Scorning I hait; yet maun I smyle, and smirk,
 Quhen I the mokks of uther men behald,
 Yea oft-times man I lauch, suppose I irk,
 Quhen bitterlie thair tauntis thai have tauld,
 And sumtyme als, quhidder I nyl or wald,
 Ane scorne for scorne to gif I man tak tent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif modest sober civilitie,
 Mixit with gentil courtés lawlines;
 Bot outhir man I use scurrilitie;
 Or els sic straunge and uncouth fremmitnes;
 That I wait nocht quhane to mak merines;
 Nor be quhat mene with men me to acquent,
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

With temperance I wald use meit and drink;
 And hes all surfat-banket in despyt;
 And yit at feist and banket maun I wink;
 And at thame hant quhair I have no delyte.
 I use the ewil, and hes withall the wyte;
 Thoch body bow yet dois the hairt dissent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

All costlie clayths I compt nocht worthe ane preine,
 Quhilk dois bot foster pryde and vanitie;
 Yit dar I nocht in commoun place be sene,
 Les I be clothit sumquhat gorgeoussie.
 And be I nocht, thame men fall talk of me;
 And call me owther Wretche or Indigent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

With

With hairt and mynd I luif humilitie;
 And pauchtie pryd richt fair do I detest;
 But with the heich yet man I heichlie be;
 Or with that fort I fall na fit in rest.

This world hes maid the proverb manifest.

Quha is ane scheip the woulf will sune bim rent.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

With pacience richt ferme I wald overcum,

And uther mens infermitieſ endure;

Bot thane am I comptit ane batie-bum;

And all men thinks a play me till injure.

No sufferance, but vice, dois thame allure;

The mair I thole the mair thai me torment.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif silence and taciturnitie;

And in few wordis wald my purpois tell;

Yet sumtyme man I wourdis multiplie,

And mak my tounge to ring as dois ane bell;

With wylfull folk I man bayth cry and yell,

Or yeld to thame and quyt the argument.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I hait all schameles glorifitie;

And me delyte in modest schamefastnes;

Yet fall I nocht be comptit worth ane flie,

Without I speik of all mater be ges;

Gloir, and brag out, and tak a face of bres;

Nathing misknaw under the firmament.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

To charge, to ask, to put ane man to pane!—
 I wald be courtés, gentil, and discreit;
 Bot quhyle I am, an ganand tyme remane,
 I am ay servit at the later meit;
 And sum uthar is placit in my feit,
 That thocht no shame for to be impudent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif the vertew callit gratitude,
 And lyk for lyk I yarne to yeild agane;
 Yet can I nocht refave bot ill for gude.
 And thai, in quhais danger I remane,
 I cannot quyt, albeit I wald richt fane.
 I want all micht; na powar is me lent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

I luif justice; and wald that everie man
 Had that quhilk richtlie dois to him perteine;
 Yet all my kyn, allya, or my clan,
 In richt or wrang I man alwayis mantene.
 I maun applaud, quhen thai thair matters mene,
 Thoch confcience thairto do not consent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Sua thoch I luif the richt, and nocht the wrang,
 Yet, gif ane freyndis case fall cum in hand,
 It to assist I maun bayth ryde and gang:
 And, as ane scolar, leir to understand,
 That it is not repute vyce in this land,
 For wrang to rander wrang equivalent.
 Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament?

Of trew freyndis faine wald I have gud stoir,
 With thame the leig of amitie to bind :
 Bot thoch I feik amang ane hundreth score,
 Ane faythful frende now scantlie can I find,
 That is nocht licht, lyk weddercok in wynd.
 It is thocht vyce now to be permanent.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

In poetrie I preis to pas the tyme,
 When cairfull thochts with sorow failyes me ;
 Bot gif I mell with meter, or with ryme,
 With rascal rymours I fall rakint be.

Thay fal me bourdin als with mony lie,
 In charging me with that quhilk never I ment.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

I wald travel ; and ydlenes I hait ;
 Gif I culd find sum gude vocation.
 Bot all for nocht : in vain lang may I wait,
 Or I get honest occupation.

Letters ar lichtliet in our natioun.

For lernyng now is nother lyf nor rent.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

And schortlie now, at ane wourde to conclude,

I thinke this world sa wrappit in mischeif,

That gude is yll ; and yll is callit gude.

All thing I see dois bot augment my greif.

I feil the wo, and can nocht se releif ;

The Lordis plaig throuhout the world is went.

Quhat marvel is thoch I murne and lament ?

Quod Maister Alexander Arbothnat, in anno 1572.

AGANIS SKLANDEROUS TOUNGIS.

(In Anno 1572.)

BE LORD THIRLSTANE.

GIF biffie-branit bodeis yow bakbyte;
 And of sum wickit wittis ye ar invyit,
 Quha wald deprave your doings for dispyte;
 Dispyis thair devilliche deming, and defy it.
 For fra that tyme and treuthe thair talis have tryit,
 The fuythe fall schew itselfe out to thair schame.
 And be thair speche thair spyte fal be espyit,
 And have na fayth, nor foute aganes your fame.

Misknaw thair craft; and kythe not as ye kend it:
 Thair doings will thair deling sone detect.
 For gif ye freit, find falt, or be offendit,
 Thair sawis to be fuythe sum will suspect.
 Bot gif thair lewis ye lychtlic, and neglect,
 And lat thame lie, and tax yow as thai list;
 Fra tyme thai find thair fabils faill effect,
 Thai will deny thair deling and desist.

As furious fluds with gritter force ay flowis,
 And starkar stevin, quhene stoppit ar the streimis;
 And gorgit waters ever gritter growis;
 And forcit fyres with grittter gleids out glemis;
 And ay moir bricht and burning is the beyinis
 Of Phebus' face, that fastast ar reflexit;
 So gude renoun, quhilk railars' rage repremis,
 Advansis moir, the moir invyars vex it.

The moir thai speik, the sonar ar thai spyit.
 The moir thai lie, your lak will be the les.
 The moir thai talk, the treuth is sonar tryit.
 The moir planelie thair poyfons thai expres,
 The les thai caus thair credit to increas.
 The moir thai wark, the les thair wark avancis.
 The moir thai preis your prayfis to oppres,
 The gritter of your gloir is the glancis.

Do quhat ye dow, detrattours ay will deme yow,
 Quhais crafte is to calumpniat but caus:
 Bakbytars ay be brutis will blasphem yow;
 Althoch the contrair all the cuntrie knais.
 And, walde ye ward yow upe betwene tua wais,
 Yit so ye fall not frome thair sayings save yow.
 Bot, gif thai see ye fuffie of thair lais,
 Blasone thai will, how ever ye behave yow.

Gif ye be secreit, sad, and solitair;
 Peirtlie thai speik that privalie ye play:
 And gif in publick places ye repair;
 Ye feke to fe, and to be fene, thai fay.
 War ye a sanct, thai fuld suspect yow ay.
 Be ye humane, our humill thai will hald you.
 Gif ye beir strange, thai yow esteeme owr stay:
 And trows it is ye, or els sum hes it tald you.

Gif ye be blythe, your lychtnes thai will lak.
 Gif ye be grave, your gravité is clekit.
 Gif ye lyk mask, and mirthe; or mirrie mak;
 Thai sweir ye feill ane string; and bowns to brek it.
 Gif ye be feik, sum flychtis ar suspectit;
 And all your fairris callet secreit funyeis.
 Claiths thai dispyte, and be ye daylie deckit,
 'Persave,' thai say, 'the papingo that pruinyeis.'

Gif ye be wyis, and well in vertew versit;
 Cunning, thai call, uncumlie for your kynd.
 And say it is bot flychtis ye have feirfit
 To klok the crafte, quhairto ye ar inclynd.
 Gif ye be meik, yit thai mistak your mind;
 And swer ye ar far schrewdar nor ye seme.
 Sua do your best, thus fall ye be defynd:
 And all your deidis fall detractours deme.

Yit thai will leif thair léing at the last,
 Fra thay advert invy will not availl.
 Bakbyters' brutis bydis bot ane blast:
 Thai flureis sone, but forder fructe thai faill.
 Rek not thairfoir how raschlie ravars raill:
 For never wes vertew yit without invy.
 Sua promptlie fall your patience prevaill,
 Quhene thai perhape sic demyng fall deir by.

*Quod John Maitland Commendator of Coldinghame, and
 sone aftir Lord Thirlstane, and Chancellor of Scotland.*

ANE ADMONITION TO MY
LORD OF MAR, REGENT

SUPPOSIT BE THE SAME.

MAIST loyal lord, ay for thy lawtie lovit,
Now be not lakit for deloyaltie!

Thoch to the princis place thow be promovit,
Be not abusit be authoritie.

Bot schaw thi treuth, and thyne integritie.

Sene we so far ourselfis have submittit;

And king, and cuntrie, laws, and libertie,

Unto thy cuir, and credit, haif committit.

Thy hous hes ay bene trussie, and inteir;

Defamit nocht with fraud, or sickilnes.

Bot schaw thyself bayth sage, scharp, and sinceir;

Indewit with vertew, wit, and worthines,

Ingyne, jugement, justes, and gentilnes;

Craft, conduct, cair, and knowlege to command;

Heroik hart, honour, and hardines:

Or in this storme thy stait will never stand.

We haif thé chofin to the cheifest charge,
Our toffit galay to governe, and to gyde.
Bewar with bobbis ! Scho is ane brukill barge,
And may nocht bitter blaftis weill abyde.
Thow may hir tyne, in turning of ane tyde.
Cast weill thy cours ; thow hes ane kittil cure.
Of perals pance ; and for fum port provyde ;
And anker ficker quhar thow may be fure.

All Boreas' bittir blaftis ar nocht blawin :
I feir fum boid, and bobbis be behind.
Be tyde and tempest thow may be ourthrauin ;
And mony fairlie fortouns thow may find :
As chanelis, craggis, bedds, and bankis blind ;
Lekkis, and wanluks, quhairby thow may be loft.
Bewar, thairfoir, with weddir, waw, and wind,
With uncouth courfis, and unknowin coft.

Thow may put all into appeirand perrell,
Gif Inglis forcis in this realme repair.
Sic ar nocht meit for to decyde our querrell ;
Thoch farland fules feime to haif fedders fair.
Cum thai acquaint, thai will creip inner mair ;
And will be noyfum nychbours, and enorme :
And fchortlie will fit to our fydes as fair,
As now thy rebels, quhome thay fould reforme.

That freindship is ay faythfullest afar;
 And langeft will indure with lytle daill.
 I feir with ufe and tyme it work to war,
 Fra thai aganes our partie anes prevail.
 Quha wait bot fyne ourfelfs thai will affail:
 Auld fayis ar findill faythful freyndis found:
 Firft helpe the halfe, and fyne ourharl the haill,
 Will be ane weful weifair to our wound.

Be *thair* exempill learne experience,
 Ane forane mache, or maifter, to admitt.
 Reid, quhane the Saxons gat preeminence,
 How fone thai focht as foverans for to fitt.
 Reid howe thay forcit the Briton folks to flitt;
 And yit poffeids that peipils propertie.
 Bewar! We may be wolterit or we witt:
 And lykways lois our land, and libertie.

Ane thoufand fic exempils I could fchaw;
 And mony noble natioun I may name,
 Quho loft at lenth thair libertie, and law,
 And fufferit hes bayth forow, fskayth, and fchame;
 That for to helpe thair harmes, and hurt at hame,
 Fetcht forane forcis in to thair fupport,
 Quha fulyeit fyne thair fredome, force, and fame;
 And thame fubduitt in the famin fort.

Fleand Caribde bewar in Scyll to fall;
And fa eschew cruill dissentioun,
That our estate to strangers be not thrall,
The cankers of our auld contentioun
Will keip no conand nor conventioun.
And, gif yow gif thame credeit to correct us,
Be craftie way, will, and inventioun,
And subtell flychts, thai will seik to subject us.

Scotland cum nevir yit in servitude,
Sene Fergus first; bot evir hes bene frie.
And hes bene always brukit be a blude;
And king of kings descendit grie be grie.
Gif that it be in bondage brocht be thé,
Thane wareit war thy weirdis and wanhap!
Thairfoir thir forane feiris sa foirsee,
That catcht we be nocht with ane eftir-clap.

Markand mynt at the honour, laud, and prais,
The vertew, worschip, word, and wassilage,
Of sic as hes done doichtelie in his dayis
To keipe this realme from thraldome and boundage!
Mark als the vylde vitupour, and the wage
Of untreuth, tresoune, and of tyrannie:
And how some honour hes, and heretage,
And lyfis, lost, for thair diloyaltie.

So for thi facts thow will be fuir to find
The lyke rewaird of vertew or of vyce.
Be not thairfoir fyld as ane bellie blind:
Nor lat thyself be led upone the yce.
Nor, to content thy marrow's covatyce,
Put not thyself in perrell for to pereis.
Nor beir the blame, quhair uthers tak the pryce.
Nor beit the bus, that uthers eat the bereis.

The trone of tryell, and theâtre trew,
Is for to regne, and rewle above the rest.
Who hes the woyne him all the world dois vew;
And magistrat the man dois manifest.
Sua, fen thow hes the princis place posselt,
Louk to be prafit as thow plays thi pairt.
And, as thow luifis, so luifit be and lest;
And always delt with eftir thi desert.

SANG ON THE
LADY MARGARET MONTGOMRIE.

BE CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MONTGOMRIE.

LUIFARIS leive of to loif so hie
Your ladeis; and thame styel no mair.
But peir, the ertylie A per se,
And flour of feminine maist fair:
Sen thair is ane without compair,
Sic tytillis in your fangs deleit;
And prais the peréles preclair,
Montgomrie maikles Margareit.

Quhose port, and pereles pulchritud,
Fair forme, and face angelicall,
Sua meik, and full of mansuetud,
With vertew supernaturall;
Makdome, and proper members all,
Sa perfyte, and with joy repleit,
Pruifs hir, but peir or peregall,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

Sa wyse in youth, and verteous,
 Sic reffoun for to rewl the rest,
 As in greit age wer marvelous.
 Sua manerlie, myld, and modest;
 Sa grave, sa gracious, and digest;
 And in all doings sa discreit;
 The maist bening, and boniest,
 Mirrour of madins Margareit.

Pigmaleon, that ane portratour,
 Be painting-craft, did sa decoir,
 Himself thairwith in paramour
 Fell suddenie; and smert thairfoir.
 Wer he alyve, he wald deploir
 His folie; and his love forleit,
 This fairer patrane to adoir,
 Of maids the maikles Margareit.

Or had this nymphe bene in these dayis
 Quhen Paris judg't in Helicon,
 Venus had not otten't sic prayis.
 Scho, and the goddeffis ilk one,
 Wald have prefert this paragon,
 As marrowit, but matche, most meit
 The goldin ball to bruik alone;
 Marveling in this Margareit.

Quhose

Whose nobill birth, and royal bluid,
Hir better nature dois exceed.
Hir native giftes, and graces gud,
Sua bonteouslie declair indeid
As waill, and wit of womanheid,
That sa with vertew dois ourfleit.
Happie is he that fall possheid
In marriage this Margareit!

Helpe, and graunt hap, gud Hemené!
Lat not thy pairt in hir inlaik.
Nor lat not dolful destanie,
Mishap, or fortoun, worke hir wraik.
Grant lyik unto hirselfe ane maik!
That will hir honour, luif, and treit.
And I fall serve him for hir saik.
Fairweill, my Maistres Margareit.

A. M.

A POEME ON THE SAME LADY.

BY THE SAME,

YE hevins abone with heavenlie ornaments
 Extend your courtins of the cristall air!
 To afuir colour turne your elements,
 And soft this season, quhilk hes bene schairp and fair,
 Command the cluds that they dissolve na mair;
 Nor us molest with mistie vapours weit,
 For now scho cums, the fairest of all fair,
 The mundane mirroure of maikles Margareit.

The myildest may; the mekest, and modest;
 The fairest flour, the freschest flourishing;
 The lamp of licht; of youth the lustiest;
 The blythest bird, of bewtie maist bening;
 Groundit with grace, and godlie governing,
 As *A per se*, abone all elevat.
 To quhame comparit is na erthlie thing;
 Nor with the gods so heichlie estimate.

The

The goddess Diana, in hir hevinlie throne,
Evin at the full of all hir majestie,
Quhen she belev't that danger was thair none,
Bot in hir sphere ascending up maist hie,
Upon this nymph fra that scho cast hir ei,
Blusching for schame, out of hir schyne she slippis.
Thinking scho had bene Phebus verilie,
At whose depairt scho fell into th' eclippis.

The asters cleir, and torchis of the nicht,
Quhilk in the sterrie firmament wer fixit,
Fra thay persavit Dame Phœbe los hir licht,
Lyk diamonts with cristall perls mixit,
They did discend to schyne this nymph annixit;
Upon hir schoulders twinkling everie on.
Quhilk to depaint it wald be ovr prolixit,
How thay in ordour glister on hir gown.

Gif she had bein into the dayis auld,
Quhen Jupiter the schape of bull did tak,
Befoir Europe quhen he his feit did fauld,
Quhill scho throw courage clam upon his bak.
Sum greater mayck, I wait, he had gart mak,
Hir to have stolin be his slichtis quent;
For to have past abone the zodiak,
As quein, and goddess of the firmament.

With

With golden schours, as he did Clemené,
 He wald this virgine furteously desave.
 Bot I houp in the goddes Hemené,
 Quhilk to hir brother so happie fortoun gave,
 That scho fall be exaltit, by the laif,
 Baith for hir bewtie, and hir noble bluid.
 And of myself ane servand scho fall haif
 Unto I die: and so I doe conclud.

Quod A. Montgonrie.

ANE ELEGIE TRANSLATIT OUT OF
THE FRENCH,

WRITTEN BY A LADYE UPON
HIR HUSBAND'S INFIDELITIE.

BY G. H.

IS thaire in erthe, or hes thair ever bene,
That greater sorrow, nor I, doe sustene?
Is thair woman so full of woe and mone,
As I am now? I trow thair be not one.
Or fall thair be, in ony tyme or place,
That may so richteouslie lament thair cace?
Under the sone, quhilk all thing makis cleir,
The phenix bird hes nather maik nor peir;
So lyke to me I trow cannot be found,
Quhame dolent duil with dolour so dois wound.
I am phenix of ladyis desolat;
And, but all caus, the most unfortunat,
That is, or was, or yit perchance fall be.
I am exampil of all miserie.
And he that to me caus of all this deuil is,
Quhat fall I call bot the phenix of feulis?

Alace!

Alace ! I pleinyie not as Dido quein,
 Schot in the hairt with Cupid's arrows kein.
 Nor ony sic. Mair painfull is my pairt,
 [Than] quhome blind Cupid hes perfit with his dairt.
 Ye fall not heir my lamentatioun
 Of my luifar mak narratioun.
 Ye fall not heir me for ane lemmand wo,
 As did Sapho, and monye others mo.
 Bot for ane husband, quhilk is greater paine.
 For luifars with thair luifis to remaine
 Ar not compellit ; bot, quhatsoever betyde,
 The husbände to the deathe man ever byde ;
 Gud, or bad, or quhat fort ever he be.
 This is the caus of my melancolie.

Not that I doe him to the deid desyre ;
 Bot rather pray that God wald him inspyre
 Me to intreit, as fuld ane trew husband ;
 And as he aucht, and I serve at his hand.
 For him to serve and honour I am bent,
 Becaus I knaw it is convenient ;
 Becaus I knaw it is ane femelie thing ;
 Thoch he thairof schaw himself inding,
 And unworthie of me, and all that I can.
 As I am wyfe, wald God that he war man !

Quhatever bewtie Nature dois to me grant,
 I pas it owr, and will not of it vant.

One thing I wait may weill be understand,
Owr gude it is to be at his command :
To have sic plesour he is unworthie.
Or to ly in that bed of chastetie
Of hir, to him that ay faythfull hes bene,
Or have the cheirfull blenking of hir ene.
Or that ane mouth so modest and plesand,
Sould smyl on him, or call on him Husband.
Bot sen the Lord, and his eternal law,
Hes chargit me in sic ane yoike to draw,
I not refuis at bidding for to be,
Sua of frie will he hes all this of me.
Yit notwithstanding his ingratitude
Randers for plesour paine, and ill for gude ;
He randers cas for my gude solid graine ;
For sueit meiknes nothing bot bitter paine.
For faithfull treuth, and for ane honest pairt,
I git dissait and doubilnes of hairt.
For my chaist love, and cheirfull countenance,
I get againe bot anger, and greifance.

His stantie hairt to fauld cannot be brocht,
Quhome I with all humilitie have socht.
The ferce lyoun will not his pat erect
Aganes the beist, that will the self subject.
Quhen Rome wes vanqueist with ane Attyla bauld,
Yieldit the self his cruell hairt did fauld.

The

The blak Pluto, thoch he war never so schairpe,
 Orpheus movit with fueitnes of his hairpe.
 The hardest hairt, be it affailyt oft,
 With fueit meiknes it may be makin soft:
 And, namlie, be the dulcour feminine,
 Quhilk at all tyme the maist motive hes bene
 To gentil hairts, of onye thing alyve,
 To move thair myndis maist insenfative.
 Bot all this in his hairt can tak na place;
 Sua he dois seme mair cruel in this cace
 Then fers lyoun, or tyran barbarous,
 Or Pluto prince of the infernal hous.

Quhen I think on with quhat paine I am pyned,
 The fouler's malice cums into my mind;
 Quha fueitlie tones his instrument and fang,
 [Till the pure foulis in his net he fang.]
 Thairefter he begins to chaunge his not
 And ather cruellie dois cut thair throt:
 Or in ane cadge inventit be ingyne
 The fillie bird full painfullie dois pyne.
 Evin so it is becomen now of me,
 Taine in the snair of fals subtilitie.
 And thoch the fillie bird, into hir caidge,
 Wareis hir taker in hir awin language;
 Yit my nature sufferis me not to wis
 Vengeance to him, that is the caus of this.

Quhat

Quhat fall I do? Quhair fall I me addres?
 To quhome fall I my painefull wo expres?
 To him that is the caus of my mischeif?
 That wald him glaid; and wald augment my greif.
 Quhat fall I than? Sall I ane lemmand tak?
 Ane servitour that will me service mak?
 And in all purposis preis me for to pleis,
 And be partaker of my woe and eis?

Thoch sum may think I war not far to blame,
 The contrair bid my gud honour and fame.
 Rather let th' erthe opin, and swallow me,
 Than I forget my God, and honestie!
 Rather lat dolour drive me to the deid,
 Or I offend my God, and womanheid!
 Thairfoir all ye that into lufe delyte,
 Go hence for me! I have yow in dispyte.
 Of love-balladis I bid not for to reid:
 Go seik others gif that ye think to speid.
 I will have nather servitour nor luif;
 Quhat I have promest nathing fall remuif.
 Quhair I have promest I fall faythfull be;
 And keip my treuth evin to myne enemye.

Quhair fall I then pour out my bitter plaint?
 Qnhom to fall I my cruell paine lament?
 To pleinyie to my parents is bot vaine:—
 That quhilk is done cannot be brocht againe.
 Quhen that the mater wes not past remeid,
 O God gif then thay had taine better heid!

Alas! Quhair then wes thair experience?
 I prais thair mynd, bot curs thair negligence:
 Quhy wald thay not at leist feik my consent?
 To freynds counsal quhy tuik thay nocht gud tent?

Sua thair remembrance dois augment my woe;
 To mak my plaint then quhom to fould I go?
 I knaw not ane, bot the ETERNAL LORD,
 Quha of my bitter paine can beir record.
 To THE only I do my plaint out-pour;
 And THE I thank bayth of the fueit and four.
 THOW creat me, and formit hes of nocht;
 THOW hes me als to that perfectioun brocht
 Quhairin I am. All justice is with THE.
 Thoch men be blind, yit THOW dois cleirly see.
 The just resoun is patent in THY sicht
 Quhy THOW me thoilis to be ane woful wicht.
 Quhen THOW thinks gud, thow will redres my paine,
 And gif THOW will that I thus still remaine
 In paine, and woe; arme me with patience!
 And gif it pleis THY godlie providence
 To send remeid, send it in ficker fort;
 That, efter paine, I may refave confort
 With honestie; without my syn or schame.
 Grant this, O LORD, in Jesus Christis name.

SONET

SONET BE KING JAMES VI.

THE SUBJECT.

*Sen thocht is frie, think quhat thow lykis, and play
 thyself with thy awin consait: let abundance
 brek out, bot yit in temperance: preferring
 wisdom to will, mak vertew of
 neid, sen necessitie has no law:
 yit not doubting bot pa-
 tience in end fall be
 victorious.*

SEN thocht is frie think quhat thow will
 O troublit hairt! to eis thy paine,
 Thocht unrevelit can do na ill;
 Bot words past out cummis not againe.
 Be cairful ay for to invent
 The way to get thy awin intent.

To play thyself with thy awin consait;
 And lat none knaw quhat thow dois mene—
 Houp ay at last, thoch it be lait,
 To thyne intent for to attene.
 Lat quhyllis it brek furth in effect,
 Bot ay let wit thy will correct.

Sen fuil haift cummis not greateft speid,
 I wald thow fouldest learne to know
 How to mak vertew of thy neid,
 Sen that necessitie hes no law.
 With patience then thow attend;
 And houp to vanqueis in the end,

Jacobus Rex,

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Fac-similes of the Folio MS.

A
¶ It is sell and expent upon deid
upon and iber the gnsilk is callit treid
At thewde man^r your standid and nobill bun
Whur many lordis for bene of grit resolons

B
Thur forland of Inuillg
in 12thng forne off eakyng mnee

C
Es mandraipen of verno 6212
to giff a donblett for 12 also dower

Maitland, Richard

Ancient Scottish poems never before in print, but now published from the ms.
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written from about 1420 till 1586 ; with large notes, and a glossary
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